THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIV MAY, 1907 No. 1

BALLOONING BY MOONLIGHT

NARRATIVE OF A WOMAN'S TRIP OVER THE APENNINES

BY COUNTESS GRACE DI CAMPELLO DELLA SPINA

SPORT for the gods! Who else flies over a sleeping world, through space, and knows the joy of motion without movement, without sound, without effort?

Our Roman Aëro Club is only three years old, and was instituted by no less a personage than Her Majesty Queen Margherita of Italy. It had its inspiration from the Military Balloon Brigade—the Brigata Specialisti—of the Royal Engineers, a very up-to-date corps, who were the first to make and patent aluminum-painted balloons. Now nearly every day in spring these lovely silver spheres float off over the Campagna, looking like the dome of St. Peter's let loose.

Soon after I had become a member of the club, I made my first trip, taking an enchanting flight, sometimes rising over 6000 feet, and then sinking swiftly to earth, to taste the thrilling joy of rapid travel on the guide-rope across the most fragrant and beautiful land I know. The strange sense of being disembodied, of flight without movement, of rapid travel, of motionless suspension in mid-heaven, of solemn silence, without oppression, makes a new environment for the heart of man.

My second journey, taken with my husband by moonlight, at the end of our honeymoon, confirmed a hundredfold the delightful impressions of the first voyage, and added much to them. It was with a pleasant sense of being an "old hand" that I set about preparing for this journey with which this article is to deal.

As every pound lessens the soaring quality of the balloon, the traveler has to select his outfit with care. It is wise to have a short coat with plenty of pockets, and buttoning close round the throat when necessary; and the simplest and most practical tailor-made suit of light wool should be worn. Light shoes, like those used for tennis or yachting, are necessary, with a strong pair of boots in reserve in case of landing in a mountainous district or having a long tramp at the end of one's journey. An umbrella is a desirable adjunct,—for the sun bites hard in the South,—and a motor-veil for wind and warmth. A long, light Shetland scarf such as one uses in the Alps in bad weather is useful in case of sleet and cold.

A small *nécessaire,* a "first aid," a change of underwear, a light volume of a favorite author, a map, and a guide-

Copyright, 1907, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

book, should be taken. These should be wrapped in a light waterproof cover; for in a cross-country journey one may meet with a variety of weather, and the rain that pours down in the sphere of a balloon is as drenching as a water-spout.

Excepting a small flask of brandy in case of faintness, no alcoholic drink should be carried. Smoking, matches, and spirit-lamps are, of course, absolutely prohibited, as the smallest flame might cause an explosion of the gas that inflates the balloon. The tube hangs loose and open just above the car, and small quantities of gas constantly escape from it.

Food that is nourishing, but light and easily eaten, is best. French prunes, raisins, and chocolate are a good stand-by, with cold tea, coffee, and mineral water. Bread should be very well baked. Jam and sugar are as useful as in mountaineering, sugar being one of the best of foods for exhausting expeditions. If we had been crossing the Alps instead of the Apennines, a rope, an ice-ax, and warmer wraps would have had to be taken.

We carried a barograph, which has a prepared paper stretched on a cylinder, on which a fine steel point, moved by clock-work, traces the track of the balloon. By this a good pilot can calculate to a nicety what use to make of the ballast and gas at his disposal; for the waste of three or four sand-bags may endanger life or spoil a good expedition. We had, also, a statoscope, with hydraulic indicator, which warns the aëronaut if he is ascending or descending. The motion of a balloon is often so nearly imperceptible that it may sink thousands of feet without one's noticing it. The third instrument taken was a chronometer, used with the statoscope to estimate the velocity of ascent and descent. Lastly, we carried an aneroid barometer with high scaling, able to indicate the greatest heights above sea-level to which the balloon may soar till the life-giving limit is past.

We had no anchor, for, like the Germans, we used only a tearing-cord, which rips open a small portion of the silk cover at the zenith of the balloon. When practicable, the balloon is towed down by peasants hauling at the guide-rope, which hangs from the car. The tearing-cord is most useful when a rapid landing is needed.

At 9:30 P.M., on the 15th of June, we drove to the club ground near the Tiber, where the "Fides I," of 1250 cubic meters, was gently swaying in the night breeze. Our pilot, Professor Demetrio Helbig, hurried us over our good-byes and into the car. After a few alarming manœuvers we found our equilibrium, and at the word of command the cord of the balloon's gas-tube was untied, we were let loose, and soared majestically over the brilliantly lighted city.

A full-orbed moon was just appearing in a mist of golden glory above the Alban Hills, its mellow light weaving a magic spell over all, and softening the beautiful outlines of range after range of Alban and Sabine Hills, and the snow-clad Apennines beyond. In the clear atmosphere all Rome's palaces, churches, and ruins were perfectly distinct and clearly illumined by myriads of electric lights, which stretched like gigantic diamond chains along the curving Tiber and over the many bridges.

Although it was my husband's first ascent, as soon as we were afloat, all nervousness disappeared in the enthusiasm excited by the wonderful sight beneath him. Our pilot gave him the log to keep, and explained the instrument, read by two electric lamps.

Our course was northeast, with a steady breeze from the southwest. The valley of the Tiber devoured seven and a half bags of ballast; for, as the river lies in its bed like a ribbon folded backward and forward on a table, every time we crossed a fold, the current of air carried us down. Consequently we had to throw out ballast to keep our level in the air-current we wished to follow about 700 feet above the sea.

We traveled parallel with the Via Flaminia, the highroad to Florence, and as we passed the taverns, the people laughed, cheered, and called out ironically: "Buon viaggio, signori!" ("A good journey, gentlemen!")

At Prima Porta we passed to the right of the Villa Livia. This villa belonged to the model wife of the young Augustus, and here was found the famous statue of him now in the Vatican. It is seven miles out of Rome, but, according to the legend, the builder chose the site not only for its lovely view, but because a white hen—

not a dove—with an olive twig in its beak settled on her lap. Here she kept the beautiful likeness of her lord and master that is still to-day one of the masterpieces of the world.

Passing Castelnuovo about 10:45, we saw on the left Monte Soracte, whose lovely outline figures often in Poussin's pictures, and made a bee-line for Terni. A few minutes later, while still in the valley of the Tiber, we entered a bank of clouds and saw a marvelous sight. Clouds had formed rapidly in a vast basin like the crater of a huge volcano, and through a rift in them we saw, 1900 feet below us, a curve of the river, like a broad silver band, reflecting the moon, which shone with extraordinary refulgence. Nothing could be seen above the rim of our cloud circle but two or three dark-blue points of the Sabine Hills in the southeast. Presently, to our wonder and delight, there appeared on the white wall of vapor opposite, and a little lower than our car, a perfect reflection of our balloon, rigging, car, and occupants, as clearly defined as in a magic lantern. All around the great shadow balloon was a radiant lunar rainbow. Straight below it was another bright little circular rainbow. For a few seconds the shadow picture seemed immovable; then the scene dissolved as swiftly as it came, and we were borne away on the freshened current of the southwest wind.

From a photograph

"FIDES I" ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

Leaving Tarano on the right, we began the ascent of Monte San Pancrazio. The balloon was now at an altitude of 3000 feet. At an exhilarating pace of forty kilometers an hour it passed as straight as an arrow between Monte San Pancrazio and the lower Monte Cardone.

The balloon having dropped rapidly down the other side (as it always does after crossing a mountain), we found ourselves, to our joy, within sight of the lights of Terni, the birthplace of Tacitus. To make such an excellent "traverse" of a rocky ridge with no other exertion than that of shoveling out a few spoonfuls of sand was a delightful and novel sensation. There was nothing of the well-known and hated "grind" with which we poor mountaineers are only too familiar, but a noiseless passing with swift and easy motion, like that of a being from another world.

Before nearing the ridge, we had hailed some shepherds sitting round their fires a thousand feet below. "What 's the name of the mountain on the left?" we called. Their answer took a long time to reach us, but came at last perfectly rounded and distinct: "Mon-te Car-do-ne, Signor-i."

At 1:45 A.M. we were hanging over Terni as over an abyss. The great cascades of Marmore have a fall of 650 feet, and are among the finest in Europe. The roar of the rushing water and the noise of vast machinery ascending on the quiet night air had a terrifying effect.

The water-power is used for government steel works, etc. The town is lighted with powerful electric lights, and this, with the glare from the furnaces and from the great obelisk-like chimneys, illume the dense clouds of spray and the fine cliffs covered with rich vegetation, making the buildings and handsome viaducts shine as white as marble.

To prevent being drawn into the strong current from the cascades, we here rose to a height of 4600 feet, which was our greatest altitude; for we usually traveled on as low a level as possible, to see the country and to save our gas and ballast.

To float away out of sight and sound of this Dantesque scene, and to see instead the peaceful Lake of Piediluco, as pretty as a miniature Como, shimmering in the moonlight, was a great relief. Beyond, to our right, lay Rieti, with its twinkling lights.

Crossing Monte Somma, we dropped down on fine old Spoleto, passing over the convent, where the sweet-sounding bells were ringing for an early mass. As the home of the Campellos, we hailed it with interest, and could peep straight into the lovely gardens of their old palace in the Piazza Bernardino Campello, which is in the highest part of the town, near the fine fortress of La Rocca, formerly the home of the ancient dukes of Spoleto.

A little farther off we saw Campello, with its lovely and classic stream, the Clitumnus. Gushing out of a grotto, it becomes at once a broad stream of most limpid water, whose praises were sung of old by Vergil, and in our day by Carducci.

By this time it was past four, and the eastern sky showed by pale rose-colored flushings that dawn was near. The air had a sharp crispiness. Our pilot shook himself into his heavy, Russian great-coat with grunts of satisfaction.

All through the livelong night the nightingales had sung, and hour after hour we had floated over this wave of harmony. On the wings of the stiffening morning breeze we raced along in joyous flight like happy swallows in springtime.

Professor Helbig changed the tracing-paper of the barograph, and declared himself famished, for he had eaten nothing all night. Count di Campello watched the instruments while the professor took a short rest. I got out his breakfast, and gave him the only seat—a strap, hooked across an angle of the basket.

In Italy, the early morning, both before and after the great heat of summer, is one of its glories. I had been fully occupied in admiring the delicate tints till the sun shone over the Adriatic, above a great bank of dark cloud. This was not a good sign for us, and gave warning that we must bring our pleasant journey to a close.

The carrier-pigeons were cooing softly in their baskets, hanging outside the car, and we took out a pair, and wrote with pride our message of good travel on a tiny form of prepared paper, rolled it up, and sealed it with wax in a minute tube attached to the underside of the tail-feathers. The gentle creatures seemed to know it to be the signal for starting homeward, and made no struggle. We threw them into the air, and, circling gracefully for a few minutes to get their bearings, they flew off joyfully to Rome.

We now left Umbria, and crossing the central chain of the Apennines near

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ALL AROUND THE GREAT SHADOW BALLOON WAS A RADIANT LUNAR RAINBOW"

From a photograph

CREEPING OUT OF THE CAR

Monte Pennino, in the Marches, passed over a fine upland plain, and arrived at Camerino, an ancient little castellated town that boasts a university. We heard the bugle calls of the soldiers to parade, though we could not see them.

Our balloon had been rushing over hill and valley, slapping the trees with its guide-rope, and skimming over hill-tops within three or four yards of the ground. Traveling on the guide-rope is rare sport. Attached to the bottom of the car, it hangs down about 300 feet, giving stability to the balloon, and keeping it erect when traveling near the ground. It looks like a long serpent on end, its supple head slipping over the earth, making a sibilant sound. Below us, too, there was the rushing music of the wind over a beech-forest, with tree-tops bending low, and showing the silver underside of the leaves. It was all good to hear and see.

The outline of the Alps seen from the Marches is very fine; and fine, too, the view of the highest and most beautiful group of the Apennines, the Gran Sasso d'Italia, still draped in its winter snows, which now came in sight.

The great heat of the sun had expanded the gas in our balloon, and made it soar in spite of constant use of the valve. The wind, too, was rising fast; Ancona and the Adriatic were drawing alarmingly near, and our ballast was reduced to a bag and a half. There was nothing for it but to choose a good landing-place.

Our pilot selected a fine corn-field close to the railway line, and at 6:30 on Sunday morning, nine and a half hours after leaving Rome, we pulled the tearing-cord, felt a few rather alarming bumps, scraped over a fruit-tree, and tumbled amid the golden corn. The car toppled over, and we crawled out like rabbits from a warren.

The peasants, seeing us descending from

afar, ran from all sides to help pack the balloon, and claim damages for the corn.

Professor Helbig sent a man with our cards to the station-master of San Severino, three or four miles off. We begged him to send us a railway trolley or hand-car to carry us down to the station. We took a few snap-shots, and sent off the remaining pair of carrier-pigeons, which wheeled for a long time in painful uncertainty before they took wing for far-off Rome.

For some time I sat on the edge of the car, talking to the peasant women, who were most primitive, and full of rustic curiosity, calculating with much frankness the cost of my clothes, asking endless questions, and speculating aloud as to which of the gentlemen I belonged to. At first, I fear, they did not think me quite respectable, the rustic Mrs. Grundy being just as uncharitable and censorious as is that lady in more polite circles. Gadding about in a balloon, instead of minding the house! It was something to shake the head over. At last, having asked my name, they became still more overwhelming, and "Signora Contessaed" me till I was weary, and clambered off my perch to seek some cooler and quieter place in which to rest. Having nothing more to interest me, I felt intolerably tired and sleepy. At last I found a shady place under a tree, lay down, and slept till the trolley appeared.

A balloon can be squeezed most conveniently into its own car, and, laced down with a tarpaulin, is ready to travel anywhere, and soon, amid the kindly greetings and cheers of our Mardregiani friends, we started off at a tearing pace downhill.

At times we have traveled faster in the balloon, but we did not *feel* the pace or the rush of the wind. The change was so great that I felt quite dizzy when we staggered off at San Severino.

The officials were most civil, and we found a large crowd of townsfolk waiting our arrival, who escorted us in a long procession as we walked through the hot streets to the inn in the wide, old square. They remained, flattening their noses in turn against the window-panes, watching all that we did.

At San Severino there is a beautiful Madonna by Pinturicchio. Is there *any* sleepy little town in Italy without some special art treasure dating back to Etruscan, Greek, Roman, or Renaissance days? Of the special glory of San Severino, alas! I can say nothing, for I went to a nice, cool bedroom and fell fast asleep till it was time to take train for Fabriano. Here we waited for the train to Rome, where we arrived at seven A.M., on Monday—no less than twenty-four hours of railway travel to bring us back to our starting-point.

"FIDES I" IN THE CORNFIELD
AT CAMERINO

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'KEEP YOUR ARMS FOLDED!'"

THE EDUCATION OF TROOPER BROWN

BY WILL ADAMS

WHEN Brown first came into the army, his rooky little shoulders curved in, his rooky little stomach curved out, and the flatness of his rooky little chest would have made a pancake blush and take to banting.[1] He was a child of the people, sheltered in a tenement, brought up in the gutter, and in desperation shunted into the army by a family that had grown tired of his inexhaustible capacity for intoxicating liquids, and who, when they saw him safely enlisted, settled back with a sigh of relief and the comfortable feeling that they had him sidetracked for at least three years.

There was nothing vicious about Brown, but he seemed to have been born lazy, and, because of this laziness and the manner of his bringing-up, he was not a brilliant person. Yet he knew his limitations, and tried to do what he was told—if it was not too much work—when he was sober, and he was by no means always drunk.

His lapses from a state of grace were periodical, corresponding, when in the army, with the advent of pay-day. In this respect he was fortunate in getting into a troop with a commander like Captain Campbell, for that worthy's oft iterated temperance lecture to his men was: "I don't give a blank if you get full as a goat when I 'm not needing you, but when you 're on duty, you 've got to be sober, or I 'll know the reason why."

Brown easily kept within these liberal bounds, but if he managed to evade the vengeance of the Captain, he had a hard row to hoe with the troopers. It was:

"Hey, you rook, groom my horse and saddle up for me."

"I won't."

"You won't, eh? Bill, this rook won't saddle Jonah for me."

"Soak him one."

"Sure. Rook, I 'll learn you to obey when a corporal tells you." Smoke Madigan was merciless where a recruit was concerned, and the scientific manner in which he handled the rook soon reduced him to limp obedience.

"And," said Madigan, when, in the presence of his victim, he told the troop about it afterward, "the blank fool puts the saddle on cantle to the front. Says I to him, 'All you need now, you learned horse-wrangler, is to put the bridle under his tail.' " And while the enraged Brown sought vainly to be heard in his own defense, the room laughed as uproariously as if the tale were new and had not been told on every cavalryman in the service in the days of his rookdom.

In the riding-hall and on the drill-ground came the hardest times of all for Brown, for Shorty Campbell (so-called by his troop in affectionate reference to his want of size) was death on beginners, hard rider that he was, and never left to his subs the task of breaking in the new men. Shorty was in his glory in riding-hall, and a sight to see. There was nothing worth mentioning about a horse that he did not know, except that he never seemed

[1] A rooky is a recent recruit.

to have heard what fear was. Even Sergeant Stone, accustomed from childhood to own and ride all sorts of horseflesh, was heard to remark to himself one day while watching Campbell throw a vicious brute: "Jerry Stone, you think you know somethin' about horses, but I reckon you 'll do that Shorty's way next time." And because he could do anything with a horse, Shorty was just the one to drive ahead and forget that others, particularly month-old rooks, could not. Shorty's temper, like his stature, did not go far and terminated abruptly, and because he had no patience with that bad Indian known as Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horse, it happened that Brown sojourned in the valley of tribulation and gained the nickname that stuck to him for the rest of his army life.

It was at afternoon bareback drill, and Brown, his face beady with the cold perspiration born of fear, was being trotted around the hall, with his horse coupled to Corporal Sullivan's, and with Sullivan holding the reins of both animals. Brown, bumping vigorously on the surcingled blanket and trying to evade the enforced folding of arms by surreptitious grabs at the mane, was constrained to make those grabs frantically and openly at the command of "Gallop" and the appearance of several three-foot hurdles in the path of the troop.

"Keep your arms folded!" cried Shorty. "Don't let me see you do that again," he yelled, as Brown, utterly unnerved after the first jump, tried to stop the horses just as they were rising to the second hurdle, making them balk and throwing those behind them into confusion. Whereupon Campbell rode up, and slashing out vigorously with his riding-whip, started the horses without their rider's volition, and sat watching Brown's subsequent career with an interest denoted by reiterated staccato cries of "*Keep* your arms folded!" Brown, meanwhile, first on his horse's neck, now on its rump, first half off one side, now bumping against the disgusted and swearing Sullivan on the other, had become so frightened that he lost all awe of Shorty and openly tried to stop the horses with all his puny might.

Then the eye of Captain Alexander Campbell began to glitter and droop, and the horse of Captain Alexander Campbell dashed forward in sudden pain of the spur, and Captain Alexander himself unceremoniously yanked the leading-shank from Corporal Sullivan's relieved and unresisting hand, and tore around the hall, trailing the mortally affrighted Brown as a child trails a plaything on the end of a string; and still the victim heard, as if in a nightmare, the burden of the song of his torment borne back to him on the whistling breeze, "*Keep* your arms folded! *Keep* your arms folded!"

But that had been long out of the question, and the recruit lay down flat, both arms clasping his horse's neck, and then, by some unaccountable swerve, turning and sliding down under the animal's chin, where gravitation bade him add his legs to strengthen his hold on the neck of his fleeting steed.

So bumping and banging, he rode upside down twice around the hall before Shorty, absorbed in the rush of his rage, thought to look around.

Astonished at the sight that met his eyes, he stopped short in his mad career, flung the leading-shank far from him, and in a surprised and inquiring tone besought of the watching crowd of troopers, "Is this a cavalryman or a pair of bonnet-strings?" And Bonnet-strings did Brown become then and there, knowing no other name forever.

And there were other tribulations, too, that tried Brown sorely. Not the least of them lay in keeping track of, and in good condition, all of his equipment. "Gosh!" he exclaimed after the first visit to the Quartermaster, where he and sundry other rooks drew most of their field and barrack outfit—"Gosh! if *re*call had n't sounded, we 'd be drawin' of 'em yet!"

"That 's right; that 's the worst of bein' in the calvery," agreed Black, a curly-haired young devil in his second enlistment. "Now, when I was a doughboy, all yer had ter do was ter keep yer little old gun in order, no horse ter be eternally takin' care on, only one drill, an' then yer kin sleep all day, an' nothin' else ter do. I was sure a blank fool ter git out o' the infantry. I 'm goin' ter try ter transfer back again."

That Friday Brown had the deuce of a time trying to get his things in shape for inspection. It seemed impossible that they

could ever go where they were intended to, and as he was struggling with the end of a refractory shelter half roll that would not go into the stiff nose-bag, he heard a soft Southern voice that he recognized as Corporal Whitney's Texas drawl.

" 'Then do not be discouraged. 'Eaven is yo' 'elper; we 'll learn yo' not to fo'get.' "

Brown swore.

" 'An' yo' must n't swear an' curse,' " went on the drawl, " 'Fo' yo' 'll only catch it worse, an' we 'll make yo' soldiers yet!' "

"What 's that rot y' 're sayin'?" demanded Brown.

"Somethin' a man wrote once. Let me show you-all about that. Yo' turn the aidges under *this* way, and tie it up like *that,* and then yo' poke it in *so.* There yo' are, Bonnet-strings! Now go over and take a look at mine yonder, or Melody's; that 'll help yo' to do it right next time."

"Thank yer," stammered Brown.

"Keep the change. Copy yo' elders mo', son, and yo' 'll learn mo'. Why, Stone, and Melody, and Sullivan, even old Busch, 'They was once damn rooks like yo'.' "

"What 's that?" quickly inquired the enraged recruit.

"Nothing to heat yo'-all, son; just some mo' of that same man's sayin's." And Whitney strolled off with his smooth, unhurried walk, which partook much of the character of his speech, both speech and walk slowly, softly, sweetly creeping in the characteristic manner of the typical Southwesterner.

Still, with all the pitfalls in his way, Brown might have come into his own in the same manner as the rest of the recruits, had not Providence willed it otherwise.

One night, long after taps, there was a disturbance in the guard-house. The prisoners, incited by an old offender, had decided to make it a warm evening for their jailers. They began by publishing their intention in song, "There 'll be a hot time in the old mill to-night." Then they proceeded to raise the devil both in speech and action, even the "solitaries" adding what they could to swell the jamboree. Sergeant Stone and Corporal Sullivan were on guard that day, both being S's and coming together on the roll, and they were excellent men for quelling any sort of disturbance; but this thing went far beyond the ordinary, and no threats or acts short of inhuman violence would have sufficed to check the riot.

"Shorty 's officer of the guard to-night," said the Sergeant; "he 'll back us up, whatever we do; I 'm going to ask him." Which he proceeded to do, and received permission as follows:

"Wade in and clean up the place, if you have to kill two or three. I 'll see you through." Just then, impelled by something crowningly outrageous, out burst Corporal Sullivan upon the scene. "Captain, can't I murder a few of these blank hoot-owls?"

"Murder away; I 'll see you through. Or wait; I think I 'll take a hand in this myself."

"Turn 'em out," he said, with a commanding sweep of the hand, and Stone and Sullivan, threatening with loaded pistols, turned the surging bunch out of the cells and cages into the middle of the floor. Alone in front of that lawless mob stood Shorty, unarmed, and read them a lecture on their shortcomings, wagging his head and shaking his little fist under the noses of the biggest ones, like a small water-spaniel snarling and snapping at a pack of Great Danes.

"You vulgar set of tough, disorderly gutter-snipes; you empty-headed numbskulls, who have n't any more sense than to kick up such a confounded rough-house at this hour of the night! What 'n blank do you think you 're doin' anyway, you bloody-minded devils? Why, you mania-ridden rogue's-gallery, do you think you 're going to spoil the quiet night with your caterwauling? Keep the peace in this place, you chattering phonographs, or you 'll be blank well shot to pieces, you uncivilized mob of howlin' Iggorotes. I 'll teach you to raise Sheol in this mill, you no'-count, unpedigreeded pack of yellow purps. Yes, you 're no better than a pack of curs, you yapping mongrels. Don't let me hear another yowl out of you this night, or, by the Lord, I 'll clean up the guard-house with you. Get back, now, you criminal gang of fiends, and if I hear the tiniest peep out of you, you 'll be policing hell to-morrow. Back there!

Lock 'em in, Stone, and let me know if there 's the least trouble."

Like a pack of whipped hounds the gang slunk back to the cells, and submitted to being locked in; but though there was no fresh outbreak that night, the evil fermented, and a few of the more desperate lay awake, planning an escape for the morrow.

Now, it was Brown's bad luck to go on guard at eight the next morning, and about nine to be detailed to guard the prisoners who took one of the troop stable-carts to the dumping-grounds, said prisoners happening to be three of the plotters of the night before. And three hard characters they were,—a chronic deserter, a fire-bug, and a horse-thief,—all husky toughs, ready for anything and sticking at nothing.

Brown had been warned to be specially careful, to keep near, not to take his eyes off them, and to have his carbine ready; and so fared he forth to the dump. Arrived there, it was no easy task to oversee the work, the recruit's commands being constantly disobeyed, and he himself held up to ridicule; for the old hands knew he would not think of shooting at them and was not aware of any other way to enforce his authority. He kept a dogged silence, however, and followed them up closely—so closely, in fact, that the arch-fiend, he who was in for arson, turning suddenly, struck him a terrific blow on the head with the long-handled shovel he was using, knocking Brown out. As he lay unconscious, the prisoners emptied his carbine, confiscated his cartridge-belt, and made a break hot-foot for liberty. They managed easily to get away, and be swallowed up in the city, for it was after the noon "chow" that his relief, wondering why he had not returned, sent a search party after Brown, and discovered him lying unconscious under the wagon.

When Shorty heard of it, he was much worked up, and cursed his luck that it had been a member of J Troop that had let the prisoners escape; for the honor of the troop was a very sensitive point with its ambitious little commander, and to think that a J-Trooper, even though a rooky, had been the culprit, was gall and wormwood.

"That 's what he *is*," quoth Shorty, wrathfully—"a Jay-Trooper. I always thought him a blank fool, and now I know it. What,"—melodramatically,—"has n't he anything better to do than to drag the troop guidon in the dust? Any two-months infant would know enough to keep out of range of one of those toughs' shovels. Don't speak to me of pitying him; fools who make their beds with the wrong kind of stuffing in them must lie on 'em just the same. Think of his feelings? What did he think of mine or the troop's feelings, having to stand for this? Bah! don't talk to me! Me no sabe fool hombres."

Of course a trial followed, and, in accordance with his expressed opinions, Shorty, Brown's troop commander, did not back him up with any great display of enthusiasm. So, coming right after the disturbance, poor Brown, through no fault but stupidity, was tried and convicted of the heinous offense of "While being detailed as a sentry over three prisoners, did suffer same to escape," and was sentenced to forfeiture of sixty dollars of his pay and imprisonment for six months. Now "Six-sixty," in soldier lingo, is no sinecure, and Brown worked every bit of the small pull of which he was capable in the effort to get his sentence mitigated; but all to no purpose. Six-sixty it remained.

It is true that an army prison is not as bad as the civil jails, for one is always let out under guard to work out of doors about the post, to police camp and to perform others of the manifold garrison duties that are always left to the prisoners; but the occupation is not attractive, and six months of it! It seemed an eternity to Brown. It was then August; it would be after the new year before he was released. How could he stand it?

The good chaplain came and talked to him. He knew Brown only for a scared-looking little fellow with deep-sunken eyes who never came to chapel, but with whom he now sympathized for being made to suffer through little fault of his own. So the chaplain came and talked, and Brown, who had at first been sullen and ill at ease, dreading "this religious gag," actually began to look forward to the visits when he found that no mention of religious subjects was ever made.

"Why," said Brown, "he never bothers a fellow about his soul and salvation at

all. He just comes and talks bed-rock about the things a feller bucks up against every day. He ain't a preacher; he 's a *man.*"

"Yes, son," said Whitney, who was corporal of the guard that day; "he is a man all right: but he 's a parson just the same, and that 's the way he preaches. He believes that the every-day things are the ones we po' black sheep of enlisted men have got to know how to face if we don't want to make a bloomin' hash of our lives. After we begin to realize that there 's other things in the world than feedin' and goin' on jags and scrapin' along with the least amount of work that 'll keep us from bein' sent to this free hotel or fined, why, then it 's time enough to think of yo' soul's salvation. If we-all do the best we-all can in this world, there 'll be no bother about the next."

Brown had got into the habit of confiding more of his feelings to Whitney than he was ever known to do to any one else, and the big Texan, who seemed to know something about almost everything, was always sympathetic and willing to give Brown a lift whenever he could. So it came to pass that the mournful-eyed little prisoner and the big, self-contained corporal became fast friends, and were as intimate as their different conditions allowed.

"That kid is all right," said Whitney, speaking of him to Stone one evening—"at least he would be if he had half a chance. Only I reckon his family never bothered much to give him any bringin' up, and he had to attend to that matter himself."

Stone nodded. "He looks about like he was 'drug up' by the hair and nearly had the life scared out of him in the process."

"Somethin' has sho scared him. I don't know whether he was that way naturally or whether Shorty did it. Of co'se he never was near a hawse befo', and having none too much spunk with them, the way Shorty lit into him scared him stiff. Shorty 's all right fo' the big, tough fellows and fo' yo' and me, who understand him, but he 's mighty rough on rooks. I believe if that boy had a chance he 'd learn to ride all right. By George! I believe I 'll teach him myself, and let him have Jim to learn on; he 's mighty gentle and goes easy. I sho will. I 'll begin to-morrow, and it won't be long befo' Bonnet-strings is a regular broncho-buster." Whitney grew enthusiastic over his scheme.

"Well, I 'll be hanged! If that is n't just like a fool like you to spend the little time you get to yourself pirootin' off with a deuced little rooky of a prisoner when you could be sleepin', or readin', or writin' to Eliz—" he dodged a skilfully thrown tactic book—"abeth," he continued calmly. "And you need n't cuss under your breath like that, either. I was only givin' you my opinion. The rook is n't worth a cuss; still, if you 're bent on doin' the fool stunt, I suppose there might as well be two geese as one, and just to keep you from gettin' lonely, maybe I 'll give him a lift now and then myself, if I don't have to bust a tug over it."

September wore warmly through, and then October and November came crisp and cold. Under the combined influences of the chaplain, Whitney, Stone, and much labor in the open, Brown's stunted little body and soul had both begun to expand and attain something of a more normal growth. To see him now you would never have suspected that this was the puny, stupid little recruit who had let prisoners knock him on the head with a shovel and escape while he held a loaded carbine in his hands. Life in the mill had not, of course, been exactly a bed of roses, but he got none of the chaffing or teasing that had so fretted him in barracks, the work was not too hard, and the food was the same that he would have had at his own troop mess. By dint of good conduct he had been given his parole, and in that time Whitney had been a kind and good riding-master, and between the lessons and the daily grooming of the band-horses, Brown had arrived at such a degree of familiarity with the good beasts that his fear was all gone and he had become genuinely fond of them. Also, his outlook on life had changed greatly, and away down in his slowly expanding little soul there had begun to glow a small spark of ambition.

"What did I tell yo' about that kid yonder?" said Whitney one day early in

December as he and Stone stood idly watching Brown and a fellow-prisoner shovel snow off the band-house roof. "All he needed was half a chance; and see what he 's done with the mighty slim one the gyard-house affo'ds him."

Stone grunted.

"Grunt away, old hawg, but look at his clear eye, and remember the way he sat that bucker this mawnin'. Why, he 's twice the ginger he used to have; and see his chest!"

"Um, um!" said Stone, "I can quote your favorite at you about that. 'The young recruit is 'appy; he throws a chest to suit.' "

"Yes, that 's right; his chest is n't quite up to Sandow's yet, but it 's sho coming up. But, Gee! look at that other fellow with him! Is n't he fierce?"

"Looks like the devil," assented Stone. "He does, and no mistake. Look at those black eyes! Who is he? Where 'd he hail from? He 's never one of ours?"

"Nope. Deserter from Leavenworth."

"How 'd he get yere from 'way out yonder?"

"One of our sergeants, Keefe of M, I think it was, captured him on the way back from the fort after Keefe had taken two prisoners out there for trial. That man has enlisted four times in the army and twice in the navy, and deserted every time; and the worst thing about him is, he 's a sort of walkin'-delegate goin' around and tryin' to get the boys to kick and mutiny and make all sorts of trouble."

"And how did yo' catch on to all this info'mation?"

"Heard Shorty and the Major talkin' about him the other day. 'He 's a dangerous man to have around,' says the Major. 'Dangerous, nit!' says Shorty. 'He won't be up to any of his darn tricks here.' "

The man on the roof beside Brown was a tough-looking customer. That he was evil-minded could instantly be seen by the expression in his shifting, black eyes and in the character of the two lines running from the sides of his large, hooked nose. He had an enormous, sweeping, purple-black moustache that partly hid his cruel, thin lips; his ears were large, and stood out from his head like twin sails; and his trap-like jaw had always a blue tinge, even when freshly shaved. He was very tall, almost a giant, and had aggressively broad shoulders. He looked down on Brown in more ways than one, and often made disparaging remarks about "that there puny kid."

As was not to be wondered at, the puny kid, in the meantime, had taken an intense dislike to Hawkins, the deserter, and kept out of his way as much as possible, avoiding all but compulsory contact with him. Hawkins, however, took little notice of Brown; he had other fish to fry. From the first day he had arrived, shackled and hand-cuffed in the charge of Sergeant Keefe, he had allied himself with the dissenting element that is always in every prison, and set himself to the task of not only working it up to some sort of action, but of converting as many of the disaffected ones as possible to his banner. Going into a mixed flock, he tried to transform all the sheep, black though many were, into goats. Among men of no great education his sort of doctrine found ready growth, and Hawkins had not been there long before he had a gang of desperately worked-up men behind him, ready for any sort of outbreak against authority. Of course to break jail and clear off scot-free was what they were after principally; still, such a lawless lot were they that even in their going they wanted to raise some sort of trouble. Those of the more peacefully inclined were reluctant to enter into the scheme when it was broached to them; but, to Hawkins's surprise, Brown, the puny kid, entered enthusiastically into his plans.

It was that very day while shoveling the snow off the band-house roof that the deserter made known the plot to Brown. The gist of the idea was to burn down the guard-house, and in the confusion get away. The event was planned for a night a week later. While the relief was going the rounds, and the fewest number of men was at the guard-house, fire was to break out simultaneously from three sides of the building. Of course the prisoners would be turned out, and at the instant of the opening of the cage a concerted rush was to be made, the guards overpowered by numbers, and left tied or unconscious in the burning house. Before the returning relief discovered the

absence of the prisoners, they would be scattered, and far on their way.

Brown listened attentively, and wanted to know all the details.

"How you goin' ter set afire the guard-house? They don't allow us no matches."

"They don't *allow* us none, but it 's easy enough ter get 'em from these fool rook sentries," — Brown winced, — "all you got to do is to say you got a little smokin', an' want a light. We got a plenty."

"Well, even then, how you goin' ter set the place afire?"

"We been collectin' straw an' paper an' stuff fer quite a while. Fellers been bringin' it in their shirts, an' we got it all stuffed in them flues—they don't use none sence they got the steam heat."

"That 's fine. Who 's goin' ter do the touchin' off?"

"Me an' Bill an' Rucker an' Sandy Thompson."

"Nothin' fer me an' the rest of the fellers ter do?"

"Nothin' but soak the guards when the time comes, an' skin out."

"Leave 'em in the fire?"

"Sure. A few less of the slobs won't do no harm."

"'Sh!" warningly whispered Brown. "Yere comes the corporal," and he set feverishly to work like a small snow-plough. He had realized with a sudden shock that it was best not to talk any more or he might betray his sentiments; but though he put the curb on his speech, he gave his thoughts free rein. Thinking was so unusual to him that it cost him an almost physical effort, and never in all his narrow, useless little life had Brown thought harder or more to the purpose.

The result was that next morning Captain Alexander Campbell sat at his desk in meditation. He had been sitting there quite still and doing nothing for at least five minutes, which was unusual, Shorty being untiringly active in a systematic, if cyclonic, manner. Indeed, it was a saying in the troop that Shorty had discovered the secret of perpetual motion when a kid, but had never passed on the recipe to anybody else. The cause of his inaction now was a soiled bit of crumpled paper that he had spread out on the desk before him. On it was scribbled: "clenE out the gard-howse Flews or they will be a fiRe weneSDay nite The Boys has mAtches"

The Captain called up Whitney, who was in charge of quarters.

"Where 'd this come from?" said he, pointing to the forlorn scrap on his desk.

"Bon—I mean, suh, Brown gave it to me this mawnin', an' asked me to give it to yo'."

"Did you read it?"

"Of co'se not, suh."

"Well, read it now. What do you make of it?"

"There 's somethin' sho up."

"They may have been just joshin' that fool kid. He 's imbecile enough to believe anything."

"I think not, suh; not now. He 's had a little over fo' months to change in, and he 's learned a good bit lately. I don't think he 'd write yo' unless there was somethin' back of it. And remember that deserter Hawkins from Leavenworth is in there."

Shorty mused for a minute.

"Send over for a prisoner to wash windows here, and see that Brown is detailed. I want to speak with him."

"By the living Jingo! you 're right, Whitney," said Shorty, after his interview. "That kid has grown into quite a fellow instead of a no 'count fool. You 'd think putting a boy in the guard-house would hinder instead of help him. But look at Brown! It 's about time he got out of that nest of murderers, or next thing they 'll be killing him for giving their game away. I 'm going to see the Major about him, and having those flues cleaned out."

That evening, much to the astonishment of the conspirators, Hawkins, Bill Andrews, Rucker, and Sandy Thompson were, for no express reason, put in the solitaries and fitted with ankle-shackles; and when the builders of the rubbish piles went to make their daily contribution, they found the labor of weeks demolished and iron gratings barring the entrances to the flues. Also, the guards were doubled. So there was rage and cursing in the cage, and no one of them all that night cursed harder or railed more bitterly than Brown, the rooky who had learned wisdom.

Shorty had admonished Whitney not to say anything to his protégé about his

premeditated mitigation of sentence until it was actually secured, so on the day before Christmas it was with a shock of joyful surprise that Brown learned that he was released from durance vile, and ordered to duty with his troop.

"Whitney," he protested, with tears in his eyes, "you had a hand in this; I know you did."

"I? Not a bit of it. It 's partly yo' own doin's, and partly Shorty's Christmas present to yo'. He 's changed his opinion about yo'."

Indeed, the Captain's opinion was so very much changed that, after watching Brown narrowly for several weeks, he bestowed on him abruptly, and with notable absence of ceremony, the yellow stripes and chevrons of a corporal in Shorty Campbell's own crack J Troop; also the recommendation that he attend post school and learn how to spell.

SIR BAREFOOT

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

OH, tell me, Mr. Citizen, athwart your busy way
You 've seen, mayhap, Sir Barefoot Boy trudge merrily to-day?
Perchance 't was from your auto trap, or from your office door;
Perchance 't was from the cable-car, or from the cross-roads store;
The thrushes, in the country, and the sparrows, in the town,
Have noted well, I warrant you, his legs so brave and brown,
Have noted well where on his calves the skin is wont to peel,
His stubbed toe, and his wasp-sting, and the stone-bruise on his heel.

Of course you 'd recognize him! Faith, he 's one to you akin,
Connecting sober, careful age with youth and blistered shin;
Recalling short, delicious days that brim with life and light—
And bring to mind dear pantry shelves, and poppy sheets o' night.
The days whose rays were never hot; whose rain—but passing wet;
When quite the height of wickedness—the cornsilk cigarette!
The days of wide, exhaustless woods, and Rover tried and leal;
Of stubbed toe, and of wasp-sting, and of stone-bruise on the heel.

Don't *you* remember, friend, the fun (as I do, goodness knows!)
Of making cool and liquid mud squirt high between your toes?
Don't you remember early morns, and that entrancing bliss
Of swishing through the fields of dew, and ev'ry drop a kiss?
Don't you remember how the dust lay warm and thick beneath,
And how in sport you plowed it up till folk could scarcely breathe?
Don't you remember barley stumps that made you fairly reel?
The stubbed toe, and the wasp-sting, and the stone-bruise on the heel?

I reckon you remember, too, the sunny hours of spring,
When, sole against the bursting sod, each foot was like a wing!
Ah, how you used to run and leap and kick for very joy!
No lambkin ever gamboled thus as now the Barefoot Boy.
But lo! by fall your feet had spread, and shoes, once roomy, cramped;
Until you floundered clumsily as here and there you stamped!

. . . . . .

Zounds! would n't you give name, and fame, and wealth, again to feel
The stubbed toe, and the wasp-sting, and the stone-bruise on the heel?

NOTRE DAME DE LAON

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

I

IF, when you travel from Calais to Basle, your one idea is to hurry through France, convinced that it is a dull, flat country, with nothing in it to break the monotony of hedgeless fields and poplared roads, you need go no farther than Laon to find your mistake. For here, from the window of the train, you will see a hill rising abruptly out of the plain, and on this hill a tree-girt town, and in the midst of the town a cathedral, with gray walls, and more towers than you can count, standing head and shoulders above the house-tops. It is a place that, "as you approach it, reminds you of a quaint woodcut in an ancient folio." If you have already been in Italy, it will remind you even more of the towns there that sit upon the hills and look across the valleys. And should you leave the train to mount into it from the station, it is again of Italy you will think. For, unless you climb the precipitous flight of stairs called *casse-cou municipal* by the natives, who know it to their cost, or take the trolley that I regretted to see on my last visit, you must drive up a road that lies in easy zigzags along the hillside, like the white road winding up to Perugia or Cortona.

Except for the group of new houses about the station in the plain, Laon keeps to the top of its hill, covering the long, narrow plateau there, and, with it, following the almost right-angled turn made at one point by the hill itself. There is space only for a long main street, throwing off a few short streets to right and to left; for the citadel and the Cathedral of Notre Dame at one end; the old church of St. Martin and the barracks at the other; and for the well-shaded walk that encircles the town. And just as Laon is now, so I have seen it in an old sixteenth-century print, which shows the curiously shaped hill standing solitary in the plain, and the town on its top stretched along the narrow ridge, and widening where it widens at each end, with no difference save that, in those days, two tall spires went springing upward from two of the cathedral towers. It could never have been bigger; there is not room for it to be bigger. I do not see how it could have been smaller; for, as it is, nothing in Laon amazes me more than the magnitude of its history in proportion to its size. But, whatever it managed to do in the past, and it managed to do many big things, it seems now to have got through with the making of history. I have spent many days and many weeks there at various times, and I have always found it a sleepy, idle town, comfortable and well-to-do, fairly ancient in appearance, but with no life in it apart from the cathedral and the soldiers, who, as they walked or slouched through the streets, were, all unknown to themselves, keeping up its traditions; for there must always have been soldiers in a place so given to fighting. I could not believe in the pretense Laon made on market-days of being a busy, bustling market-town, though the farmers in blouses, who descended upon the hotel at midday, thrust their prosperity in our faces by paying for champagne, while the rest of us did not run beyond the ordinary wine included in the dinner.

II

THE cathedral alone would be reason enough for the existence of the town. If it would set off any church to stand on

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

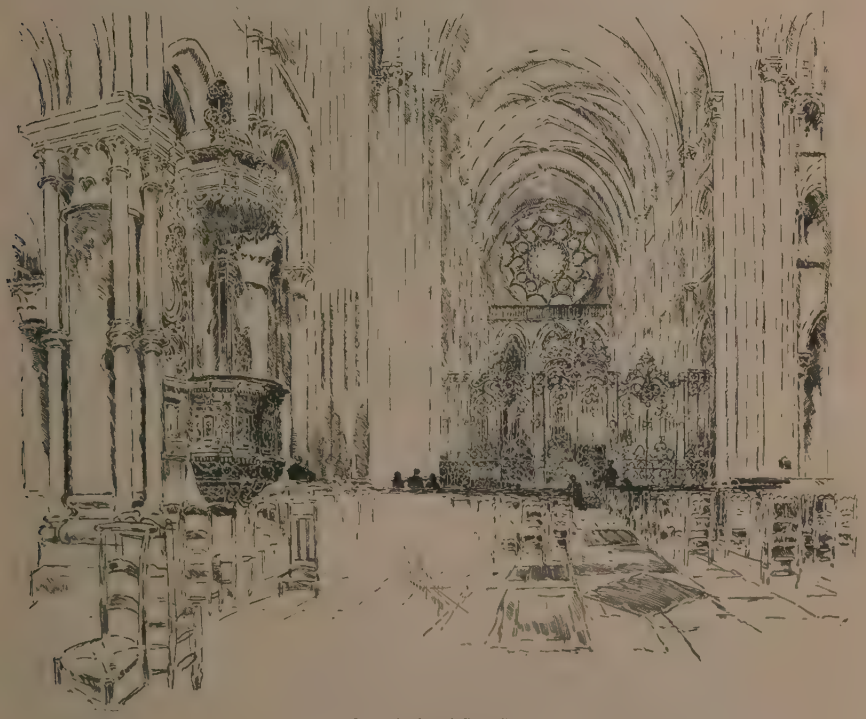
A DISTANT VIEW OF LAON CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTHWEST

such a hill-crest, it would still more set off any hill-crest to have such a church stand upon it. Laon belongs to the age of the great Gothic cathedrals—the age of Paris and Chartres, of Amiens and Bourges, and its architect was not the least among the great artists who built them. But if, when seen from a distance, not one of the others, not even Chartres, has such dignity of position, such a cluster of gray, weather-beaten towers, with the sky shining through their open windows and arches, still, not one, not even Notre Dame at Paris, is so apt to disappoint at a first view near at hand. Every one who loves cathedrals has felt the thrill of wonder that this first view can give, and the excitement of the first walk in search of it. But there is a moment of bitter disillusion when, with a turn or a bend in the narrow street leading from the center of the town, one first comes upon the west front of Laon. It could never have had the elaborate splendor of Rouen or Rheims or Amiens, of Bourges or Chartres, and seldom anywhere has the restorer been so pitiless. As one first stands before the façade, he is chiefly impressed with the excessive care that the state has taken of it.

And were one to come to it first from the north, from under the trees of the walk on the ramparts, and up the wide stairs that make so noble an approach, the cathedral would seem a well-preserved historical monument rather than an old church with years of change and weather behind it. Nor would he rid himself of the impression were he to linger, as I once loved to linger, in the sunny garden, with its bit of cloister, of the Palais de Justice, which was the bishop's palace when Laon had a bishop. It is there one sees above the green the square east end, one of the characteristics of Laon, and an unexpected contrast to the rounded apse, with wide-flying buttresses, that one usually finds in France. My heart fell when I went back to the garden and the cloister last spring, all this end of the cathedral had been so terribly done up since my long summer in Laon ten years earlier.

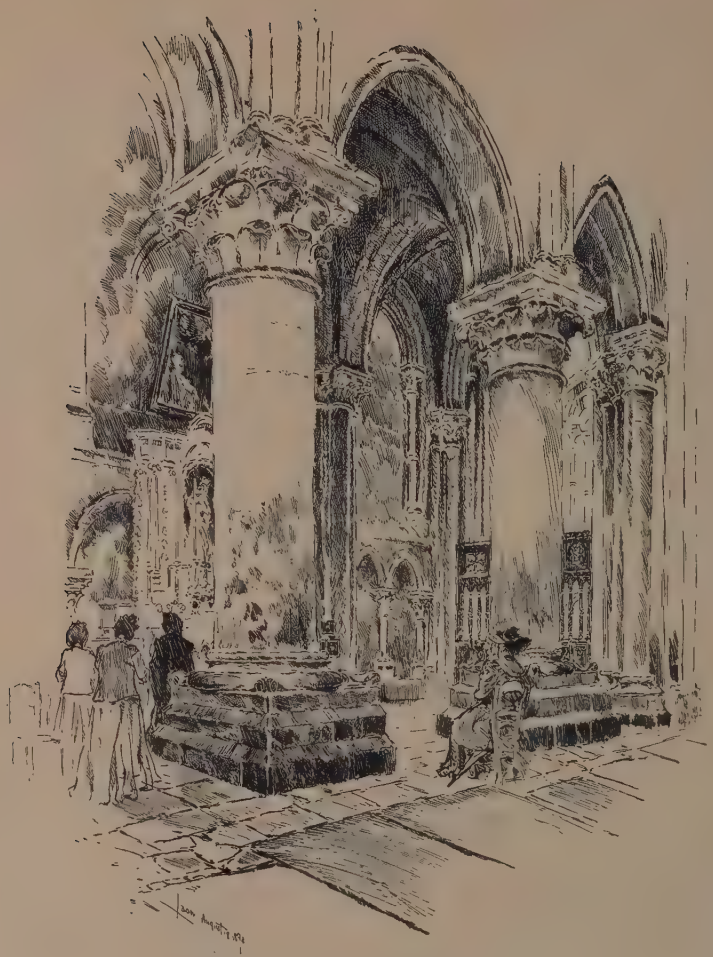
Many changes had been made, as far as I could see, for no better reason than the mere sake of change. Even in the palace that big Crucifixion had been taken down from above the judge's seat, where it had been hung for so long. A woman in Laon, telling me about it, cried, and really I could have cried with her. It was bad enough to convert the Romanesque chapel of the bishops into a museum, but to take down the sacred symbol from walls where it could hurt no one is the sort of wanton act that would enter into the mind of no one save M. Combes to commit. One is always rubbing up against political crimes or mistakes of this kind in the state-protected cathedrals of France and their precincts. But, on the whole, I am not sure that this is not less irritating than to rub up against the vandalism of dean and chapter in the cathedrals of England, for there the church, and not the state, is to blame.

It was only in the southern walls, against which the low, long building, with waving roof and tumbling chimneys, was still propped, as I remember it, that I found some semblance of age. But already last spring the scaffolding of the restorer concealed the south transept. The worst of it is, when one's eyes, wandering upward, at last rest in peace on the dulled gold-gray of the towers, with the patient oxen looking down, as they have for centuries, from the open arches and windows, one knows what loveliness and tenderness of color all the cathedral might have, had it never been patched and pieced and refaced, especially as the chalky white stone with which the work has been done is so hard and unlovely in its freshness. The architect will object that, without the patching and piecing and refacing, not only the color, but the beauty of the beautiful architecture would have vanished. Perhaps; but when a cathedral has lived through seven centuries, I want it to give me something be-



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CHOIR FROM THE NAVE



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CHAPELS IN THE TRANSEPT

sides beautiful architecture. Who would care for the portrait of old Rembrandt had he painted himself with the smooth skin, the jeweled splendor, the feathered hat, the studio-trappings of the young Rembrandt, staring placidly out of the canvas, life all before him? The old cathedral should wear on its face the wrinkles and creases and marks of its seven hundred years; it should stir one to the soul with the tragedy of its time-stained, crumbling stones.

The beautiful interior of Laon has fared no better. It was already barren when I first saw it; it is a barren place still, though an old fifteenth century inventory of its treasures of gold and silver and precious stones shows it must once have been as rich and glowing as St. Mark's in Venice. But from its seasons of desecration and restoration it emerged cold and frigid, more like an English cathedral, no longer warmed by the faith that built it, than a French church still used by the people for prayer. I always fancied that the frigidity of its atmosphere had got into the congregation, and that their devotion was frozen in the clear, cold light. I have been in the cathedral on feast-days and great occa-

sions; I have seen it crowded, every label-beled, padded *prie-dieu* round the choir occupied, the nave filled with nuns and orphans, priests and school-boys: but never have I felt anything like the wave of emotion that, in the May evenings at Chartres, swept over the people before the altar of Notre Dame du Pilier; never anything like the ardent surrender to faith that sets the tapers alight in the crypt of Notre Dame du Port at Clermont; or before the shrine of Ste. Geneviève at Paris.

Probably one should be grateful that it has emerged in any state after the fires that did their best to burn it down, and the earthquakes that threatened to throw it down, and the enterprising jerry-builder who, during the Revolution, with a zeal worthy of the London County

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE NORTH APPROACH TO THE TRANSEPT

Councilor, offered to pull it down and turn its site into eligible building lots. And, after all, there is the same romance of fidelity to tradition in the secular bareness of the interior and the attitude of the congregation that there is in the soldiers marching and sauntering about the town. That is, if Viollet-le-Duc is right. For, according to him, the great Gothic cathedrals of France were built not only for the people to pray in, but to meet in, to use as halls for social and civil as well as for religious ends. They belong to the period when the citizen of every town was beginning to remember that he had rights, and to claim them. Laon was, of all towns, the one whose citizens were most persistent and stubborn in their demand, stopping at nothing to get it—not even at the murder of their lawful tyrant, the bishop, and the burning of his palace. When they wanted a thing, they did not, in modern fashion, think their work done when they had met in the public square, murmured, and passed a few resolutions. They fought for it, and hard, like the giants they were. And as what they wanted in such dead earnest was democracy, it is natural that in no cathedral should the architecture be so democratic in character as in theirs. It may be this that gives Laon its individuality, for it is curious how every one of the great French Gothic churches has a distinct character of its own, though all were built almost at the same time and according to the same general principles.

Describe Laon constructively, and you will say it might be Paris, or Chartres, or Amiens. Describe its detail, and you will say it can be no other French cathedral than Laon. None other has that gracefully arched inner porch; none has the same row of chapels down each side of the nave, each one enclosed with its beautiful screen,—you must go to Spain to see anything like them;—none has the same great gates to the choir; none has the same well-designed triforium; none has the same glorious cluster of towers, with the mild, patient oxen in stone looking down to the hillside up which they toiled in the flesh, weary and goaded. The personal touch to the architecture is in the detail. Like the architecture, the history of Laon, in its main outlines, resembles that of every other cathedral in the land. There was first the little chapel or crypt, when, in the third century, St. Béat came all the way from Italy to make Laon Catholic, and shortly after, St. Preuve journeyed all the way from Scotland to keep it so. It is astonishing how the old saints traveled. They were always on the road, like Gypsies. And, after the little chapel, there was the church getting bigger with each rebuilding. There were the miracles, the saintly bishops, the fires, the wars. But the detail makes the difference. The cathedral was begun at the very end of the twelfth century, when the people had no time to think about anything save the rights they had just secured. They never turned themselves into beasts of burden like the people of Chartres; they never dragged the stone up the long, weary zigzags: they sensibly left that to the oxen whose portraits they afterward stuck up on high in the towers by way of thanks, just as in other cathedrals gifts of money were rewarded by the statue to the donor or the stained glass windows commemorating his virtues. They were far too busy keeping their bishops straight and themselves free; they were far too eager to get on in this world to let cathedral-building absorb them. And the result, for all who care to reason these things out logically with Viollet-le-Duc, is the secular feeling in their cathedral, the frigidity in its atmosphere.

III

It was the fashion at one time to write of cathedrals as if their beauty grew miraculously out of the holiness and happiness of the builders. But from the little we know of these builders, it looks as if they were very much the same in the thirteenth as in any other century, depending on sound technical knowledge and going about acquiring it in much the same way then as now. That the medieval architects journeyed where there were fine things to see, just as the student with a traveling scholarship does to-day; that they used their sketch-books assiduously, is known for a fact, one of the sketch-books having remained to prove it. The architect was Villard de Honnecourt, who came from a village near Cambrai. His work for the cathedral of that town brought him fame and commissions from

as far away as Hungary. Wherever he went, he noted down designs and details, never hesitating to adapt to his own needs those that pleased him; for the men who

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE WEST FRONT OF LAON CATHEDRAL

built cathedrals, like the men who painted Madonnas, had a more robust standard than ours. Among the places he visited was Laon. Nothing there appears to have interested him as much as the towers. Of one he made a drawing—a memorandum of the tall, open arch, the oxen looking down from above, and a suggestion of the spire springing upward, as it did then, but has now long ceased to do. By the side of this sketch, he wrote: "I have been in many countries, as you see by this book, but in no place have I seen a tower equal to that of Laon."

The architect to-day will, or should, agree with him. If Laon is, as some say the name means, the "glory of the mountain," the tower (or, rather, the towers) is the

glory of its cathedral. The architect planned a great cluster of them—two at the west front, two at each transept, and the lantern in the center. The entire group was never completed, and not one of the spires designed to crown them all remains. But the towers that were built did not lose their nobility of design with their spires. I can recall others of more delicate elaboration, of more graceful outline, but none, in their simplicity, of such stateliness; none that, for all the rudeness and strength they share with the rest of the cathedral, has so great an effect of lightness and airiness as one looks up to the long, narrow, open arches and windows, with the blue heavens shining through. If they have been restored, the restoration does not show in glaring white patches on the surface of dull gold-gray with which centuries of wind and rain and sun, on their exposed hill-top, have covered them. They are beautiful when one stands immediately below, as well as when one catches a sudden glimpse of them at the end of one of Laon's narrow streets; or when, walking on the ramparts, one watches them, grouped into new beauty against the sky.

Most of the memories of Laon bring me back sooner or later to that high, well-shaded walk about the town. It was there that I used to take my book in the summer morning, there that I went for a stroll in the long summer afternoon, and there that I sat or sauntered in the cool of the summer night, with the plain, now like the sea it once was, with lights shining here and there as of ships at anchor, stretching away for miles and miles to meet the sky on the low horizon. It was there that all Laon found its amusement, having no other place in which to seek it without going down the hill, which was not to be thought of, since going down meant the bore of coming up again. But this restriction never struck me as a hardship. Every other French town has its green alleys and gardens; some, like Chartres and Angoulême, are encircled by wide boulevards and avenues, under pleasant shade. But not one I know has a walk as lovely from end to end, as complete, as full of variety, as Laon. Now it is terraced, and now it opens into a formal grove where, on feast-days and at fair-time, the people dance in the starlight; now it passes by an old town gate or under the old town wall where the crumbling stones meet the solid rock, and grass and bushes grow tall and thick to hide the meeting; and now it becomes a rough way through a wood, with trees, unclipped and untrained, meeting overhead. Always it overlooks the plain, and constantly it discloses a new view of the town or the cathedral—the town old and gray, save for the new red brick houses that I saw to my sorrow last spring on the slopes near the barracks; the cathedral brooding over it, gray and solemn, and never more imposing than from across that harbor-like valley made by the acute curve of the hill on its southern side. From here one looks to the widening of the plateau where Laon tries to justify its pretense of being a big city, and where, at the foot of the gray walls and towers, is a space of climbing roofs.

Sometimes I had the courage to face the boredom of coming up the hill for the sake of going down and out into the near country, so rich in the beauty for which France is seldom given credit. Not very far away is the Château de Coucy, and all about are towns and villages, each with a church. But no matter what interest or beauty I discovered by the way, there was nothing more wonderful in my eyes than Laon as I saw it on my home-coming, with the cathedral and its towers black against the sunset or paling in the twilight, just as the bishops of Laon, riding back from raid or mission, must often have seen it in their day. They were strong enough to hold their own against the brigands who were their neighbors, even against the terrible Sire de Coucy. It was only before what we like to call modern progress that they weakened. But if Laon now is bishopless, the symbol of episcopal power still stands—the cathedral on the hill, as much more beautiful than the near castles, as its lords were once more powerful than theirs.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XX

KEDGERS

WHENEVER the workmen saw Miss Vanderpoel coming, the men, hastily standing up to touch their foreheads, were aware of a slight acceleration of being which was not quite the ordinary quickening produced by the presence of the employer. She knew each man's name, it was revealed gradually; and what was more, knew what he stood for in the village, what cottage he lived in, how many children he had, and something about his wife.

It actually became apparent that her ladyship, who walked with her, was altering day by day. Was it true that the bit of color they had heard spoken of when she returned from town was deepening and fixing itself on her cheek?

To one man more than to any other had come an almost unspeakable piece of luck through the new arrival—a thing which to himself at least was as the opening of the heavens. This man was the discouraged Kedgers. Miss Vanderpoel, coming with her ladyship to talk to him, found that the man was a person of more experience than might have been imagined. In his youth he had been an under-gardener at a great place, and being fond of his work, had learned more than under-gardeners often learn. He had been one of a small army of workers under the orders of an imposing head-gardener whose knowledge was a science. The all-ruling head-gardener had inspired him with awe. He had watched him reverently, accumulating knowledge, but being given, as an underling, no opportunity to do more than obey orders. He had spent his life in obeying, and congratulated himself that obedience secured him his weekly wage.

"He was a great man, Mr. Timson, he was," he said, in talking to Miss Vanderpoel. "Ay, he was that. Knew everything that could happen to a flower or a s'rub or a vegetable. Knew it all. Had a libery of books, an' read 'em night an' day. Head-gardener's cottage was good enough for gentry. The old Markis used to walk round the hothouses an' gardens, talking to him by the hour. If you did what he told you *exactly* like he told it to you, then you were all right; but if you did n't—well, you was off the place before you 'd time to look round. Worked under him from twenty to forty. Then he died, an' the new one that came in had new ways. He made a clean sweep of most of us. The men said he was jealous of Mr. Timson."

"That was bad for you, if you had a wife and children," Miss Vanderpoel said.

"Eight of us to feed," Kedgers answered. "A man with that on him can't wait, Miss. I had to take the first place I could get. It was n't a good one—poor parsonage, with a big family an' not room on the place for the vegetables they wanted—cabbage an' potatoes and beans an' broccoli. No time or ground for flowers. Used to seem as if flowers got to be a kind of dream. I was fond of flowers. I would n't have asked no better than to live among 'em. Mr. Timson gave me a book or two when his lordship sent him a lot of new ones. I 've bought a few myself, though I suppose I could n't afford it."

From the poor parsonage he had gone to a market-gardener. Sudden changes

from forcing-houses to chill outside dampness had resulted in rheumatism. After that, things had gone badly. He began to be regarded as past his prime of strength. Lower wages and labor still as hard as ever, though it professed to be lighter, and so cheaper, was his portion. At last came the big, neglected gardens of Stornham.

"What I 'm seeing, Miss, all the time is what could be done with 'em. Wonderful it 'u'd be. They might be the show of the county, if we had Mr. Timson here."

"In the course of twenty years' work under Timson," Miss Vanderpoel said, "you must have learned a great deal from him."

"A good bit, Miss; a good bit," admitted Kedgers. "If I had n't ha' cared for the work, I might ha' gone on doing it with my eyes shut; but I did n't. Mr. Timson's heart was set on it as well as his head. An' mine got to be. But I was n't even second or third under him; I was only one of a lot. He would have thought me fine an' impident if I 'd told him I 'd got to know a good deal of what he knew—and had some bits of ideas of my own."

"If you had men enough under you, and could order all you want," Miss Vanderpoel said tentatively, "you know what the place should be, no doubt."

"That I do, Miss," answered Kedgers, turning red with feeling. "Why, if the soil was well treated, anything would grow here. There 's situations for everything. There 's shade for things that wants it, and south aspects for things that won't grow without the warmth of 'em. Well, I 've gone about many a day when I was low down in my mind and worked myself up to being cheerful by just planning where I could put things and what they 'd look like. Liliums, now, I could grow them in masses from June to October." He was becoming excited, like a war-horse scenting battle from afar, and forgot himself. "The *Lilium Giganteum*—I don't know whether you 've ever seen one, Miss; but if you did, it 'u'd almost take your breath away—a lilium that grows twelve feet high and more, and has a flower like a great snow-white trumpet, and the scent pouring out of it so that it floats for yards. There 's a place where I could grow them so that you 'd come on them sudden, and you 'd think they could n't be true."

"Grow them, Kedgers. Begin to grow them," said Miss Vanderpoel. "I have never seen them; I must see them."

Kedgers's low, deprecatory chuckle made itself heard again.

"Perhaps I 'm going too fast," he said. "It would take a good bit of expense to do it, Miss. A good bit."

Then Miss Vanderpoel made—and she made it in the simplest matter-of-fact manner, too—the startling remark which three hours later all Stornham village had heard of:

"Expense which is proper and necessary need not be considered," she said. "Regular accounts will be kept and supervised, but you can have all that is required."

Then it appeared that Kedgers almost became pale.

"Miss,"—he hesitated, even shamefacedly, because to suggest to such a fine-mannered, calm young lady that she might be ignorant seemed perilously near impertinence—"Miss, did you mean you wanted only the *Lilium Giganteum* or—or other things as well?"

"I should like to see," she answered him, "all that you see; I should like to hear more of it all when we have time to talk it over. I understand we should need time to discuss plans."

"It means more to work—and some one over them, Miss," he said. "If—if you had a man like Mr. Timson—"

"You have not forgotten what you learned. With men enough under you, it can be put into practice."

"You mean you 'd trust me, Miss—same as if I *was* Mr. Timson?"

"Yes. If you ever feel the need of a man like Timson, no doubt we can find one; but you will not. You love the work too much."

As he was to assume heavier responsibilities, he was to receive higher wages. It was his experience which was to be considered, not his years.

One of the lodges might be put in order for him to live in. He might have hothouses put in order, too; he might have implements, plants, shrubs, even some of the newer books to consult. Kedgers's brain reeled.

"You—think I am to be trusted, Miss?" he said more than once. "You think it would be all right? I was n't even second or third under Mr. Timson; but—if I say it as should n't—I never lost a chance of learning things. I was just mad about it. 'T ain't only liliums —Lord! I know 'em all as if they were my own children born an' bred—shrubs — conifers — herbaceous borders that bloom in succession. My word! what you can do with just delphiniums an' campanulas an' aquilegias an' poppies —every-day things like them, that 'll grow in any cottage garden; an' bulbs, an' annuals! Roses, Miss—why, Mr. Timson had them in thickets—an' carpets—an' clambering over trees, and tumbling over walls in sheets an' torrents. Just know their ways an' what they want, an' they 'll grow in a riot. But they want feeding—feeding. A rose is a gross feeder. Feed a Glory Dijon, and watch over him, an' he 'll cover a housetop an' give you perfect blooms."

"I have never lived in an English garden. I should like to see this one at its best."

At three or four yards' distance he stopped, and turning, came back to touch his cap again.

"You understand, Miss," he said, "I was n't even second or third under Mr. Timson. I 'm not deceiving you, am I, Miss?"

"You are to be trusted," said Miss Vanderpoel, "first because you love the things—and next because of Timson."

XXI

THE FIFTEENTH EARL OF MOUNT DUNSTAN

James Hubert John Fergus Saltyre, fifteenth Earl of Mount Dunstan, the red-haired second-class passenger of the *Meridiana,* sat in the great library of his desolate great house, and stared fixedly through the open window at the lovely land spread out before him. From this particular window was to be seen one of the greatest views in England. From the upper nurseries he had lived in as a child he had seen it every day from morning until night, and it had seemed to his young fancy to cover all the plains of the earth. Surely the rest of the world, he had thought, could be but small, though somewhere he knew there was London, where the Queen lived, and in London were Buckingham Palace, and St. James's Palace, and Kensington, and the Tower, where heads had been chopped off, and the Horse Guards, where splendid plumed soldiers rode forth glittering, with thrilling trumpets sounding as they moved.

These last he always remembered because he had seen them, and once when he had walked in the park with his nurse there had been an excited stir in the Row, and people had crowded about a certain gate through which an escorted carriage had driven, and he had been made at once to take off his hat and stand bareheaded until it passed because in it was the Queen.

Somehow from that afternoon he dated the first presentation of certain vaguely miserable ideas. His nurse was not a pleasant person, and had an injured and resentful bearing. In later years he realized that it had been the bearing of an irregularly paid menial who rebelled against the fact that her place was not among people who were of distinction and high repute and whose households bestowed a certain social status upon their servitors.

She was a tall woman with a sour face and a bearing which conveyed a glum endurance of a position beneath her. Yes, it had been from her—Brough her name was—that he had mysteriously gathered that he was not a desirable charge as regarded from the point of view of the servants' hall, or, in fact, from any other point of view. His people were not the people whose patronage was sought with anxious eagerness. People, it seemed, did not care to come either to the town house or to Mount Dunstan. That was why he did not know other little boys. Again, for the mysterious reason, people did not care that their children should associate with him.

When Brough had gone away to her far superior place, and she had been succeeded by one variety of objectionable or incompetent person after another, he had still continued to learn. At the town house there was no money, at Mount Dunstan there was no money. There

had been so little money even in his grandfather's time that his father had inherited comparative beggary. The fourteenth Earl of Mount Dunstan did not call it "comparative" beggary; he called it beggary pure and simple, and cursed his progenitors with engaging frankness. He never referred to the fact that in his personable youth he had married a wife whose fortune, if it had not been squandered, might have restored his own. The fortune had been squandered in the course of a few years of riotous living, the wife had died when her third son was born, which event took place ten years after the birth of her second, whom she had lost through scarlet fever.

James Hubert John Fergus Saltyre never heard much of her, and barely knew of her past existence, because in the picture gallery he had seen a portrait of a tall, thin, fretful-looking young lady with light ringlets, and pearls round her neck. She had not attracted him as a child, and the fact that he gathered that she had been his mother left him entirely unmoved. She was not a lovable-looking person, and, indeed, had been at once empty-headed, irritable, and worldly. He would probably have been no less lonely if she had lived. Lonely he was. His father was engaged in a career much too lively and interesting to himself to admit of his allowing himself to be bored by an unwanted and entirely superfluous child. The elder son, who was Lord Tenham, had reached a premature and degenerate maturity by the time the younger one made his belated appearance, and regarded him with unconcealed dislike.

As Saltyre left nursery days behind, he learned by degrees that the objection to himself and his people which had at first endeavored to explain itself as being the result of an unseemly lack of money, was combined with that unpleasant feature, an uglier one, lack of decent reputation. Angry duns, beggarliness of income, scarcity of the necessaries and luxuries which dignity of rank demanded, the indifference and slights of one's equals, and the ignoring of one's existence by exalted persons, were all hideous enough to Lord Mount Dunstan and his elder son, but they were not so hideous as was, to his younger son, the childish, shamed frenzy of awakening to the truth that he was one of a bad lot, a disgraceful lot, from whom nothing was expected but shifty ways, low vices, and scandals which, in the end, could not even be kept out of the newspapers. The day came, in fact, when the worst of these was seized upon by them, and filled their sheets with matter which for a whole season decent London avoided reading, and the fast and indecent element laughed at, derided, or gloated over.

The memory of the fever of the monstrous weeks which had passed at this time was not one it was wise for a man to recall. But it was not to be forgotten—the hasty midnight arrival at Mount Dunstan of father and son; their haggard, nervous faces; their terrified discussions and argumentative raging when they were shut up together behind locked doors; the appearance of legal advisers, who looked as anxious as themselves, but failed to conceal the disgust with which they were battling; the final desperate, excited preparations for flight, which might be ignominiously stopped at any moment by the intervention of the law; the burning humiliation of knowing the inevitable result of public contempt or laughter when the world next day heard that the fugitives had put the English Channel between themselves and their country's laws.

Lord Tenham had died a few years later at Port Saïd, after descending into all the hells of degenerate debauch. His father had lived longer—long enough to make himself something horribly near an imbecile before he died suddenly in Paris. The Mount Dunstan who succeeded him, having spent his childhood and boyhood under the shadow of the "bad lot," had the reputation of being a big, surly, unattractive young fellow whose eccentricity presented itself, to those who knew his stock, as being of a kind which might develop at any time into any objectionable tendency. His wild-goose chase to America, when it had been considered worth while discussing at all, had been regarded as being very much the kind of thing a Mount Dunstan might do—with some secret and disreputable end in view. No one had heard the exact truth, and no one would have been inclined to believe if he had heard it.

Just one man knew him intimately, and this one had been, from his fifteenth year, the sole friend of his life. He had come then, the Reverend Lewis Penzance, a poor and unhealthy scholar, to be vicar of the parish of Mount Dunstan. Only a poor and book-absorbed man would have accepted the position. What this man wanted was no more than quiet, pure country air to fill frail lungs, a roof over his head, and a place to pore over books and manuscripts.

At Mount Dunstan there remained still the large remnant of a great library. A huge room, whose neglected and half-emptied shelves contained some strange and wonderful things, though all were in disorder, and given up to dust and natural ruin. Inevitably the Reverend Lewis Penzance had found his way there; inevitably he had gained indifferently bestowed permission to entertain himself by endeavoring to reduce the library to order and to make an attempt at cataloguing. Inevitably, also, the hours he spent in the place became the chief sustenance of his being.

There one day he had come upon an uncouth-looking boy, with deep eyes and a shaggy crop of red hair. The boy was poring over an old volume, and was plainly not disposed to leave it. He rose not too graciously, and replied to the elder man's greeting and the friendly questions which followed. Yes, he was the youngest son of the house. He had nothing to do, and he liked the library. He often came there and sat and read things. There were some queer old books, and a lot of stupid ones. The book he was reading now? Oh, that—with a slight reddening of his skin and a little awkwardness at the admission—was one of those he liked best. It was one of the queer ones, but interesting for all that. It was about their own people—the generations of Mount Dunstans who had lived in the centuries past. He supposed he liked it because there were a lot of odd stories and exciting things in it—plenty of fighting and adventure. There had been some splendid fellows among them.

That had been the beginning of an unusual friendship. Gradually Penzance had reached a clear understanding of all the building of the young life, of its rankling humiliation, and the qualities of mind and body which made for rebellion. It sometimes thrilled him to see in the big frame and powerful muscles, in the strong nature and unconquerable spirit, a revival of what had burned and stirred through lives lived in a dim, almost mythical past. There were legends of men with big bodies, fierce faces, and red hair who had done big deeds and conquered in dark and barbarous days—even Fate's self, as it had seemed. None could overthrow them, none could stand before their determination to attain that which they chose to claim. Students of heredity knew that there were curious instances of revival of type. There had been a certain Red Godwyn who had ruled his piece of England before the Conqueror came, and who had defied the interloper with such splendid arrogance and superhuman lack of fear that he had won in the end, strangely enough, the admiration and friendship of the royal savage himself, who saw in his a kindred savagery noble enough to be well ranged through love, if not through fear, upon his own side.

In the old library, it fell out in time, Penzance and the boy spent the greater part of their days. The man was a bookworm and a scholar; young Saltyre had a passion for knowledge. Among the old books and manuscripts he gained a singular education. Without a guide he could not have gathered and assimilated all he did gather and assimilate. Together the two rummaged forgotten shelves and chests, and found forgotten things. That which had drawn the boy from the first always drew and absorbed him—the annals of his own people.

When the shameful scandal burst forth, young Saltyre was seen by neither his father nor his brother. Neither of them had any desire to see him; in fact, each detested the idea of confronting by any chance his hot, intolerant eyes. "The brat," his father had called him in his childhood; "the lout," when he had grown big-limbed and clumsy. Both he and Tenham were sick enough without being called upon to contemplate "the lout," whose opinion, in any case, they preferred not to hear.

Saltyre during the hideous days shut himself up in the library. He did not

leave the house even for exercise until after the pair had fled.

"We are done for," he shouted when he talked the thing over with his friend. "We are done for; and I am as much done for as they are. Decent people won't touch us. That is where the last Mount Dunstan stands."

Penzance sat in a high-backed chair, holding its arms with long, thin hands and looking for some time at Saltyre. He said at last:

"Lord Tenham is not the last Mount Dunstan."

When the fourteenth earl died in Paris, and his younger son succeeded, there came a time when the two companions sat together in the library again. A pause between them was ended by the young man rising, and stretching his limbs.

"It was a queer thing you said to me in this room a few years ago," he said. "It has just come back to me."

"Yes," Penzance answered. "I remember. To-night it suggests premonition. Your brother was not the last Mount Dunstan."

"In one sense he never was Mount Dunstan at all," answered the other man. Then he suddenly threw out his arms in a gesture the whole significance of which it would have been difficult to describe. There was a kind of passion in it. "I am the last Mount Dunstan," he harshly laughed. *"Moi qui vous parle!* The last!"

Penzance's eyes, resting on him, took upon themselves the far-seeing look of a man who watches the world of life without living in it. He presently shook his head.

"No," he said; "I don't see that. No —not the last. Believe me."

Only Penzance had known of his reasons for going to America. He saw him off and met him upon his return. In the library they sat and talked it over, and having done so, closed the book of the episode.

MOUNT DUNSTAN sat at the table, his eyes upon the wide-spread loveliness of the landscape, but his thought elsewhere. When the door opened, and Penzance was ushered in by a servant, his face wore the look the older man would have been rejoiced to see swept away to return no more.

The vicar began to talk of the village and the country-side. Village stories are often quaint, and stories of the country-side are sometimes—not always—interesting. Tom Benson's wife has presented him with triplets; old Benny Bates has announced his intention of taking a fifth wife at the age of ninety. Remembering his last view of old Benny tottering down the village street in his white smock, his nut-cracker face like a withered, rosy apple, his gnarled hand grasping the knotted staff his bent body leaned on, Mount Dunstan grinned a little. He did not smile when Penzance passed to the restoration of the ancient church at Mellowdene. "Restoration" usually meant the tearing away of ancient, oaken, high-backed pews and the instalment of smug new benches, suggesting suburban dissenting chapels such as the feudal soul revolts at. Neither did he smile at a reference to the gathering at Dunholm Castle, which was twelve miles away. Dunholm was the possession of a man who stood for all that was first and highest in the land—dignity, learning, exalted character, generosity, honor. He and the late Lord Mount Dunstan had been born in the same year, and had succeeded to their title almost at the same time. All that the one estate, its castle, its village, its tenantry, represented, was the antipodes of that for which the other stood.

"At Stornham village an unexpected thing has happened," the vicar said. "One of the relatives of Lady Anstruthers has suddenly appeared—a sister. You may remember that the poor woman was said to be the daughter of some rich American, and it seemed unexplainable that none of her family ever appeared and things were allowed to go from bad to worse. As it was understood that there was so much money, people were mystified by the condition of things."

"Anstruthers has had money to squander," said Mount Dunstan. "Tenham and he were intimates. The money he spends is no doubt his wife's. As her family deserted her, she has no one to defend her."

"Certainly her family has seemed to neglect her for years. Now—apparently

without having been expected—the sister appears. Vanderpoel is the name—Miss Vanderpoel."

"I crossed the Atlantic with her on the *Meridiana,*" said Mount Dunstan.

"Indeed! That is interesting. You did not of course know that she was coming here."

"I knew nothing of her but that she was a saloon passenger with a suite of state-rooms, and I was in the second cabin. During the confusion and alarm of the collision we spoke to each other." He did not mention having seen her elsewhere.

"Then you would recognize her if you saw her. I heard to-day that she seems an unusual young woman and has beauty."

"Her eyes and lashes are remarkable. She is tall. The Americans are setting up a new type."

"She has made a curious impression. She has begun to do things. Stornham village has lost its breath. She has set men to work at mending the park fences."

Mount Dunstan laughed also. He remembered what she had said. So she had actually begun.

"That is practical," he commented.

"Gossip over tea-cups is not usually entertaining to me, but I found myself listening to little Miss Laura Brunel this afternoon with rather marked attention. I confess to having gone so far as to make an inquiry or so. Sir Nigel Anstruthers is not often at Stornham. He is away now. It is plainly not he who is rebuilding his fences."

"He is on the Riviera, in retreat, in a place he is fond of," Mount Dunstan said dryly. "He took a companion with him—a new infatuation. He will not return soon."

XXII

ONE OF MISS VANDERPOEL'S LETTERS

MR. GERMEN, the secretary of the great Mr. Vanderpoel, in arranging the neat stacks of letters preparatory to his chief's entrance to his private room each morning, knowing where each should be placed, understood that such as were addressed in Miss Vanderpoel's hand would be read before anything else.

On a hot morning in the early summer Mr. Germen found two or three—two of them of larger size, and seeming to contain business papers. These he placed where they would be seen at once. Mr. Vanderpoel was a little later than usual in his arrival. At this season he came from his summer house, and before leaving it this morning he had been talking to his wife, whom he had found rather disturbed by a chance encounter with a young woman who had returned to visit her mother after a year spent in England with her English husband. This young woman, now Lady Bowen, once Milly Jones, had been one of the amusing marvels of New York. A girl neither rich nor so endowed by nature as to be able to press upon the world any special claim to consideration as a beauty, her enterprise and the daring of her tactics had been the delight of many a satiric onlooker. In her school-days she had ingenuously mapped out her future career. Other American girls married men with titles, and she intended to do the same thing. She and her mother lived in a flat, and gave pathetic afternoon teas in return for such more brilliant hospitalities as careful and pertinacious calling and recalling obliged their acquaintances to feel they could not decently be left wholly out of. Milly and her anxious mother had worked hard. She wore her freshest pink frock and an amazingly clever little Parisian diamond crescent in her hair at the huge Monson ball at Delmonico's, and it was recorded that it was on that glittering occasion that her "Uncle James" was first brought upon the scene. He was mentioned only lightly at first. It was to Milly's credit that he was not made too much of. He was a very rich uncle who had lived in Dakota, and had actually lived there since his youth, letting his few relatives know nothing of him. He had been rather a black sheep as a boy, but Milly's mother had liked him, and when he had run away from New York he had told her what he was going to do, had kissed her when she cried, and had taken her daguerreotype with him. Now he had written, and it turned out that he was enormously rich, and was interested in Milly.

From that time Uncle James formed an atmosphere. He did not appear in New York, but Milly spent the next sea-

son in London, and the Monsons, being at Hurlingham one day, had her pointed out to them as a new American girl who was the idol of a millionaire uncle. She was not living in an ultra-fashionable quarter or with ultra-fashionable people, but she was on all occasions, they heard, beautifully dressed and beautifully, if a little heavily, hung with gauds and gems, her rings being said to be quite amazing, and suggesting an impassioned lavishness on the part of Uncle James. London having become inured to American marvels, Milly's bit of it accepted and enjoyed Uncle James, and all the sumptuous attributes of his Dakota.

She had left her mother at home to scrimp and save, and by hook or by crook she had contrived to get a number of good things to wear. She wore them with such an air of accustomed resource that the jewels, mixed with some relics of her mother's better days, might easily be of the order of the clever little Parisian diamond crescent. It was Milly's never-laid-aside manner which did it. The announcement of her union with Sir Arthur Bowen was received in certain New York circles with little suppressed shrieks of glee. It had been so sharp of her to aim low, and to realize so quickly that she could not aim high. The baronetage was a recent one, and not unconnected with trade. Sir Arthur was not a rich man, and had, it leaked out, believed in Uncle James. If he did not find him all that his fancy painted, Milly was clever enough to keep him quiet. She provided herself with an English accent, an English vocabulary, and an English manner, and in certain circles was felt to be most impressive.

At an afternoon function in the country Mrs. Vanderpoel had met Lady Bowen. She had been one of the few kindly ones who in the past had given an occasional treat to Milly Jones for her girlhood's sake. It was well to have something in the way of information to offer in one's small talk with the lucky ones, and Milly knew what subject lay nearest to Mrs. Vanderpoel's heart.

"Miss Vanderpoel has evidently been enjoying her visit to Stornham Court," she said, after her first few sentences. "I met Mrs. Worthington at the embassy, and she said she had buried herself in the country. But I think she must have run up to town quietly for shopping. I saw her one day in Piccadilly, and I was almost sure Lady Anstruthers was with her in the carriage."

Mrs. Vanderpoel's heart quickened its beat.

"You were so young when she married," she said, "I dare say you have forgotten her face."

"Oh, no," Milly protested effusively; "I remember her quite well. She was so pretty and pink and happy-looking."

Mrs. Vanderpoel's kind, maternal face fell.

"And you were not sure you recognized her? Well, I suppose twelve years does make a difference," her voice dragging a little.

Milly saw that she had made a blunder. The fact was she had not even guessed at Rosy's identity until long after the carriage had passed her.

"Oh, you see," she hesitated, "their carriage was not near me, and I was not expecting to see them. And perhaps she looked a little delicate. I heard she had been rather delicate."

She felt she was floundering, and bravely floundered away from the subject. Mrs. Vanderpoel could not bring her back to Rosy and the nature of the change which had made it difficult to recognize her.

The result of this chance encounter was that the mother did not sleep very well, and the next morning talked anxiously to her husband.

"What I could see, Reuben, was that Milly Bowen had not known her at all, even when she saw her in the carriage with Betty. She could n't have changed as much as that if she had been taken care of and happy."

When Reuben Vanderpoel left his wife, to take his train to town, he left her smiling again. She scarcely knew how her fears had been dispelled. His talk had all been kindly, practical, and reasonable. It was true that Betty had said in her letter that Rosy had been rather delicate, and had not been taking very good care of herself, but that was to be remedied. Rosy had made a little joke or so about it herself.

"Betty says I am not fat enough for an English matron. I am drinking milk

and breakfasting in bed, and am going to be massaged to please her. I believe we all used to obey Betty when she was a child, and now she is so tall and splendid one would never dare to cross her. Oh, mother, I am so happy at having her with me!"

To reread just these simple things caused the suggestion of things not comfortably normal to melt away.

When Mr. Vanderpoel reached his office and glanced at his carefully arranged morning's mail, Mr. Germen saw him smile at the sight of the envelopes addressed in his daughter's hand. He sat down to read them at once.

"She has undertaken a good-sized contract," he said to himself, "and she 's to be trusted to see it through. It is rather fine, the way she manages to combine emotions and romance and sentiments with practical good business, without letting one interfere with the other. It 's none of it bad business, this, as the estate is entailed, and the boy is Rosy's."

This is a part of what Betty had written to her father in New York from Stornham Court:

The things I am beginning to do it would be impossible for me to resist doing, and it would certainly be impossible for you. When I begin to do the things I am going to do, with the aid of your practical advice if I have your approval, the people will be at first rather afraid of me. They will privately suspect I am mad. It will, also, not seem at all unlikely that an American should be of unreasoning, extravagant, and flighty mind. But what I see is that, vaguely and remotely American though I am, the fact that I am of "her ladyship's blood," and that her ladyship, American though she is, has the claim on them of being the mother of the son of the owner of the land, stirs in them a feeling that I have a shadowy sort of relationship to the whole thing, and with regard to their bad roofs and bad chimneys, to their broken palings and damp floors, to their comforts and discomforts, a sort of responsibility. That is the whole thing, and you—just you, Father—will understand me when I say that I actually like it. I might not like it if I were poor Rosy, but, being myself, I love it. There is something patriarchal in it which moves me. Is it an abounding and arrogant delight in power which makes it appeal to me, or is it something better? I wish I had been born to it; I wish the first sounds falling on my newborn ears had been the clanging of the peal from an old Norman church tower, calling out to me, "Welcome, newcomer of our house! Long life among us! Welcome!" Still, though the first sounds that greeted me were probably the rattling of a Fifth Avenue stage, I have brought them *something*, and who knows whether I could have brought it from without the range of that prosaic but cheerful rattle.

Then there was detail of a businesslike order. A large envelope contained the detail—notes of things to be done; notes concerning roofs, windows, flooring, park fences, gardens, greenhouses, tool-houses, potting-sheds, garden walls, gates, woodwork, masonry; sharp little sketches such as Buttle had seen; notes concerning Buttle, Fox, Tread, Kedgers, and less accomplished workmen; concerning wages of day-laborers, hours, capabilities.

His reply to Betty gave her keen pleasure by its support both of sympathetic interest and practical advice. He left none of her points unnoted, and dealt with each of them as she had most hoped and, indeed, had felt she knew he would. This was his final summing-up:

If you had been a boy,—and I own I am glad you were not; a man wants a daughter,—I should have been quite willing to allow you your flutter on Wall Street, or your try at anything you felt you would like to handle. This is your "flutter." I like the way you face it. If you were a son instead of a daughter, I should see I might have confidence in you. I could not confide to Wall Street what I will tell you—which is that in the midst of the drive and swirl and tumult of my life here I like what you see in the thing; I like your idea of the lord of the land, who should love the land and the souls born on it, and be the friend and strength of them, and give the best, and get it back in fair exchange. There 's a steadiness in the thought of such a life among one's kind which has attractions for a man who has spent years in a maelstrom, snatching at what whirls among the eddies of it. Your notes and sketches and summing-up of probable costs did us both credit. I say "both" because your business education is the result of our long talks and journeyings together. I leave the whole thing in your hands, my girl; I leave Rosy in your hands, and in leaving Rosy to you, you know how I am trusting you with your mother. Your letters to her tell her only what is good for her. She is beginning to look happier and younger already.

While you are rebuilding the place, you will rebuild Rosy so that the sight of her may not be a pain when her mother sees her again, which is what she is living for.

XXIII

INTRODUCING G. SELDEN

A BIRD was perched upon a swaying branch of a slim young sapling near the fence-supported hedge which bounded the park, and Mount Dunstan had stopped to look at it and listen.

The bright roulade began, prolonged itself with renewed effort, rose to its height, and ended. From a bush in the thicket farther up the road a liquid answer came. And Mount Dunstan's laugh at the sound of it was echoed by another, which came apparently from the bank rising from the road on the other side of the hedge, and accompanying the laugh was a good-natured nasal voice:

"She 's caught on. There 's no mistake about that. I guess it 's time for you to hustle, Mr. Rob."

Mount Dunstan laughed again. Jem Salter had heard voices like it and cheerful slang phrases of the same order in his ranch days. On the other side of his park fence there was evidently sitting, through some odd chance, an American of the cheery, casual order, not sufficiently polished by travel to have lost his picturesque national characteristics. Mount Dunstan put a hand on a broken panel of fence and leaped over into the road.

A bicycle was lying upon the roadside grass, and on the bank, looking as though he had been sheltering himself under the hedge from the rain, sat a young man in a cheap bicycling suit. His features were sharp and keen, his cap was pushed back from his forehead, and he had a pair of shrewdly careless, boyish eyes.

"Good morning," Mount Dunstan said. "I am afraid I startled you."

"Good morning," was the response. "It was a bit of a jolt, seeing you jump almost over my shoulder. Where did you come from? You must have been just behind me."

"I was standing in the park listening to the robin," explained Mount Dunstan.

The young fellow laughed outright.

"Say," he said, "that was pretty fine, was n't it? Was n't he getting it off his chest! He was an English robin, I guess. American robins are three or four times as big. I liked that little chap. He was a winner."

"You are an American?"

"Sure," nodding. "Good old Stars and Stripes for mine. First time I 've been here. Came part for business and part for pleasure. Having the time of my life."

Mount Dunstan sat down beside him.

"I 'm biking through the country because I once had an old grandmother that was English, and she was always talking about English country, and how green things was, and how there was hedges instead of rail fences. She thought there was nothing like little old England. Well, as far as roads and hedges go, I 'm with her. They 're all right. I wanted a fellow I met crossing to come with me, but he took a Cook's trip to Paris. He 's a gay sort of boy. Said he did n't want any green lanes in his; he wanted boolyvard." He laughed again, and pushed his cap farther back on his forehead. "Said I was n't much of a sport. I tell *you,* a chap that 's got to earn his fifteen per, and live on it, can't be *too* much of a sport."

"Fifteen per?" Mount Dunstan repeated doubtfully. His companion chuckled.

"I forgot I was talking to an Englishman. Fifteen dollars per week—that 's what fifteen per means. That 's what he told me he gets at Lobenstein's brewery in New York. Fifteen per. Not much, is it?"

"Was n't it rather—rash, considering the fifteen per?" Mount Dunstan suggested.

"What 's the use of making a dollar and sitting on it? I 've not got fifteen per steady, and here I am."

Mount Dunstan knew his man, and looked at him with inquiring interest. He was quite sure he would go on.

"I 'm selling for a big concern," he said, "and I 've got a first-class article to carry. Up-to-date, you know, and all that. It 's the top notch of typewriting machines—the Delkoff. Ever seen it? Here 's my card," raking a card from an

inside pocket and handing it to him. It was inscribed—

J. BURRIDGE & SON,
DELKOFF TYPEWRITER CO.,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
G. SELDEN.

"That 's my name," he said, pointing to the inscription in the corner. "I 'm G. Selden, the junior assistant of Mr. Jones."

At the sight of the insignia of his trade, his holiday air dropped from him, and he hastily drew from another pocket an illustrated catalogue.

"If you use a typewriter," he broke forth, "I can assure you it would be to your interest to look at this." And as Mount Dunstan took the proffered pamphlet, and with amiable gravity opened it, he rapidly poured forth his salesman's patter, scarcely pausing to take his breath. "It 's the most up-to-date machine on the market. It has all the latest improved mechanical appliances. You will see from the cut in the catalogue that the platin roller is easily removed without a long mechanical operation. All you do is to slip two pins back, and off comes the roller. There is also another point worth mentioning—the ribbon switch. By using this ribbon switch you can write in either red or blue ink while you are using only one ribbon. By throwing the switch on this side you can use thirteen yards on the upper edge of the ribbon; by reversing it, you use thirteen yards on the lower edge, thus getting practically twenty-six yards of good serviceable ribbon out of one that is only thirteen yards long—making a saving of fifty per cent. in your ribbon expenditure alone, which, you will see, is quite an item to any enterprising firm."

"It seems a good thing," said Mount Dunstan. "If I had much business to transact, I should buy one."

"If you bought one, you 'd *have* business," responded Selden. "That 's what 's the matter. It 's the up-to-date machines that set things humming. A slow, old-fashioned typewriter uses a firm's time, and time 's money."

"I don't find it so," said Mount Dunstan. "I have more time than I can possibly use—and no money."

Selden looked at him with friendly interest. His experience, which was varied, had taught him to recognize symptoms. This nice, rough-looking chap, who, despite his rather shabby clothes, looked like a gentleman, wore an expression he had seen many a time before. It was the kind of thing which wiped the youth out of a man's face, and gave him a hard, worn look about the eyes. He had looked like that himself many an unfeeling day before he had learned to "know the ropes and not mind a bit of hot air."

"Say," he broke out, "perhaps I ought n't to have worried you. Are you up against it—down on your luck, I mean?" in hasty translation.

Mount Dunstan grinned a little.

"That 's a very good way of putting it," he answered. "I never heard 'up against it' before. It 's good. Yes, I 'm up against it."

"Out of a job?" with genial sympathy.

"Well, the job I had was too big for me. It needed capital." He grinned slightly, again recalling a phrase of his Western past. "I 'm afraid I 'm down and out."

"No, you 're not," with cheerful scorn. "You 're not dead yet, are you? S' long 's a man 's not been dead a month, there 's always a chance that there 's luck round the corner. How did you happen here? Are you piking it?"

Momentarily Mount Dunstan was baffled. Selden, recognizing the fact, enlightened him. "That 's New York again," he said, with a boyish touch of apology. "It means on the tramp, traveling along the turnpike. You don't look as if you had come to that. Perhaps—" with a sudden thought—"you 're an actor. Are you?"

Mount Dunstan admitted to himself that he liked G. Selden immensely. A more ingenuously common young man, a more innocent outsider, it had never been his blessed privilege to enter into close converse with; but his very commonness was healthy and normal. It made no effort to wreathe itself with chaplets of elegance; it was beautifully unaware that such adornment was necessary. It enjoyed itself youthfully, attacked the earning of its bread with genial pluck, and its good-natured humaneness had touched him. To Penzance, who was to lunch

that day at the Mount, he would present a study of absorbing interest.

"No," he answered; "I 'm not an actor. My name is Mount Dunstan, and this place"—with a nod over his shoulder—"is mine. But I 'm up against it, nevertheless."

Selden looked a trifle disgusted. He began to pick up his bicycle.

"I 'm the Prince of Wales myself," he remarked, "and my mother 's expecting me to lunch at Windsor. So long, me lord." He set his foot on the treadle.

Mount Dunstan rose, feeling rather awkward.

"It is not a joke," he said.

"Little Willie 's not quite as easy as he looks," was the cryptic remark of Mr. Selden.

Mount Dunstan lost his rather easily lost temper, which happened to be the best thing he could have done under the circumstances.

"Damn it," he burst out, "I am not such a fool as *I* evidently look. A nice ass I would be to play an idiot joke like that. I 'm speaking the truth. Go if you like,—and be hanged!"

Selden's attention was arrested. The fellow was in earnest. The place *was* his. He was the earl chap he had heard spoken of at the wayside public house he had stopped at for a pot of beer. He dismounted from his bicycle, and came back, pushing it before him, good-natured relenting and awkwardness commingling in his look.

"All right," he said. "I apologize—if it 's cold fact. I 'm not calling you a liar."

"Thank you," still a little stiffly from Mount Dunstan.

The unabashed good cheer of G. Selden carried him lightly over a slightly difficult moment. He laughed, pushing his cap back, and looking over the hedge at the sweep of park, with a group of deer cropping softly in the foreground.

"I guess I should get a bit hot myself," he volunteered handsomely, "if I was an earl and owned a place like this, and a fool fellow came along and took me for a tramp. That was a pretty bad break, was n't it? But I did say you did n't look like it. Any way, you needn't mind me. I should n't get on to Pierpont Morgan or W. K. Vanderbilt if I met 'em in the street."

He spoke the two names as an Englishman of his class would have spoken of the Duke of Westminster or Marlborough.

"I apologize all right," G. Selden ended genially.

"I am not offended," Mount Dunstan answered. "There was no reason why you should know me from another man. I was taken for a gamekeeper a few weeks since. I was savage for a moment because you refused to believe me; and why should you believe me, after all?"

G. Selden hesitated. He liked the fellow, anyhow. "Say, what ought I to call you, Earl or My Lord?"

"It 's not necessary for you to call me anything in particular—as a rule. If you were speaking of me, you might say Lord Mount Dunstan."

G. Selden looked relieved.

"I don't want to be too much off," he said. "And I 'd like to ask you a favor. I 've only three weeks here, and I don't want to miss any chances."

"What chance would you like?"

"One of the things I 'm biking over the country for is to get a look at just such places as this. We have n't got 'em in America. My old grandmother was always talking about them. And I shall think myself in luck if you 'll let me have a look at yours—just a bike around the park if you don't object; or I 'll leave the bike outside, if you 'd rather."

"I don't object at all," said Mount Dunstan. "The fact is, I happened to be on the point of asking you to come and have some luncheon—when you got on your bicycle."

Selden pushed his cap back and cleared his throat.

"I was n't expecting that," he said. "I 'm pretty dusty," with a glance at his clothes. "I need a 'wash and brush-up'—particularly if there are ladies."

There were no ladies, and he could be made comfortable.

"By Gee!" he ejaculated as they walked under the broad oaks of the avenue leading to the house. "Speaking of luck, this is the limit. I can't help thinking of what my grandmother would say if she saw me."

His jovial, if crude, youth, his unaf-

fected acknowledgment of unaccustomedness to grandeur even when in disrepair, his delight in the novelty of the particular forms of everything about him,—trees and sward, ferns and moss,—his open self-congratulation—all were cheerful things. His exclamation when they came within sight of the house itself was for a moment disturbing to Mount Dunstan's composure.

"Hully Gee!" he said. "The old lady was right. All I 've thought about 'em was 'way off. It 's bigger than a museum."

During the absence in which he was supplied with the "wash and brush-up," Mount Dunstan found Mr. Penzance in the library. He explained to him what he had encountered, and how it had attracted him.

"You have liked to hear me describe my Colorado neighbors," he said. "This youngster is a New York development, and of a different type. But there is a likeness. I have invited to lunch with us a young man whom—Tenham, for instance, if he were here, would call 'a bounder.' He is nothing of the sort. I never saw anything more decently human than his way of asking me, man to man, making friends by the roadside, if I was 'up against it.' "

The Reverend Mr. Penzance was entranced.

"Up against it," he echoed. "Really! Dear! Dear! And that signifies, you say—"

"Apparently it means that a man has come face to face with an obstacle difficult or impossible to overcome."

"But, upon my word, that is not bad. It is a strong figure of speech. It brings up a picture. A man, hurrying to an end much desired, comes unexpectedly upon a stone wall. One can almost hear the impact. He is up against it. Most vivid! Excellent! Excellent!"

The nature of Selden's calling was such that he was not accustomed to being received with a hint of enthusiastic welcome. There was something almost akin to this in the vicar's courteously amiable aquiline countenance when he rose to shake hands with the young man on his entrance. Mr. Penzance was indeed slightly disappointed that his greeting was not responded to by some characteristic phrasing. His American was that of Sam Slick and Artemus Ward, Punch and various English witticisms in anecdote, in which all American conversation was opened with "Waal, Stranger," or "I cal'late." Life in the vicarage of Dunstan had not revealed to him that the model had become archaic.

The revelation dawned upon him during his intercourse with G. Selden. The young man in his cheap bicycling suit was a new development. He was markedly unlike an English youth of his class, as he was neither shy nor laboriously at his ease. Nothing could have been farther from G. Selden than any desire to attempt to convey the impression that he had enjoyed the hospitality of persons of rank on previous occasions.

"What Little Willie was expecting," he remarked once, to the keen joy of Mr. Penzance, "was a hunk of bread and cheese at a village saloon somewhere. I ought to have said 'pub,' ought n't I? You don't call them saloons here."

He was encouraged to talk, and in his care-free fluency he opened up many vistas to the interested Mr. Penzance, who found himself, so to speak, whirled along Broadway, rushed up the steps of the elevated railroad, and struggling to obtain a seat, or a strap to hang to, on a Sixth Avenue train. Penzance was impressed by his feeling of affection for the amazing city of his birth. He admired, he adored it; he boasted joyously of its perfervid charm.

"Something doing," he said. "That 's what my sort of a fellow likes—something doing. You feel it right there when you walk along the streets. Little old New York for mine. It 's good enough for Little Willie. And it never stops. Why, Broadway at night—"

He forgot his chop, and leaned forward on the table to pour forth his description. The vicar felt himself standing in the midst of it all, blinded by the glare almost.

The names of the dramatic stars blazing over entrances to theaters were often English names, their plays English plays, their companies made up of English men and women. G. Selden was as familiar with them, and commented upon their gifts as easily, as if he had drawn his drama from the Strand instead of from

Broadway. The novels piled up in the stations of what he called the "L" (which revealed itself as being a New York haste abbreviation of elevated railroad) were in large proportion English novels, and he had his ingenuous estimate of English novelists, as well as of all else.

"Ruddy, now," he said, "I like him. He 's all right, even though some of us have n't quite caught on to India yet."

The clangor and brilliancy of Broadway so surrounded Penzance that he found it necessary to withdraw himself and return to his immediate surroundings, that he might recover from his sense of interested bewilderment. His eyes fell upon the stern lineaments of a Mount Dunstan in a costume of the time of Henry VIII. He was a burly gentleman, whose ruff shortened his thick neck, and the haughty fixedness of his stare, from the background of his portrait, was such as seemed to eliminate from the scheme of things the clanging of electric cars and the presumptuous roar of the L. Confronted by his gaze, electric-light advertisements of whiskies, cigars, and corsets seemed impossible.

"He 's all right," continued G. Selden. "I 'm ready to separate myself from one fifty any time I see a new book of his. He 's got the goods with him."

They sat in the library after luncheon, before an open window looking into a lovely sunken garden. Blossoms were breaking out on every side, and robins, thrushes, and blackbirds chirped and trilled and whistled, as Mount Dunstan and Penzance led G. Selden on to paint further pictures for them.

Some of them were rather painful, Penzance thought, as connected with youth; some of them held a touch of pathos Selden was all unconscious of. He had had a hard life, made up, since his tenth year, of struggles to earn his living. He had sold newspapers, he had run errands, he had swept out a "candy store." He had had a few years at the public school, and a few months at a business college, to which he went at night after work-hours. He had been "up against it good and plenty," he told them. He seemed, however, to have had a knack of making friends and of giving them a "boost along" when such a chance was possible.

"When a chap gets sorry for himself," he remarked once, "he 's down and out. That 's stone-cold fact. There 's lots of hard-luck stories about that you 've got to hear, anyhow. The fellow that can keep his to himself is the fellow that 's likely to get there."

"Get there?" the vicar murmured reflectively, and Selden chuckled again.

"Get where he started out to go to—the White House, if you like. The fellows that have got there kept their hard-luck stories quiet, I bet."

He had never been sorry for himself, it was evident.

"You 've got to take it, if you don't want to lose your job. Some of them 's as tired as you are. Sometimes if you can give 'em a jolly, and make 'em laugh, they 'll listen, and you may unload a machine. But it 's no merry jest just at first, particularly in bad weather. The first five weeks I was with the Delkoff I never made a sale. Had to live on my ten per, and that 's pretty hard in New York. Three and a half for your hall bedroom and the rest for your hash and shoes. But I held on, and gradually luck began to turn, and I began not to care so much when a man gave it to me hot."

The Vicar of St. Dunstan had never heard of the "hall bedroom" as an institution. A dozen sentences placed it before his mental vision.

"What you know when you go into a place is that nobody wants to see you, and no one will let you talk if they can help it. The only thing is to get in and rattle off your stunt before you can be fired out."

"Do you use a typewriter?" he said at last to Mr. Penzance. "It would cut out half your work with your sermons. If you do use one, I 'd just like to call your attention to the Delkoff. It 's the most up-to-date machine on the market to-day,—" drawing out the catalogue.

"I do not use one, and I am extremely sorry to say that I could not afford to buy one," said Mr. Penzance, with considerate courtesy; "but do tell me all about it. I am afraid I never saw a typewriter."

It was the most hospitable thing he could have done, and was of the tact of courts. He arranged his pince-nez, and

taking the catalogue, applied himself to it. G. Selden's soul warmed within him. To be listened to like this, to be treated as a gentleman by a gentleman—by a fine old swell like this!

"This is n't what I 'm used to," he said with genuine enjoyment. "It does n't matter your not being ready to buy now. You may be some time, or you may run up against some one who is. Little Willie 's always ready to say his piece."

He poured it forth with glee—the improved mechanical appliances, the cuts in the catalogue, the platin roller, the ribbon-switch, the twenty-six yards of red or blue typing, the fifty per cent. saving in the ribbon expenditure alone, the new basket shift, the stationary carriage, the tabulator, the superiority to all other typewriting machines, the price one hundred dollars without discount. The joy their attitude bestowed upon Selden was the thing that gave the finishing touch to the hours which he would recall to the end of his days as the "time of his life."

Later he found himself feeling, as Miss Vanderpoel had felt, rather as if the whole thing were a dream. This came upon him when, with Mount Dunstan and Penzance, he walked through the park and the curiously beautiful old gardens. The lovely, soundless quiet, broken into only by bird-notes or his companions' voices, had an extraordinary effect upon him.

"It 's so still you can hear it," he said once, stopping in a velvet, moss-carpeted path. "Seems like you 've got quiet shut up here, and you 've turned it on till the air 's thick with it. Good Lord! think of little old Broadway keeping it up, and the L whizzing and thundering along every three minutes just the same, while we 're standing here! You can't believe it."

What he felt when he stood in the picture-gallery neither of his companions could at first guess. He ceased to talk, and wandered silently about. Secretly he found himself a trifle awed. A pretty masquerading shepherdess, with a lamb and a crook, seemed to laugh at him from under her broad beribboned straw hat. After gazing at her for a minute or so, he said:

"She 's a looker. They 're a lot of them lookers. Not all, but a fair show."

"A looker," translated Mount Dunstan in a low voice to Penzance, "means, I believe, a young woman with good looks—a beauty."

"Yes, she *is* a looker," said G. Selden; "but— but—" the awkward half-laugh taking on a depressed touch of sheepishness,—"she makes me feel 'way off. They all do. I 'm not in it. But she is a looker. Get on to that dimple in her cheek."

Mount Dunstan and Penzance spent the afternoon in doing their best for him.

After they had given him tea among the scents and songs of the sunken garden outside the library window, they set him on his way. The shadows were lengthening and the sunlight falling in deepening gold when they walked up the avenue with him, and shook hands with him at the big entrance gates.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you 've treated me grand,—as fine as silk,—and it won't be like Little Willie to forget it. When I go back to New York it 'll be all I can do to keep from getting the swell-head and bragging about it. I 've enjoyed myself down to the ground, every minute. I 'm not the kind of fellow to be likely to be able to pay you back your kindness, but if I could, I 'd do it to beat the band. Good-by, gentlemen—and thank you—thank you."

Across which one of their minds passed the thought that the sound of the hollow impact of a trotting horse's hoofs on the road which each that moment became aware of hearing was the sound of the advancing foot of Fate? It crossed no mind among the three.

"Some one on horseback," said Penzance. He had scarcely spoken before round the curve of the road she came—a finely slender and spiritedly erect girl's figure, upon a satin-skinned, dark chestnut, with a thoroughbred gait, a smart groom riding behind her. She came toward them, was abreast them, had passed, looking at Mount Dunstan, a smiling dimple near her lip as she returned his quick salute.

"Miss Vanderpoel," he said—"Lady Anstruthers' sister."

Mr. Penzance, replacing his hat, looked after her with surprised pleasure.

"Really!" he exclaimed. "Miss Vanderpoel! What a fine girl! How unusually handsome!"

Selden turned with a gasp of delighted, amazed recognition.

"Miss Vanderpoel," he burst forth, "Reuben Vanderpoel's daughter? The one that 's over here visiting her sister? Is it that one—sure?"

"Yes," said Mount Dunstan, without fervor. "Lady Anstruthers lives at Stornham, about six miles from here."

"Gee!" with feverish regret. "If her father was there, and I could get next to him, my fortune would be made."

"Should you endeavor to sell him a typewriter?" ventured Penzance, politely.

"A typewriter! Holy Smoke! I 'd try to sell him ten thousand. A fellow like that syndicates the world. If I could get next to him—" He mounted his bicycle with a laugh.

"Get next?" murmured Penzance.

"Get on the good side of him," Mount Dunstan murmured in reply.

"So long, gentlemen. Good-by, and thank you again," called G. Selden, as he wheeled off and was carried soundlessly down the golden road.

XXIV

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF STORNHAM

THE satin-skinned, dark bay was one of the new horses now standing in the Stornham stables. The stables themselves had been quickly put in order; grooms and stable-boys kept them as they had not been kept for years. There were new carriages as well as horses. Such carriages as had been repaired in the village by Tread did him credit. Fox had also done his work well.

Plenty more of it had come into their work-shops. Carts to be used in work on the estate, garden implements, wheelbarrows, lawn-rollers, things needed about house, stables, and cottages, were to be attended to. The church roof was being repaired. Taking all these things, and the "doing up" of the Court itself, there was more work than the village could manage, and carpenters, bricklayers, and decorators were necessarily brought from other places. Still, Joe Buttle and Sim Soames were allowed to lead in all such things as lay within their capabilities. In the cottages things were being done which made downcast women bestir themselves and look less slatternly. Leaks mended here, windows there, the hopeless copper in the tiny wash-house replaced by a new one, chimneys cured of the habit of smoking, a clean flowered paper put on a wall, a coat of whitewash —they were all small matters, but produced great effect.

Betty had begun to drop into cottages and make the acquaintance of their owners. Her first visits, she observed, created great consternation. Women looked frightened or sullen; children stared and refused to speak, clinging to skirts and aprons. After her second visit she found the atmosphere clear.

"Don't put out your pipe," she said to old Grandfather Doby, rising totteringly respectful from his chimney-side chair. "You have only just lighted it. You must n't waste a whole pipeful of tobacco because I have come in."

The old man, grown childish with age, tittered and shuffled and giggled. Such a joke as the grand young lady was having with him! She saw he had only just lighted his pipe. The gentry joked a bit sometimes. But he was afraid of his grandson's wife, who was frowning and shaking her head.

Betty went to him, and put her hand on his arm.

"Sit down," she said; "and I will sit by you." And she sat down, and showed him that she had brought a package of tobacco with her, and actually a wonder of a red-and-yellow jar to hold it, at the sight of which unheard-of joys his rapture was so great that his trembling hands could scarcely clasp his treasures.

"Nearly a hundred years old," she thought, "and he has lived on sixteen shillings a week all his life, and earned it by working every hour between sunrise and sunset. A man has one life, and his has passed like that. It is done now, and all the years and work have left nothing in his old hands but his pipe. That 's all. I should not like to put it out for him. Who am I that I can buy him a new one, and keep it filled for him to the end? How did it happen? No,—" then suddenly,—"I must not lose time in asking myself that. I must get the new pipe."

Drawn by Maunce Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BETTY'S VISIT TO MRS. WELDEN

The vicar's wife, Mrs. Brent, who, since the affair of John Wilson's fire, had dropped into the background and felt it indiscreet to present tales of distress at the Court, began to recover her courage. Her perfunctory visits assumed a new character. The vicarage had of course called promptly upon Miss Vanderpoel after her arrival. Mrs. Brent admired Miss Vanderpoel hugely.

"You seem so unlike an American," she said once, in her most tactful, ingratiating manner.

"Do I? What is one like when one is like an American? I *am* one, you know."

"I can scarcely believe it," with sweet ardor.

"Pray try," said Betty, with simple brevity, and Mrs. Brent felt that perhaps Miss Vanderpoel was not really very easy to get on with.

"She meant to imply that I did not speak through my nose, and talk too much, and too vivaciously, in a shrill voice," Betty said afterward, in talking the interview over with Rosy. "I like to convince myself that is not one's sole national characteristic. Also, it was not exactly Mrs. Brent's place kindly to encourage me with the information that I do not seem to belong to my own country."

Lady Anstruthers laughed, and Betty looked at her inquiringly.

"You said that just like—just like an Englishwoman."

"Did I?" said Betty.

Mrs. Brent had come to talk to her because she did not wish to trouble dear Lady Anstruthers. The vicar and herself were much disturbed about a rather tiresome old woman—old Mrs. Welden—who lived in a tiny cottage in the village. She was eighty-three years old and a respectable old person—a widow, who had reared ten children. The children had all grown up and scattered, and old Mrs. Welden had nothing whatever to live on. No one knew how she lived, and really she would be better off in the workhouse. She had asked for a shilling a week from the parish; but that could not be allowed her, as it would merely uphold her in her obstinate intention of remaining in her cottage and taking care of herself, which she could not do.

Knowing that Miss Vanderpoel had already gained influence among the village people, Mrs. Brent said, she had come to ask her if she would see old Mrs. Welden and argue with her in such manner as would convince her that the workhouse was the best place for her. It was of course so much pleasanter if these old people could be induced to go to Brexley willingly.

"Shall I be undermining the whole political economy of Stornham if I take care of her myself?" suggested Betty.

"You—you will lead others to expect that the same thing will be done for them."

"When one has resources to draw on," Miss Vanderpoel commented, "in the case of a woman who has lived eighty-three years and brought up ten children until they were old and strong enough to leave her to take care of herself, it is difficult for the weak of mind to apply the laws of political economy. I will go and see old Mrs. Welden."

When she knocked at the door, an old woman opened it. She was a well-preserved and markedly respectable old person in a decent print frock and a cap. At the sight of her visitor she beamed, and made a suggestion of a curtsey.

"How do you do, Mrs. Welden?" said Betty. "I am Lady Anstruthers's sister, Miss Vanderpoel. I thought I should like to come and see you."

"Thank you, Miss. I am obliged for the kindness, Miss. Won't you come in and have a chair?"

There were no signs of decrepitude about her, and she had a cheery old eye. The tiny front room was neat, though there was scarcely space enough in it to contain the table, the narrow sofa, and two or three chairs. There were a few small colored prints and a framed photograph or so on the walls, and on the table was a Bible and a brown earthenware tea-pot and a plate.

"Tom Woods' wife that 's neighbor next door to me," she said, "gave me a pinch o' tea, an' I 've just been 'avin' it. Tom Woods, Miss, 'as jist been took on by Muster Kedgers as one of the new under-gardeners at the Court."

Betty found her delightful. She made no complaints, and was evidently pleased with the excitement of receiving a visitor.

Her cottage was one of a short row,

and she did odd jobs for the women who were her neighbors. There were always babies to be looked after and "bits of 'elp" needed; sometimes there was "moving" from one cottage to another, and "confinements" were plainly at once exhilarating and enriching. Her temperamental good cheer, combined with her experience, made her a desirable companion and assistant. She was engagingly frank.

"When they 're new to it, an' a bit frightened, I just give 'em a cup of 'ot tea, an' joke with 'em to cheer 'em up," she said. "I say to Charley Jenkin's wife, as lives next door: 'Come now, me girl, it 's been goin' on since Adam an' Eve, an' there 's a good many of us left, is n't there?' An' a fine boy it was, too, Miss, an' 'er up an' about before 'er month."

She was paid in sixpences and sparse shillings, and in cups of tea, or a fresh-baked loaf, or screws of sugar, or even in a garment not yet worn beyond repair. And she was free to run in and out, and grow a flower or so in her garden, and talk with a neighbor over the low dividing hedge.

"They want me to go into the 'ouse'," reaching the dangerous subject at last. "They say I 'll be took care of an' looked after. But I don't want to do it, Miss. I want to keep my bit of a 'ome if I can, an' be free to come an' go. I 'm eighty-three, an' it won't be long. I 'ad a shilling a week from the parish, but they stopped it because they said I ought to go into the 'ouse'." She looked at Betty with a momentarily anxious smile. "P'r'aps you don't quite understand, Miss," she said. "It 'll seem like nothin' to you—a place like this."

"I understand all about it," Betty answered, smiling bravely back into the old eyes, though she felt a slight fullness of the throat.

It is possible that old Mrs. Welden was a little taken aback by an attitude which, satisfactory to her own prejudices though it might be, was, taken in connection with fixed customs, a trifle unnatural.

"You don't mind me not wantin' to go?" she said.

"No," was the answer. "Not at all."

Betty began to ask questions—how much tea, sugar, soap, candles, bread, butter, bacon, could Mrs. Welden use in a week. It was not very easy to find out the exact quantities, as Mrs. Welden's estimates of such things had been based, during her entire existence, upon calculation as to how little, not how much, she could use.

"With careful extravagance," Betty mentally summed up, "I might spend almost a dollar and seventy cents a week in surrounding her with a riot of luxury."

She made a list of the things, and added some extras as an idea of her own. Life had not afforded her this kind of thing before, she realized. She felt for the first time the joy of reckless extravagance, and thrilled with the excitement of it.

"You need not think of Brexley Union any more," she said, when, having risen to go, she stood at the cottage door with old Mrs. Welden. "The things I have written down here shall be sent to you every Saturday night. I will pay your rent."

"Miss—Miss!" Mrs. Welden looked affrighted. "It 's too much, Miss. An' coals eighteen pence a hundred!"

"Never mind," said her ladyship's sister, and the old woman, looking up into her eyes, found there the color Mount Dunstan had thought of as being that of bluebells under water. "I think we can manage it, Mrs. Welden. Keep yourself as warm as you like, and some time I will come and have a cup of tea with you and see if the tea is good."

"Oh! deary me!" said Mrs. Welden. "I can't think what to say, Miss. It lifts everythin'—everythin'. It 's not to be believed. It 's like bein' left a fortune."

When the wicket gate swung to, and the young lady went up the lane, the old woman stood staring after her. And here was a piece of news to run into Charley Jenkin's cottage and tell. And what woman or man in the row would quite believe it?

(To be continued)

Scenes at a Breton Fair

drawn by Anita LeRoy

QEDE[1] OF THE SHELLS

A STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

Author of "Musa and the Wild Olive"

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

IT was too early for customers, and her father had left her alone in the shop, so the little Egyptian girl sat on a stool by the window and began to string cowries on a silken thread. She could not have been more than ten years old, despite the mystic gravity of her pale face tilted up to the light. Bluish-black hair fell over her shoulders like seaweed. The slender fingers worked swiftly, with never an aiding glance from the eyes so darkly lustrous beneath the down-slanting eyebrows. Each shell was chosen or rejected by the sole judgment of those velvety finger-tips, which erred only in the matter of color. She hummed to herself an improvised song to a jigging sacred tune:

> "When my father sleeps in his bed,
> With this wreath at his head,
> Guard him, dear angels,
> That dwell in the shells."

Despite shabby furniture and dust and the intrusive noises of the shipping district, it was a curiously splendid place, gleaming with the treasures of the sea. The street window displayed sponges, white and pink corals, lacy sea-fans, Venus's flower-baskets, mermaids' combs, mounds of whispering stones, starfish, and draperies of g'nun's lace. These were the showier things to catch the eye, but the cases within held the glorious shells that give ocean's wisdom to man—volutes with rose-lights on their flaring lips; pearly nautilus ever a-sail; tiny white necklace cones, smoke-pink harp shells; rusty-brown melon shells, with creamy splotches; and chiefly the olives and cones the porcelain textures of which the soothsayer studies to decipher the hieroglyphic markings. According to its value, this wealth was distributed on the counters, along shelves, or piled up in the corners and in dim recesses at the rear of the store.

The little blind Qede, though she had never seen one, knew every shell in the establishment. Revered for her infirmity and virginal innocence, she was accepted by all the colony as a soothsayer. Every day she interpreted advices from the shells for lover, merchant, or wife.

"Good morning, Nasir," she said in her thin bell-like voice as the street door opened.

"How didst thou know?" laughingly inquired the son of Kalaun. "Are my footsteps so heavy in the crowd, like an elephant's?" He drew up a stool beside her.

"Thou hast a quick touch at the door, Nasir. Art thou well? Still at the white school?"

"Yes. My father wants me to learn much. I know all about the American history—everything."

"And the lore of these?" she asked, holding up the cowry-wreath.

"We don't study that; we don't believe in it," announced the boy. Then seeing the shadow of distressed wonder on her delicate features, he added: "I mean, Qede, this is not a knowledge that can be taught. I suppose—" he lingered doubtfully, as if weighing afresh the claims of

[1] Pronounced Kaydey.

U C.
LIBRARY

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"IT WAS A CURIOUSLY SPLENDID PLACE"

West and East—"that it is born in some people, like you."

"Na'am; that is so. I heard from my mother last night."

"What! Your mother, Qede, who was stolen by the Arabs so long ago? Is she found?"

"Listen. I slept last night with my ear to the ear shell, which is very soft, warm, and deep—"

"It is colored like the rainbow."

"Yes; it is smooth and deep. I heard a whisper in a far voice: 'Qede, thy dear mother will return. She will return, for her captors have taken pity. She will come across the sea.'"

Nasir did not know what to say, seeing the glow of faith in her pale, uplifted features. It was the sincerity of a child.

"Did you know," he said at length, "there are shells also in this country? All along the shore in some parts. It is written how the red people who dwelt here formerly used to collect them and make beads of them for money."

"And they listened for the oracles within?"

"N-o-o. They were less wise than we Egyptians, and so they used the beads merely as ornaments and money."

"It is a pity. My father says it is easy to get money,—he has seen mountains of it shining at the bottom of the sea,—but foresight is granted by the divinities. Here comes a troubled woman."

Nasir discreetly withdrew upon the entrance of Hilal, wife of Girgis, who betrayed her trouble by quick breathing and a nervous step. She glanced anxiously about through her green veil, then dropped it, came close to the little girl, and whispered:

"I must have another charm instantly."

"For ache of the body or mind?" asked Qede in a businesslike tone.

"Thou know'st well, little seer," replied the woman, impatiently. "The coral amulet was no use at all. Again this morning my husband stormed and accused me for being a seedless stepmother. He—he threatens to put me away." She began to sniffle.

"Be patient, O New Moon!" commanded the little seer in a dignified voice. "It is not fitting to disturb the small, green people of the shells with laments. Thou wilt be blessed with thy desire when the time comes. Meanwhile, fast one week, be kind to thy husband, and wear on the left arm this bracelet set with a cowry wherein dwells thy familiar, zealous for thy welfare."

She groped her way swiftly behind the counter, and climbing high, with the shelves as stepladder, obtained the designated bracelet.

"How much?" asked the grateful customer, opening the fish-skin purse strapped to the back of her hand.

"Nothing now. We will wait. If it is a girl, one hundred piastres; if it is a boy, a hundred and fifty."

After this there came a number of miscellaneous customers—a merchant who complained of "melancholy and lack of imagination"; a young man troubled with holes in his teeth; a housekeeper who said the g'nuns had filled her rugs with dust, bedeviled the dustpan, and scattered mortal untidiness; a young girl who suspected her absent lover of flirtatious conduct; a clerk who had spent a convivial night, and whose eyes were dazzled by the Wandering Lights, a supernatural symptom of liver disease. All these went away with suitable charms and semi-medical advices.

Uncle Siamon, the bird-trainer, hobbled in soon afterward and told a long tale of difficulties.

"Something has happened to my birds, little seer," said the bow-legged old man, "just as I was consulted by a high personage—he is a cousin to the steward of the Khedive. It is a momentous question to be solved—about marriage and politics. Very well; I guarantee my little fortune-tellers to set him straight. I put the seed down before them. Instead of picking out the letters, they gobble up everything. Think!"

"Perhaps you starved the birds too long," suggested Qede, recollecting her father's slightly malicious animadversions on the rival art.

"Oh, no. My opinion is that the *babaga,* being mischievous, deprived the fortune-tellers of sense. Oh, that parrot! Once before he stole the songs of all the birds and left them voiceless. So, you see, little seer, I am forced to fall back on the wisdom of the shells."

"This is an ex-tra-ordinary difficult case," said Qede, finger on brow.

"Yes; I know that, I know that. The expense will be tremendous, I warrant; but the cousin to the steward of the Khedive is wealthy. Of course, your father will give me a professional reduction."

"I will tell him. We shall probably use both the picture-writing and the shadows."

The little girl searched a cedar box in the rear of the shop, and came forward with specimens of both shells in her hand. One was large and white, with jagged arms to catch the shadows sent by the Silent One from the four points of the compass. The other was fawn-colored, olive-shaped, and with a glistening surface sea-written with brown zigzags, wedges, and irregular dots. These were to be interpreted by the seer through the medium of another's eyes.

"It is a wonderful knowledge," murmured Siamon in awe, fingering the olive shell and gazing at the hieroglyphics. "It is a marvelous sea knowledge. I shall return at nightfall, when thou and thy father have completed the augury."

At this time Qede's father was squatting on his heels beside a Twenty-third street doorway, surrounded by boxes of sponges and corals. Large-limbed and rugged-featured, with a complexion of reddish clay and with half-closed, flame-brown eyes, he seemed to the thronging shoppers less animate than the wares he voicelessly offered for sale. A gray cape coat was drawn over his stooping shoulders, and a derby hat was crushed on the back of his head, which caused varying guesses as to his nationality.

A prospective customer might rummage his entire stock without receiving a glance; only when the price was asked would Entef reply in halting English. The vendors of toys and mechanical novelties were rather jealous of him, because he was under the protection of the policeman of the block. This kindly officer had observed that street gamins were wont to rob the inattentive merchant, and he guarded his wares, taking a moderate toll in coral crosses, emblems of sympathetic orthodoxy. Sometimes the officer deigned to accept a spoon that had been laboriously carved from the roseate stromb lip.

It was a strange fact that Entef lost his dull stolidity when, walking to his station or homeward bound, he saw a countrywoman making laces beside her basket on the curb. His figure would straighten, and his eyes would expand with full light. He would scan the beshawled form with an eager air, as if he expected a great recognition. Perhaps the woman would smile; but then he shook his head sorrowfully, and resumed his way with lack-luster eyes. The scene was repeated at the window of an oriental shop where rug-makers were at work. A new face or a bit of dress that for the moment deceived would excite Entef tremendously. Pale and trembling, he would approach the window. The rug-makers admired the quickness with which he let down the shutters of the soul.

"The poor fellow!" they said. "He still expects to find her—a pearl lost in the five seas."

Entef went home early in the afternoon as usual, and found that Qede had cooked an appetizing dinner. While they ate the meal, they recounted to each other the day's business, and afterward there was just enough sun to take the shadows of the Silent One. It happened that the mollusk prong cast a southeast shadow, which the little girl decided to mean a luckless marriage, but successful politics for the Khedive's steward's cousin. They sought corroboration from the hieroglyphic olive, and found that Siamon's client would do well to hedge his ambitions even in politics—a prophecy rather regretted, since a more optimistic one would have brought larger returns.

"It is odd," said Entef, incidentally, "that people are so eager to uncover the future. Why should one be certain? The middle state is best."

In the evening Entef busied himself about the shop, polished conchs with the whites of eggs, and chatted over the water-pipe with some neighbors that came to visit. Qede, though she was tired out, listened at the bubbling shell for the milk-name of a customer's new baby. The parents were delighted to have the joy spirits send a euphonious title in four syllables, which was to be used until the christening.

Although Qede's wreath of cowries hung at the head of his divan, Entef slept uneasily that night. He tossed about, thinking of his hopeless quest for a pearl

lost in the five seas. There seemed to be whispering voices in the shop, sighs as of the spirits pent in their nacreous cells, and finally he heard a sob louder than that of any elf.

"*Ummaha-t*—O mother!" murmured the sobbing voice from the little divan in the far corner of the room.

He rose and went to her. She was not crying in her sleep, for her small body was trembling and her cold hands firmly clutched the cushions.

"*Binti*—my daughter,"—he spoke soothingly, taking her in his roomy arms, —"what ails thee?"

"It is lonesome in the darkness," she whispered when she had controlled her sobs.

"Thou art a soothsayer, my beloved—"

"I forget when the—the darkness comes, the night is so long and quiet. When it is day my eyeballs feel bright and people make me think I am old and wise."

"Thou art at least divinely gifted—"

"Nay; at night I know I am but a little child and without knowledge. The great lonesomeness wears me away. And when I listen for the voice, I hear only the dull moans of the little green people."

"Wast thou harkening again for tidings of the lost, beloved?" His hand had come in contact with the many-curved, polished triton under her pillow.

"Yes, I was listening again," she answered tremulously; "but there came no voice."

"My pet, do not weep. Thy mother will be restored when it is time. Did not the Arab robbers take her to a far country? We must be patient."

"Oh, I have waited long! I see her face when I sleep, and I hear the songs she used to sing to me. Will the robbers be good to her, and let her come back?"

"Some day, surely, some day. Perchance when the freshness of her beauty fades, they will let her go," he murmured to himself; "but to us she will be unchanged."

"How will she know where we are?"

"God will direct her, my beloved, to our village near Moses' Springs, where I have left with the authorities clothes, money, and a steamship ticket. All was arranged."

"It comforts me to be in thy arms, my mother-father, for wherever thou art her spirit clings. I remember the fish song with which she used to put me to sleep."

"Dost thou remember? I will sing it to thee, and perchance she may hear and know of whom we are thinking."

He laid her down gently, and taking a string of dry seaweed, ran it between each little toe in nursery rhyme. Just her toes peeped out from the warm coverlid as he wove the seaweed to and fro in accompaniment to the bass droning:

"This little fish got lost in the wave,
This little fish swam after.
This little fish caught her fin in a shell,
Making these little fishes laugh 't her."

Qede's breathing gradually became more regular, she repeated drowsily the last line, and fell asleep, with hands clasped over her breast.

But for Entef there was no rest. He crouched in the moonlight beside the shop window, shaken with loving anguish. He drew from his shirt a sandal and a silken shawl, fondling and kissing them as if they were saintly relics. They were worn and faded.

Summer advanced, and the colony became almost deserted, owing to the large number that had gone to join circuses, seaside spectacles, and one of the perennial world's fairs. Soothsaying fell in small demand. The curio market in Twenty-third street suffered also, but from another cause. A manufacturer of novelties equipped his peddlers with boxes of shells and other sea-trove labeled Egyptian, and the public bought these machine-made, showy objects, unaware of their spurious quality and ignorant of their impotence as charms.

Entef no longer looked into the rug-makers' window, where the women sat crosslegged before the frames, weaving mellow poems. It was too painful to be ever disappointed, and better to keep in the middle state of dream and rainbow chances. And there was lately a beshawled back and slender, graceful neck, —ah, those ringlets, those perfect shoulders!—that sorely tempted his resolution. He trembled, wavering in mind. Why did she not turn around that one time? She, too, perhaps wished to keep in the middle state. Perhaps some tragedy in life had

caused a vow to St. Michael that she would never look behind.

So he did not knock on the window, and the woman did not turn her face.

"Qede, our luck is very foggy nowadays," said Entef one afternoon when he had returned to the house. "The people will not buy any longer. Neither do the compatriots come to thee for fortunes; they are away testing the prediction already made."

"Perhaps, father, if we go up-town together—I will tell them that thine are the true charms."

"Nay; the noise and heat would be too much for thee, little one. Thou art pale. I fear for thy health. We need to change our abode. If only we had a fresh stock of shells—"

"I know a plan, dear father," exclaimed the little girl. "Can we not travel in a chariot through the country like the animal people?"

"Yes, that might change our luck," said Entef, thoughtfully. "Only we need more shells."

"Let us go to the seashore and find them. Nasir told me how the old red people found plenty, and not far away."

"Thou art my wise Qede," cried her father, kissing her. "Why should we not travel, barter, and explore the coasts for new supplies? The air and sun will put roses in thy cheeks. I will become young, wading again in the sea. The country folk will be hospitable and appreciate our wares. *Bismillah!* we start next week."

They made rapid preparation for the journey, securing a second-hand circus wagon from a compatriot and learning from the studied Nasir the part of the Long Island coast where the Indians used to collect wampum. The wagon, drawn by a shaggy donkey, was painted on one side with the Nile and on the other with the Red Sea, with crocodiles lurking in the reeds and ibis flying overhead. Within were cooking utensils, a month's provisions, rugs for Qede to sleep on, and the stock of shells. There were bags full of sponges; others of gorgeous corals, wrapped in cotton; chests containing tinted comb-shells; augurs, exquisitely shaping to needle-points; Zanzibar olives of agate hues; lemon and chestnut cameos; Ceylon conchs, ablaze with the sunset, the mermaids' tea service; shapes of daintiness or wild beauty, color vying with wondrous curves, perfect spiral, and opalescent sheen. Some of these were carefully packed, on account of fragility, while others lay loosely in the bottom of the wagon, giving forth a musical tinkle. In fact, this tinkling, mingled with the clatter of household utensils, led many farm-wives to think that the tin peddler was making his rounds. They hastened out of their front doors with the customary objects of barter; but when they saw the pictures on the chariot and the complexion of the driver, they retreated in dismay.

At first Entef and Qede were too happy to mind the cool welcome of the country-folk. The pure air, the smell of hay, the warm sun, filled them with joy. They camped under a tree at night, dined on bread and milk, and slept as they had not done in the city for months. At sunrise they were again on the way, and the little girl found a new rapture in listening to the songs of robin, meadow-lark, and thrush. Her father explained how these birds lived formerly at the bottom of the sea and that their sisters still filled the ocean caves with melody; he described the roadside flowers, the colors of which equaled their delicate perfume, and told how the wind made the leaves of the trees whisper like the distant surf. Once he put her up in an apple-tree that rocked with the breeze, and she fancied herself a g'nun perched in a marine arbor. The fruit that she got by feeling about was delicious.

The first village they came to Entef put his wares on exhibition, but an official walked up, and saying he had no license, ordered him to go away. At the next place they sold a few curios, and being taken for gypsy fortune-tellers, might have made a great deal of money. The trouble was that they could not speak enough English, and, moreover, the prospective customers distrusted the method of fortune-telling without cards and hand-reading.

"Never mind, little one," said Entef, concealing his disappointment, "we will yet find people of understanding. They must be wiser the farther east we go."

The business did not improve, but a few days later they came within sight of the

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

"ONCE HE PUT HER UP IN AN APPLE-TREE"

ocean. Qede was the first to announce it as her keen little nostrils caught the glorious salt breeze. The donkey, urged forward by his excited master, galloped over the hill and drew up at the strand. The little girl embraced her father, and they walked to the very edge, where the surf wet their feet. They spent two heavenly days by the sea, and took baths that cleared the brain and made the soul white. Qede was not at all afraid of the water, and swam far out with Entef, resting her hands on his shoulders. They hunted the beach together for shells, overturning rocks and digging the cool, wet sand with their toes. Reluctantly Nasir's school knowledge was discredited, for Indian wampum proved to be no better than the common clam dwelling. Entef swam beyond the surf, and dived perilously deep for sponges and coral; but here also he was disappointed.

"Still, it is the ocean; it connects with the homeland," he said a little mournfully on the last day of their stay.

"I heard the voice again last night," said the child, pushing back the tangle of salt-glittering hair from her brow.

"Did the voice speak decisively?"

"I will listen again now." She put the lustrous lip of the triton to her ear.

"And I will look." He strained his eyes eastward far over the blue, where sky and waters met in misty architecture and jeweled groves of palms and shining deserts. Ships were coming in, winged, with sails or weaving long smoke-ribbons. They came near and vanished, and others took their places.

"Dost thou hear anything?" exclaimed the despairing watcher.

"Dost thou see anything?" said the listener, softly. "I hear a murmur and a tumult—"

"Ships I see, but not the ship."

"I hear voices, but not her voice."

Entef packed the wagon, and they drove slowly inland. For several days fortune favored them a little; some curios were sold to summer cottagers, and the farmers' wives, taking pity on the blind girl, gave her fresh milk to drink. One night they camped by a hollow in a wood. They slept soundly until they were awakened by crashing thunder and a roaring gale. The rain pelted the wagon like bullets, near-by trees were struck by lightning, and the murky air was filled with hideous turmoil. Qede lay in her father's arms, trembling at every new crash of thunder. The frail vehicle rocked and shook, and he feared that it might be overturned by the force of the wind. Wrapping her body and face in a rug, he bore her out to battle with the storm in the open. The donkey gave a last despairing bray, and a lightning-flash showed the poor animal entangled in a web of fallen branches.

Entef struggled on through the terrible night, only mindful to preserve the burden in his arms. He climbed over the trunks of fallen trees, crept through rail-fences, and floundered in waist-deep ditches. Dawn found him exhausted and wan; Qede slept safely in his stiffened arms. He crossed a pasture, and entered a highway that led to a large village.

A local constable, zealous to gain a reputation, looked with suspicion on the woebegone refugees. Deciding they had a thieving gypsy air, he asked Entef some questions, and being answered with despairing shrugs, led them to a cell in the village jail. The prisoners thankfully received the supposed hospitality of clean quarters, dry clothes, and a warm meal. Entef slept until noon; then, awakening, he saw the bars and realized the indignity of the position.

"Take me to the Cadi!" he cried excitedly, pounding on the bars. "I and my daughter are honest people. Why is this shame put upon us? Our little donkey is drowned. We have lost our treasures."

Nobody could understand this jargon. It was supposed the man was crazy, especially as he proceeded to wave his arms and intone a wild nasal chanting. But it was merely the Song of the Shell that startled his captors and soothed the frightened little girl—

"Hear what I sing to thee;
I open the door for the elves of the sea.
Behold the gifts of fish and flowers—
Jewel-eyed fish and scented bowers.
My soul longs for thee:
At *asser* be at thy door
And the elves will tell thee of me."

Such turbulently melodious conduct only prejudiced the case against the prisoners. However, the justice of the peace, before summoning them to court, decided

to call in the aid of the clergyman, learned in languages. This clergyman, who had traveled in the East and knew somewhat of Arabic, soon obtained Entef's story and gained his release.

"As for your pearl lost in the five seas," remarked the clergyman, "sometimes one searches too far. It is quite likely she was ransomed and brought to this country. Why did you not tap at the rugmakers' window and see the woman's face?"

"The middle state was best, O Exalted Benefactor. I could not bear such a risk."

"Pshaw! I advise you to tap at that window when you return."

"Perhaps I may be emboldened to do so, O servant of God. Yes, I have dreamed of those neck curls and the slope of the shoulders. Ah, it is terrible! We who live are together and not together."

That night the travelers had a triumph in the village church, where a meeting was held. As they ascended the pulpit, they knelt and crossed themselves, and afterward stood with bowed head, refusing to be seated. Qede held a little cowry cross against her forehead, according to the manner of her people, and the tears flowed over it as the organ music thrilled her unaccustomed ears. The clergyman enthusiastically told the story of their hardships, introducing Entef as a Coptic fellow-Christian who dwelt near the Springs of Moses, immortalized in sacred writ. Qede piped a little verse in her native tongue, and then a collection was taken up. This was Qede's psalm:

> "Beams the light of the shell,
> Observe it well.
> Thy heart let it greet
> As ear and lip meet—
> Follow the voice."

Entef, being asked to address the congregation, mumbled to himself "the prayer of one who escapes from peril" and spoke:

"I testify that God is great and Christ looks after the little children. His eye sweeps the populated land as well as the desert and sea. Is not the globe balanced on a pearl? Perhaps I do not speak well; my heart is hot with gratitude. It is oppressed with thanksgiving. If He has deprived this little one of eyes, He has given her an inner light. Hosanna, hosanna to Him who sits on the White Throne beneath the waves, where the streets are paved with anemones and encrusted with pearl!"

The next day a searching party accompanied the travelers to the wood. They found the chariot miraculously spared by the flood although the donkey had been killed by lightning. Qede fell on her knees among her beloved shells, fondling them, and uttering little cries of delight. Her deft fingers slid over each familiar whorl and traced the smooth-paved tiny chambers of the elves. Soon a farmer's horse was hitched to the wagon; the travelers, profoundly thanking their friends, drove on by the main road. A brilliant sun was shining, and the air was sweeter than before the tempest.

A silent happiness possessed them. Entef drove rapidly westward all that day, and the little girl seemed to know where they were bound. She did not heed the birds' singing, but at intervals raised to her ear the triton's rainbow trumpet. She listened long with a rapt expression on her face, and when she laid it down, she shyly clasped her father's hand. They came to a hill where the odors of flowers and pines were mastered by the salt breeze. The chariot stopped. He stood up, and she knew that he was looking over the sea.

"Dost thou see anything?" she whispered.

"A ship I see. My heart tells it is from home. Dost hear anything?"

"A voice I hear. It calls, '*Binti,* come.'"

"Yes, the voice calls, the eye beholds."

They went on more quickly, stopping neither for food nor water. The tension of repressed emotion was too great to sustain long; they began to talk with feverish gayety, planning the larger household of the future. The little seer laughed at herself for being frightened by the tempest. She said the shop was in a disgraceful condition, and they would need new cooking utensils right away. There ought to be a special parlor for clients who came to consult the soothsayer. A silken rug on the divan, a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a hanging lamp to warm the air, and floor rug three inches deep. She described these luxuri-

ous objects by form and touch as she had met them in the shops. Entef took from his breast the faded shawl and ragged sandal. Her hand crept over them, and she said they would first of all buy a jeweled shawl and beaded sandals, both very soft.

As they were crossing the ferry Entef recognized a countryman, and after a formal exchange of greetings, asked guardedly:

"Has any ship gone back to our land?"

"No; but a ship arrives to-day."

They hastened to their home, left the unloaded wagon, and rode in a car to the steamship pier. The passengers were just beginning to disembark, gay-capped, dark folk from all the ports of the Levant. Some were Armenian merchants, others Greeks and Syrians returning from home visits, men of Suez, and fezzed citizens from Alexandria. They smoked cigarettes, wrangled with the customs officers, gesticulated, and embraced their friends.

Entef, holding Qede by the hand, stood in a dark corner with glowering eyes fixed on the gangplank. He flung hot glances at the young and beautiful women that came tripping down. Again he looked more anxiously at a white-haired sad-eyed passenger; for might not grief and harsh bondage have changed the comely youthful features?

Endlessly the people came down the inclined way; they came alone and in groups, laughing and sighing, a procession of all the East disembarking at the gate of the West. They increased in hurrying numbers, like waves pursued by one another from the edge of the horizon. The mists cleared, and he saw not one of the hastening myriads.

The rose flush had faded from Qede's eager features as she heard the lessening tread of feet. She interpreted the cold grasp of her father's hand. Her breaking little heart counseled her not to add to his misery. She kissed his hand, and he felt the quiver of her lips.

"Wait, my Qede," he cried suddenly. "The clergyman was right: we seek happiness too far—but the oracles are true."

"Is another ship coming, my father?"

"Yes, a ship of joy. Home, now, for we need the letter that was written in past years for this time."

They went home in a fever, and got the letter—a stromb rudely engraved with the figures of a man, a woman, and a little child, a strip of sand and sea, a background hint of Arab robbers with crouching camels. Moreover, the first misspelled line of "This little fish" and a border of seaweed.

Entef and Qede stood with clasped hands at the rugmakers' window, while a messenger took the letter and gave it to the Woman Who Never Turned Around. He saw her shoulders shake and her neck become rigid. She kissed the pictures with a passion, and fell on her knees sobbing. Then they went inside.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

BY MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

THE oranges were brightly yellow and the apples were polished to a rosy allurement in open box or barrel. Little Dick Richie eyed them hungrily as he clung to his big father's hand and strove to understand, with slowly groping wits, the jokes at which Mr. MacDonald, the grocer, shouted with laughter.

"Anything else, Mr. Richie?"

"A dollar's worth of sugar."

As MacDonald turned to fill the order, the father chose a great, luscious apple, and biting into it with all a Missourian's noisy enjoyment, asked, with his mouth half full:

"Say, Mac, why is a donkey like a Scotchman?"

Grocer and boy eyed the vanishing Jonathan with differing emotions as the man replied:

"Both stubborn and good at carrying a load, I guess."

"'Hoot, mon!' but that 's not so worse. It 's because he walks beside the banks and braes."

With shaggy head thrown back, Mr. Richie led the roar with infectious heartiness as he sent the apple core flying through the open door.

"Come, son, or I reckon mother 'll think I 've traded you for groceries."

The child trotted along, giving a frequent hop to keep up. The small brain worked laboriously toward a fixed and original conclusion, as was its custom, though the child of few words seldom gave his mental processes verbal expression. It was said of his father's family that the men never fully matured till forty, but carried their slowly perfected strength and virility of brain and character into a vigorous, telling, old age. Dick had begun the slow conquering of his years.

"MOTHER will tell father to-night the naughty things her boy did to-day."

The placid voice was stirred by no emotion as Mrs. Richie rocked serenely, her eyes on the latest novel. Dick pondered, and eventually worded his thought:

"You will fordet it."

With a patient sigh, the mother brought her mind back to her small son, and finally grasped his meaning.

"Bring me your slate, Dick. I can't forget what is written down," she said.

The boy obeyed with deliberate dejection, but paused in the clutch of an idea. Childish eyes again mirrored serenity as he laid the slate, with its hanging pencil, on his mother's lap. Once more stern maternal duty claimed her, while a curious boy, with head a-tilt, watched the forming of the telltale words.

"Now hang it by the double string to that nail in the woodwork and be a good boy, or there 'll be more."

By dint of much tiptoeing the thing was done, his crimes docketed, awaiting the coming of judge, trial, and sentence. But the child once more stood before a mother dead to his little world, and told her:

"I will wub it out."

She answered vaguely, "Don't bother, dear!" The accused made no further confession.

While Ada Richie dressed for the afternoon, Dick stood alone before the slate, a tongue churning vigorously within the soft ballooning of his puffy cheeks. Then taking puckered aim, he fired a splattering shot, and bringing cuff and elbow to bear, rubbed the offensive little "tattletales" into a deserved oblivion. And forgetfulness stole over the ease-loving mother mind through a combination of absorbing novel and celestial conduct on the part of Dick.

But the tragedy was not to be averted. The following day the cook took the boy to the grocery, and while gossiping with a friend, paid no attention to him. On his return, Dick offered his mother a largely depleted half-pound box of choice chocolate drops.

"Why, how nice! Did Mr. MacDonald give it to you?"

"No 'm."

"You don't mean Jennie bought it, dear?"

"I just tooked it. They 's lots more."

For once the book was closed and laid aside.

"You did n't *steal* it, Dick?"

The boy was puzzled by the term, distressed by her face.

"I just tooked it."

"Oh, my boy! my *little* boy! What have you done! What *will* your father say!"

A sense of undeserved blame and impending disaster crushed the child into his mute armor of stubborn unresponsiveness, while things seethed within, but found no outlet.

Unclasping stiff, sticky fingers from their stolen delight, the mother lifted to her lap a rigid little figure, whose life seemed centered in a pair of mutinous eyes, at war with her troubled ones.

Unpliant, disconcerting, he gazed back unwinkingly while she explained with broken voice the rights of ownership. As her tears at last overflowed and wet his face, the child was swamped in a slowly sucking despair, which suffocated any defense his faltering tongue might have given him. The mother crushed a resisting curly head against her breast, for Dick resented the union of scolding and coddling, though totally unable to voice the thought.

"Why, my son, they put men in jail

for stealing—taking what belongs to another! If you were n't a little child, Mr. MacDonald could have you arrested."

Life swept over the boy in a choking flood as, with a sharp effort, he sat erect, tense arms holding her off, while he battled mentally with a fear bigger than himself, the inner voices clamoring, the boy dumb. The pained eyes in the baby face smote the mother:

"Little heart of my heart!" she cried, and sought to cradle him in her arms; but the boy made his escape, and going to the slate, brought it to her silently.

"Son, it is written on mother's heart."

"Can't you wub it out?"

"Only my little boy can do that."

Then the judge came, and the small thief was at the bar of life.

Tom Richie was sorely puzzled in dealing with the boy, as Dick seemed struck dumb, while his eyes, with their suffering protest, as if against some injustice, hurt the father.

"Answer me, son. Do you understand now?"

The boy's throat went dry, and the curly head gave mute denial.

"I don't believe the boy has any moral sense, Ada. But, come. One thing is certain. Dick, you 've got to take that candy back, tell Mr. MacDonald you stole it, and ask him to forgive you. You shall at least understand that punishment follows stealing, and never forget this day as long as you live, because I shall take you through the streets dressed as a girl. You will be little Rachel, not Richard."

The sob of a one-worded prayer, *"Daddy!"* and speech fled.

"Tom, you 're wrong! That 's too cruel! *Don't!* He 's so little!"

He turned on her fiercely.

"Whose—*my* only son sha'n't grow up to be a thief."

As his sister's dress was slipped over Dick's boyish attire, wave on wave of deadly sickness and scorching shame swept the boy as his head drooped, and slow, scalding drops baptized, with the waters of bitterness, the sham girl.

"Now a hat."

The father's voice was harsh, his eyes were averted from his wife.

In mercy the mother gave a sunbonnet, pulling it well over the working face as she whispered:

"*This* will rub it out, precious! Your tears have washed mother's heart quite clean."

"That 'll do, Ada!"

A-quiver with throbbing agony, Dick was led through the streets, desperate fingers clutching the open candy-box, while tears gathered on the chocolate drops. At the dragging burden of the wee, halting figure, the father hurried to have it done with, the first doubt of his course making its way through his mind. The boy fought with all his slight weight against his awful doom, but clung with fingers of dying faith to the "Daddy," who had never failed him before, as in later life one's heart cleaves to its childish creed when brain and life would tear them asunder.

Endless blocks, years of torture, a bonneted head pathetically drooping, but at last a girl with a boy's wet face stood before MacDonald, sobbing explosively:

"I—d-did—'teal! P-please—fordive me!"

An ague of anguish shook the box till chocolates rolled upon the floor.

"Why, what little girl have we here? God, mon! It 's your ain bairn!"

The boy was snatched to the Scot's brawny breast, then tossed up beside the sugar-scales as the matter was made plain.

A burring rush of queer, tender words bewildered, but comforted, the child, as bonnet and dress were torn off, flung behind the counter, and a storm-tossed youngster came into his own again, the heritage of manhood. Wet eyes slowly dried as Dick discovered himself once more a two-legged animal.

"Look up, laddie! Men must aye face the world square, chin lifted."

Abashed eyes labored wearily up, as Dick knew himself forgiven, till a misty smile dawned in their grieved depths as the little boy met the big one in a long look of perfect fellowship. The humid sympathy in the man's tender glance moistened the dryness of the boy's choked heart, and a welling word of bubbling confidence burst from parched lips. Then, with a swift clutch, two arms went tight about the Scotchman's neck, and as the whole story was whispered with telling brevity, the man grew throaty and glared

over the curly head at the waiting father.

"Don't tell," Tom Richie heard the child say.

"No, my bairn! You wee mannie!"

Then turning to the father, MacDonald eyed him in eloquent silence, his right arm still circling the child, whose sticky hand lay upturned on the man's left shoulder as the tiny body drooped and cuddled to his great friend.

"Unless ye become as little children—" quoted the grocer, his eyes afar off. Then turning their gray keenness on the father he spoke: "I 'd advise you, man, to put yourself next to your own bairn before you sleep the night, lest you be more like a donkey than any Scot I know."

With a forced laugh, Tom Richie backed up to the counter, saying: "Mount your burro, son, and we 'll ride home to mother."

Timidly, with unplayful gravity, the child obeyed, but a sudden buck from his restive steed sent the boy into hysterical laughter, followed by a convulsive catching of breath as slowly Dick's tired head drooped while the donkey paced quietly homeward.

A mother, with yearning eyes and eager hands for her little one, gave out no warmth of welcome to the laden father.

"Mother's *man.*"

The words were balm, and soon, in the kingdom of her arms, sleep reigned.

When Dick was ready for bed that night, Ada, at a sign from Tom, left her boys alone in the shadowy light of the fire. Father and son clung mutely together in the dusky, brooding silence. From her bedroom the waiting mother at length heard the child's halting words as he struggled for expression. Then came a man's dry sob, and the boy's stammering comfort. Creeping stealthily nearer, Ada saw Tom rise precipitately, place the dim, white-gowned little figure in the big arm-chair and kneel before him with husky words:

"Little man-child, there are two kinds of fools, big and little. I 'm the big kind, son, and don't deserve a manly little chap like you to bring up. I stole, and taught you to; but I 'm sorry, Dick, and promise never to take another apple or anything that is n't mine if you will just forgive me, son!"

"Daddy, yes! Det up! Daddy, det up!"

"And if you say so, Dick, I 'll put on mother's dress and go to Mac—"

"No! n-no!" and a tiny body shook with a passion of torturing sobs against his father's heart, which was wrung by the sharpest regret of his life.

Holding the boy tighter, he comforted him soothingly, their teary faces sad and glad by turns.

"And to think, while Daddy was torturing you, little man, you were planning to save him from jail, and making dear old Mac promise not to tell about that apple!"

"Daddy, I love you! Daddy, I *do!*"

Tom Richie rose, holding his son, a wet humility in his caressing glance.

"And, son, we 'll tell Mac to burn those sissy clothes."

A child's choky laugh, and the strangled man pulsed to the triumphant heart-beat of the boy's speechless delight.

The mother smiled through tears at the dumb expressiveness of protruding pink feet, widely spread by the father's breadth, and kicking happily at the big thief's back as he carried his comrade in crime off to bed, a sturdy leg under each arm.

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

III

NOT for several years had Mar made mention of that far Northern experience which, besides laming him for life, had as yet only one visible effect upon his circumstances—that of ruining his credit as a man of judgment among those nearest to him.

People had recognized Nathaniel Mar as one marked out for misfortune when, upon his father's death, he had been obliged to give up his theological studies, and come back from college, to take the first thing that offered him a little ready money for the assistance of his mother. His modest salary as surveyor's clerk was presently augmented, in recognition of his good draughtsmanship and his surprisingly quick mastery of the new field. But it was not till the work he did the following year over in the Rock Hill District brought him the friendship of the prosperous young mine-owner Galbraith, that Mar found an opportunity of following the more scientific side of his new profession. It was Galbraith who got him the post on the Coast Survey that led to Mar's joining the Russian-American Expedition.

After his return, the handsome schoolmistress who had reluctantly said "No" to the penniless surveyor consented to look with favor upon the discoverer of gold in the new Territory of Alaska. But she warmly opposed Mar's design of going to Rock Hill to share the great secret with his friend Galbraith. No, indeed! the Rock Hill mining-magnate was in small need of "tips." It was clearly Mar's duty to give the men of Miss Trennor's family the first chance of joining in this glorious scheme that was to enrich them all.

When Harriet Trennor called the Trennor Brothers "the men of her family," she made the most of what was a second cousinship. It was even the case that she was not on very good terms with those go-ahead young gentlemen; for the Trennors, in spite of their prosperity, had never, as she expressed it, "done anything" for her. It had been for the sake of her old father that they had bestirred themselves sufficiently to recommend Harriet for the post of assistant superintendent of the girls' college of Valdivia. But after providing her with an opportunity to leave their common birthplace in St. Joseph, Missouri, the Trennors and their respective wives had, in point of fact, neglected Miss Harriet to such a degree that there would be a certain magnificence in her heaping coals of fire on their heads. She, the poor relation whom they had so little regarded, would put it in the way of men merely well-off to become millionaires. They would learn her worth at last.

Yes, yes, Nathaniel must keep the great secret close till the Trennors, who were in New York on their yearly business trip, should return. But the affairs of the brothers took them to Mexico, and their home-coming was further delayed.

While they tarried, acute pneumonia appeared upon the Rock Hill scene, and carried off John Galbraith. Little part in Mar's grief at the loss of his best-loved friend was played by the thought that now he could not count upon his backing. Galbraith took with him out of the world something that to a man of Mar's temperament meant more. And at that time he looked upon himself as possessor of a secret that any capitalist in the country would hold himself lucky to share. It was not until the return of his wife's cou-

sins that he found there could be exceptions to this foregone conclusion.

As enterprising dabblers in real estate and mining, and with the Palmas Valley Bank behind them, the Trennor Brothers were constantly being approached by people with schemes for making millions. Such persons, though almost invariably as poor as Mar, were not often, the Trennor Brothers agreed, ready with propositions so fantastic.

Alaska was in those days farther away from men's imaginations than Patagonia. The few people who had anything to say about the newly acquired Territory used it only as a club to belabor the Secretary of State. What had he been thinking of to advise his foolish country to pay seven millions for the barren rocks and worthless ice-fields that astute Russia, after 126 years, was so ready to abandon!

"Worthless!" retorted Secretary Seward's friends. "Why, the seal islands alone—"

"Yes, yes, the seal islands *are* alone on the credit side of the transaction. Seward gave those seven millions for the two little Pribyloffs, and the value of Alaska may be gaged by the fact that it was just thrown in."

Was it to be believed, the Trennors asked, was it *likely,* there was gold in a place where fellows with such keen noses as the Russians—they shook their heads. Both of them shook their heads, for the Trennor Brothers always did everything together. Who could believe it had been left for a man like Mar? Besides, that gold should be up there was dead against the best geologic and metallurgic opinion of the day. The precious metal had never been found under these conditions. There were reasons, scientific reasons, as anybody but Mar would know, why gold could not exist in just that formation (they spoke as if the vast new realm boasted but one). Finally, even if there *was* gold in such a place, how the dickens was it going to be got out?

It was in the talk about mining facilities that Mar's own faith suffered the first of many hurts.

He was obliged to concede that these astute young men were well informed as regards the difficulties and disappointments of mining even in a land where transportation was easy, food cheap, and labor plentiful—a land blessed by running water and perpetual summer. No less was Mar constrained to admit that this gold he believed he had found was hidden in a barren corner of the uttermost North, where not even an occasional tree promised timber for sluice-boxes, where the winter was nine months long, and even in summer the soil six inches below the surface was welded with the frost of ages.

They were surprised, the Trennors said, that any one should expect them to take stock in such a——

Oh, he did n't, Mar hastened to defend himself—he did n't at all expect—it was only that his wife had begged him to come to them first.

And they smiled. They always smiled when Mar's mad notion was mentioned. Even after it ceased to be actually mentioned, they had for his mere name a particular kind of tolerant distant cousin-by-marriage smile that said "Poor Mar!" with an accent on the adjective.

The new Mrs. Mar was at first boundlessly indignant with her kinsmen. "Never mind," she adjured her husband, with flashing eyes; as soon as he should be able to travel, they would go up there themselves. She seemed unobservant of the fact that his spirits were not raised by her kind proposition. They would have no trouble, she assured him, in finding worthier partners to join them in the great scheme when once they had "made sure."

"Made sure?" said Mar, wincing. "But I *have* made sure."

"Yes, yes; of course. Still, you did lose the nugget—and the gold dust, too."

For the first time Mar changed the subject.

"You have n't anything to *show,*" she persisted. To which he answered nothing.

Shortly after they were married, Mar's mother became very ill. The following spring she died. Mar's own health and spirits were a good deal lowered by the surgical torment he was called on periodically to undergo, as amputation followed amputation.

Meanwhile, without waiting to "go up there and make sure," two efforts on Mrs. Mar's part to interest moneyed men in

her husband's discovery resulted not alone in failing to convince any one else that this was a fine opportunity for investment, but ultimately in undermining her own faith.

With the coming of her first child, she prepared to cast overboard the wild hope (she saw now that it *was* wild) of a fortune up yonder in the ice-fields, and showed herself wisely ready to make what she could out of the saner possibilities life presented in Valdivia. Her cousins had been right. She would not admit it to them—not yet; but it was a crazy scheme, that notion of gold in the Arctic Regions.

Dreamer as he was, Mar missed nothing of the intended effect when she first ceased to talk about his discovery, ceased to plan all life with that fact for its corner-stone. Her initial silence hurt him probably more than the half-veiled taunts of a later time. It was all the difference between the shrinking of an open wound and the dull beating of an ancient cicatrice.

Not only, as time went on, did she resent the illusion she had been under, but, as is common with women of her type, her husband's greater significance since motherhood had come to her made her increasingly dread that foolish infatuation of his. She foresaw that a continued faith in the value of his find would stand between him and energetic pursuit of fortune in any other direction. So it was that the North was not merely for her, as time went on, the type of a shattered dream, but it came to be her and her babies' rival in this man's thoughts. This man, who owed to *them* all his thoughts, all his faith and energy, he was divided in his allegiance.

And not in dreams alone might he desert them. He might even conceivably insist—against all rational advice and plain duty he might insist on going back there. The mere idea of his fatuous clinging to the old dream came to exercise over her an almost uncanny power for misery. Not that, as time went on, he continued openly to admit his preoccupation. But it was there—she was sure of that—in his head, more properly in his heart, his refuge, his darling, his delight. She came to feel for it the hatred, and to have before it the involuntary nerve recoil, that lies for some wives in the thought of another woman. What if she never succeeded in rooting the fancy out of his brain? How was she at least to make sure of preventing his squandering time and money in pursuit of it, now when she could not go, too, and when his going would mean, as she honestly thought, disaster to her, and to the children the humiliation of falling back for cousinly help on those wise young Missourians who had seen at once the madness of the scheme?

She patched up the breach with her two kinsmen, and induced them to offer her husband a small position in their bank.

That would hold him.

But although she succeeded in seeing the cripple made teller (as a first step, she was firmly convinced, on the road to a partnership), she was not delivered from her fear. The unspoken dread that he might throw aside the humble though precious "sure thing" for this chimera beckoning from the North—the dread became the main factor in their spiritual relation. For not only did she never free herself from her grudging love of the man, and never, therefore, from her shrinking at the prospect of separation; not only did she conceive of him in the American way as the property of his family, and bound, as bondsmen are, to serve them to the end: but, in addition to all that, more and more, as the years went on, did she come profoundly to disbelieve in the validity of his story.

"Do you still think you may go back there one day?" she burst out on one occasion, looking darkly at the reconnaissance map that hung on the dining-room wall. Mar mumbled something about the satisfaction in the verifying of an impression.

"Verifying of *what?* How do you verify pure fancy?" Then turning suddenly upon him: "If ever you do go, you 'll only be giving a fantastic reason for a restless man's longing to leave his home."

At moments conceived by her to be critical, she would toss at him the reproach of his well-known visionariness, and all their old foolish hope and its utter loss would be held up to scorn in her saying, apropos of something quite for-

eign: "That 's like some one I once knew, who wanted people to believe in a miracle. But not without proof, he said. He *had* proof—absolute proof—only he 'd lost it." Or, less offensive, but for Mar no less pointed, the form of skepticism his loss of the nugget had crystallized for her: "You 've got to have something to *show* a Missourian."

This was later not only adopted by her boys as a favorite family gibe, but introduced into their school, and thence spread abroad, as a foolish and pointless saying sometimes will, no one knowing why, till all of that generation, whatever their origin, would say, with a wag of the head: "You 've got to *show* me; I 'm from Missouri," whenever they wished to announce themselves acute fellows, not easily taken in.

As to the particular matter that gave rise to the saying, Mrs. Mar's strong personal feeling about it was augmented by outside circumstances. Stories of failure in gold-mining were too rife and too well attested not to have a significance difficult to disregard. Blameless misfortune, as well as wholesale swindling, was so much the order of the day in the West that men of business like the Trennors, when they wanted to promote some mining scheme, must needs have recourse to the gorgeous East. New York had plenty of money for "wild-cat" schemes; but no place, the wise would tell you, like conservative old Boston for floating a risky concern. New Englanders were at that distance which lends enchantment. For them gold-mining is still a form of romance: the mere thought of it goes to the head like wine.

But Valdivia was neither near enough to the mining centers to catch the fever, nor yet so far away but what her citizens mightily feared infection. Had not their townsman Ben White lost his head and his fortune over at Huerfano Creek? Was n't there young Andrews for a warning?

No catastrophe of this kind in their little world lost through Mrs. Mar's agency any of its ironic usefulness as illustration. She succeeded not only in making her husband doubt the wisdom of giving up a sure thing in the bank to claim an unworkable gold-mine, but little by little, as the rain and the weather wear away the sharp outlines of a stone inscription, so for Nathaniel Mar the years and the unbelief about him brought a gradual blurring of the picture, till even to himself its early outlines were dimmed.

To revive its actuality more than anything else, nearly ten years after he had told the story to little Jack Galbraith, he told it again to Mr. Elihu Cox. The man listened with such a look in his big, fishy eyes, in a silence so galling, that Mar interposed hurriedly: "And there 's one capital thing about it: it 's safe enough. If the gold 's there, it certainly won't run away." He abruptly changed the subject; though to hear himself saying "if it 's there" rankled in his memory like apostasy. He would never tell the story again till his boys were grown. *They* would believe him. They, with youth and four sound legs between them, would go up there and justify the long faith.

For fear that he might die before they were old enough to be indoctrinated, he wrote out a circumstantial account, illustrated by a map and a diagram. He put the precious document away, with his will, in the vault of the Palmas Valley Bank, but he did not put away the thought of it. On the contrary, he kept it by him day and night, turning it over in his mind with the rich comfort of the man who reflects that he will leave to his children a handsome inheritance and a fund of gratitude. Something in this case that partook of the nature of a paternal life insurance—the kind of thing that had not profited, could not profit, the giver, except as it profited him to feel that for all his appearance of being one of life's failures, he yet had insured his children against the meaner assaults of fortune. For this "policy" that he held for them was "paid up." Oh, yes; Nathaniel Mar had paid heavily—not yearly, but daily, almost hourly—for his lien upon the riches of the North.

The thought of the gold-shotted creek between the Great Stone Anvil and the Arctic Circle comforted him not least when he looked at his little daughter. It was good to know—the knowledge helped him through many a difficult hour—that Hildegarde would never be forced to join the ever growing ranks of the bread-winning women. It would be no hurt to her that, however great an heiress she

might be, she had been frugally brought up.

There was something large and fine and tranquil about the Scandinavian-looking girl, whom her parents had called by the stately Northern name with more luck than attends many a christening, since it is well known that Victoria is as likely as not to take on an aspect depressed and down-trodden, Grace to turn out clumsy and hideous, while Ivy shows a sturdy independence, and Blanche or Lily grows swarthy as a squaw.

But the fact was that the little Mar girl was named Harriet Hildegarde, and was even called "Hattie" till she was nearly twelve, when, after remarking one day, "I don't look like a Hattie, and I 'm not going to be a Hattie," she refused thereafter to hear the obnoxious diminutive, and quietly but firmly coerced her family and her schoolmates into saying "Hildegarde" if they wanted her to notice them.

Mrs. Mar was grieved to find that her only daughter had no conspicuous talents and was not even a girl of spirit—lacked, moreover, the will to cultivate that affectation of being spirited which goes in America by the name of "brightness." But she was not a bad sort of little girl, after all. She got her lessons, and played games with a certain boyish gusto, and gardened with a patient devotion that her mother thought worthy of a better cause. But Mrs. Mar consoled herself for the girl's lack of brilliancy by reflecting that Hildegarde was probably going to be handsome, and that men were great donkeys, and might never find out that she was slow.

Hildegarde herself was aware of her shortcomings without the knowledge overwhelming her. Life was going to be very good, even if she was not at the head of the class, or a shining light at the school commencements. She had no talent for music, and quite as little for recitation. It was something to hear her saying, in the famous garden scene,

> "Geh, falsche, gleissnerische Königin!
> Wie du die Welt, so täusch' ich dich."

in a tone of unruffled courtesy and with a brow serene. When the fiery Madeleine Smulsky took her off with: "This is Hildegarde laying dark plots—or now she 's doing foul murder"—and proceeded to translate her friend's large tranquility into feverish terms of picturesque wickedness, the effect was distinctly diverting. Even Hildegarde laughed; for she had got over minding. It was when she was quite little that she had suffered most, and from the scorn of her own family. Her brothers were both "such very bright boys," and her mother she knew to be enormously clever. It had been painful to feel that, beside these richly dowered ones, she was "next door to an idiot." She made no outward struggle against the verdict of her family, accepting it, as many a young creature will, without a doubt of its being as just as final. But fortunately hers was a nature too sane and sunny for her to run the risk that many children do of coming nervously to dread, and so making true, a prophecy having no foundation in necessity. When she discovered that she had competent hands,—hands with which she could perform all manner of pleasant domestic miracles,—that gradually and because of her the house was transformed and the garden made to smile; that, moreover, assuring her of a hold upon the fine arts, too, she could tell ghost-stories that made her school friends gibber with excitement, the girl felt agreeably aware that her destiny, after all, was may be larger than the family eye had been able to discern.

When Hildegarde was sixteen, a new pupil appeared at the Valdivia School for Young Ladies. A little girl, hardly twelve, delicate, pretty, appealing, yet self-sufficing; so backward in some of her studies, and so advanced in others, that she could not be entered in either the upper primary or lower academic classes, but was sent to recite arithmetic and geography with the infants, Latin with the first academic girls, and French with the second collegiates—young ladies from four to six years older than little Bella Wayne.

She was a boarder, and it was said that her parents had put her under the special care of Miss Gillow. She even had special dishes cooked for her, and the fact that these "milk-puddings," as it seemed they were called, were plainer than the food set before the other boarders did nothing to mitigate the offensiveness of

the distinction. Certainly the principal accorded the "new girl" so many privileges that a strong party sprang up against her.

Hildegarde, even before a certain day of wrath, had found herself unconsciously absorbed in watching this thin slip of prettiness, who looked as if a puff of wind would blow her away, who ought to have carried herself humbly if not actually depressed in her capacity of unclassifiable newcomer, and who yet walked about with her little nose in the air, as if she despised Valdivia and specially scorned the critical young ladies of Valdivia's celebrated school.

It did not help her good standing that she showed herself indifferent to an opportunity of joining the Busy Bees. Now, the Busy Bees was a very popular organization, which not only sewed on alternate Saturday afternoons at the rectory, but danced with an equal regularity in various other places, and organized a bazaar once a year in the masonic hall. Besides the gaiety of this function, there was a fine flavor of philanthropy about the regular application of the proceeds to the clothing and educating of a little Hindu girl, who was able strangely soon to write pious letters to the young ladies of Valdivia—letters in which she seemed to get even with her benefactors by saying that she never forgot to pray for them. The Bees had had the joy of deciding by what name their protégée should be christened. As there were three Marys and six Trennors among them, the little Hindu was called Mary Trennor, and every properly constituted girl felt pledged for Mary Trennor's material and spiritual welfare—that is, every girl in Valdivia whose fortunate social condition permitted her to aspire to wear the badge of the Golden Bee. It followed that the new girl was not properly constituted when she declined the honor. It was even apparent that her heart was not in the right place; for when Beatrice Trennor most forbearingly showed the new girl the framed photograph of the Hindu convert, in order to stimulate interest in the cause, Miss Bella Wayne turned from it with the observation: "She 's ugly. I sha'n't do a single thing for such an ugly little girl. I don't think they ought to be encouraged."

It was plain, therefore, that she thought too much of good looks, and was a stony-hearted monster.

"Serves her right," said primaries, academics, and collegiates all with one voice, when Bella Wayne, having for a week daily put the arithmetic class to shame, was banished to Miss MacIver's room to spend two hours in austere solitude over the lesson of the day.

Hildegarde had got special permission to go for ten minutes after school hours to visit Madeleine Smulsky (also a boarder), who was in bed with a violent cold. Coming down stairs, as Hildegarde passed Miss MacIver's room, she saw the door cautiously open. A spectacled eye gleamed strangely low down in the aperture for one of Miss MacIver's height, and then the owner of the eye, as if reassured by the look of things outside, opened the door a little wider, and the apparition stood fully revealed. Miss MacIver, many inches shorter than anybody had ever seen her before, and narrowed in proportion, the familiar crochet shawl hanging dowdily over one shoulder, the stiff-held head ornamented with the front of sandy curls, a gouty finger held crookedly up, the effect of cold in the nose faithfully reproduced as the voice twanged out:

"Neow, young ladies, observe—" it was the teacher of arithmetic to the life, only it was Bella Wayne, with her perky little nose supporting huge round spectacles, and her baby mouth pursed in severity repeating the rule: "One or bore of the decibal divisiods of a unid are galled a Decibal Fragtion."

Hildegarde had stopped, stared, and was seized with uncontrollable giggles. Madeleine Smulsky, hearing these demonstrations, got up out of bed and made all haste to thrust her bare toes through the bannisters, and crane a tousled head far enough over the rail to discover what was happening below. Her ecstatic merriment induced Miss Wayne to come farther into the hall, and reprove her with a supple young finger stiffly crooked, and speaking not only with a cold in the head, but with that intolerable click in the nose of the sufferer from chronic catarrh:

"I would lighe yeou to observe there is a special beaudy aboud the laws of Bathebadigs—" again the dreadful noise

in the impudent little nose. Madeleine's attempt to suppress her laughter brought on a fit of coughing, which, with a spasmodic suddenness, choked and died in her throat. For all of a sudden there were three figures in the hall below, and one of them was the real Miss MacIver, saying to herself in miniature:

"And now, Miss Wayne, you may take off my shawl and my skirt and my glasses,—" not a syllable about the opulent front,—"and in ten minutes go and report to the principal." As the real Miss MacIver, six feet of indignation, turned away trembling with fury, she looked back an instant over her shoulder to say: "You or I, Biss Wayne, bust leave Valdivia." But Bella had already vanished into the room of penitence, and was feverishly pulling off her strange habiliments. The bare toes of Miss Smulsky had been hurriedly withdrawn from between the bannisters, and any girl but Hildegarde Mar would have been fleeing down the staircase "and so home." But she walked quietly away, her large deliberateness even a little emphasized as she went, weighed down by fearful speculation as to what form of retribution would overtake the wicked new girl.

Bella did not reappear among her kind for twenty-four hours. Some said she 'd already gone home. Others said she was waiting till her mother came for her. Certainly Miss MacIver made no sign; but her cold seemed better.

Upon resuming her place the next day, Bella, still with her nose in the air, publicly announced that she had begged Miss MacIver's pardon.

"How did they make you do it?" Hildegarde asked the little girl at recess.

The wicked Miss Wayne was again sitting solitary on the stone steps, among the shrubbery at the back, holding on her knees a new slate, the upper part covered with neat little figures, the lower elegantly decorated with dragons.

"*Nobody* made me," answered Bella, while she carefully shaded the scaly coil on the monster's tail. "The door was a little bit open,—Miss MacIver's door,—and I saw her packing up. Then she looked out and caught me peeking at her."

"Heavens!" breathed Hildegarde, so overcome that she sat down. "What happened then?"

"Oh, I went in."

"She called you?"

"No."

"You did n't go in without being made to?"

"Yes, I did."

"Gracious! How *could* you, Bella?"

"I thought I 'd better. I went in and asked her pardon."

"What did she say?"

"She just"—the outrageous Bella made the obnoxious clicking in her nose. "Do you know she 's only got two dresses?"

"Yes, I 've noticed."

"But she 's very well off for fronts."

"Is she?"

Bella nodded. "Got three."

"You don't mean to tell me, Bella Wayne, Miss MacIver 's got three false fronts!"

"Yes, she has. And the wee-est little teenty-weenty trunk she 's got. But it 's quite big enough. I could see she had n't anything, hardly to put in it. Only bottles and fronts. After I 'd begged pardon, and was going out, I suddenly thought she must be pretty poor, even if she did have such a lot of—do you suppose it 's because she can't afford hats? Well, I don't know. Anyhow, I asked her what school she was going to after this. She said she did n't know. Then I looked down at those nightmarey MacIvers, and asked her if she was going home. She suddenly began to look awfuller than ever. I saw *she* was thinking about the MacIvers, too, and it was 'most more than she could bear. So I ran back and begged her not to go. I said I did so need her."

"You needed her?"

"Yes, to——to teach me decimal fractions." Bella brought out the words a little shamefaced. Then hurriedly, as if to forestall misapprehension: "Oh, I *said* I knew it was n't much of an attraction for her; of course it must be perfectly horrid to have a girl like me in the arithmetic class. But, after all,"—Bella paused, and then with the air of a discoverer of one of the deeper mysteries of nature,—"after all, Miss MacIver *likes* hammering those disgusting rules into girls. What she hates is to think there 's

a girl going round without those rules somewhere inside her. So I just told her that wherever she was going she would n't find anybody who knew as little about fractions as I did. I was certain, I told her, perfectly certain, that she could show me all about 'em if only she was n't going away. One thing was sure as a gun: I was never going to let anybody else teach me! She said something about that. It was the first time she spoke, and she stood like this, with her flannel petticoat in one hand, and a bottle in the other. But I just said: 'Seven people have tried it already, and *you* know if they succeeded. There 's only one person in the world that can make me understand those disgusting rules.' And I went quite close to her, and I said: 'Miss MacIver, cross my heart and hope I may die, if ever I let anybody else *speak* to me about fractions!' So we agreed it was her duty to stay. But now the awful thing is, I 've *got* to do these sickening sums! Is n't it terrible what a lot of trouble you can make for yourself just all in a minute?"

"Well, I hope you 'll stick to your part of the bargain, Bella," said the big girl, smiling.

"Got to—got to," said the luckless one, flourishing her pencil over the biggest of the dragons. "If I don't, she 'll go away and starve with the rest of the MacIvers—or drink up all those medicine bottles, and die in a wink—like that."

"Look here, shall I just see if you 're going the right way about it?"

"Oh, *thank* you." Bella relinquished the slate with alacrity. "Only be careful not to rub out my dragons. They keep my mind off the MacIvers."

And that was how the friendship began.

IV

Nathaniel Mar made the mistake of thinking that you can put off to a given date impressing your good judgment on those who share your life.

Trenn and Harry had an affection for their father,—that he without difficulty inspired,—but in their heart of hearts they were a little ashamed of their love of him as a species of weakness. They frankly despised his *laissez-aller* way of life, and looked upon him as a warning. Their mother had seen to that.

The Mar boys, however, had shown business capacity from their childhood, when, instead of buying "peanut brittle" and going to the circus, they saved up their money to invest in hens. They made what their mother called "a pretty penny" by selling fresh eggs to the neighbors. The thriving young tradesmen made even their mother pay for whatever she required, and she paid without a murmur. It was a small price for the holy satisfaction of seeing that her children were early learning the value of money.

Mar got less pleasure out of his sons' budding business instincts. He was even obviously annoyed when he discovered that Trenn helped Eddie Cox with his lessons not out of good comradeship, but at the rate of "two bits" for each half-hour's aid.

"It 's ugly," said Mar, with unusual spirit. His wife felt obliged to point out that she herself had been engaged in very much the same occupation when he first met her. The "ugliness" of being paid for helping people with their studies had not oppressed him then.

"You were their teacher," said her husband.

"And Trenn is Eddie's teacher—while he 's teaching him." Then as Mar opened his lips, she quickly closed the argument by adding: "Besides, *Eddie's* father has made money and Trenn's father has n't. Eddie Cox will have to buy brains all his life; he may just as well begin now."

Trenn Mar was not yet nineteen when he was so fortunate as to have two business openings. One was to go down to a ranch in Southern California, round up cattle for Karl Siegel, and learn all he could for Trenn Mar. The other, to enter the employment of Messrs. Wilks & Simpson of the Crœsus Creek Mining Company.

Trenn's father meant him to take the latter; in fact, he had put himself to an uncommon amount of trouble to get his son this opening. But Trenn was all for the cattle business. "Besides, look at what Siegel offers. It 's wonderful! Those men usually expect a young fellow to buy his experience; but Siegel—"

"Yes," agreed Mar, "it looks better to

start with, but that 's not the main thing. You must look ahead."

Trenn opened his brown eyes. He even grinned. "Why, yes; I mean to."

"With Wilks & Simpson you 'll get the hang of the best managed placer-mining property in California."

"But that whole blessed country is prospected already. There 's no money in it for me."

"That 's precisely what there is in it."

Trenn looked about the room, impatient to be gone. What did his father know about money? Less than many a sharp boy of twelve.

"Sound mining knowledge," he was saying, "will be very useful. Not only for itself, but because it will bring you into business contact with mining men."

"What good 'll that do me?" demanded the boy, impatiently. *"We* have n't got any capital."

"No, *they 'll* have the capital; you 'll have something more rare."

"What?"

"A great property to develop." Then he told his son the story of the shipwreck, and of those wonderful hours on the farther side of Anvil Rock. Trenn sat and stared. Mar wished he would stop it. It got on his nerves at last, those round, brown eyes, keen, a little hard, fixed in that wide, unwinking gaze.

"So that 's why I say let the cattle business go. Take the small salary that Wilks & Simpson offer, study practical mining, and wait for your chance. In any case, by the time Harry 's left the high school, you 'll have some valuable experience to bring into the partnership."

Trenn got up and crossed the room.

"Yes, that 's the place," said Mar excitedly, thinking the boy's goal was the brown and faded reconnaissance map. But Trenn walked straight past it to the window, and stood looking out, to where the duck pond used to be, and where now a row of pretentious little pseudo-Spanish "villas" shut out the prospect. Still he did not speak.

"What I consider so important is not the practical knowledge *per se,* though I think it a very real value. Not that so much, as the fact that through associating yourself with that kind of enterprise, you are brought into relation with just the men you 'll need to know. If I had n't gone to Rock Hill, I would never have met Galbraith. The longer I live, the more I realize it 's through *people,* through having the right sort of human relationships, that work is best forwarded. Here have I lived for nearly twenty years with a secret worth millions, and for lack of knowing the right men—"

"Why did you never tell Charlie Trennor?" the boy turned round to ask.

"Oh, Charlie Trennor! He 's not the sort. But, as a matter of fact, I did once mention the circumstance to the Trennors, many years ago. But they are men who—" Mar stumbled—"they 'll never do anything very big; neither one of them has a scintilla of imagination." And then in sheer excitement, speaking his mind for once, "There never was a Trennor who had."

"I expect," said the boy, doggedly, "there 's a certain amount of Trennor about me. I never noticed that *I* had any imagination to speak of."

Mar was aware that his own spirit was contracting in a creeping chill. But he said to himself that it was only because he had made the mistake of criticising his wife (by implication) before her son. It was right and proper that Trenn, on such an occasion, should range himself on the side of his mother's family. Mar's conception of loyalty commonly protected him from appearing to pass adverse judgment on the Trennors. But he was excited and overwrought to-day—he, not Trenn. All through the story that for Mar was of such palpitating importance, this well-groomed youth had kept himself so well in hand that his father, looking at the correct, cool face, had somewhat modified the presentment of the narrative, had cut description, emotion, wonder, and come to Hecuba as quickly as might be. And yet now that with as businesslike an air as he could muster he had revealed his great secret, handed over the long-treasured legacy, something still in the judicial young face that gave the older man a sensation of acute self-consciousness made him in some inexplicable manner feel "cheap."

But he would conquer the ridiculous inclination.

It was for Mar an hour of tremendous significance. He had been waiting for

it for eighteen years. "After all," he said, making a fresh start, "you don 't need imagination in this case. You need only to use your eyes."

Trenn lifted his, and the use he made of them was to look at his father. He did not say a single word; just looked at the heavily lined face a moment, and then allowed his clear, brown eyes to drop till they rested on the toes of his own immaculate boots.

Hardly more than three seconds between the raising and the lowering of the eyes, and not a sound in the room, yet between the meeting of that look and the losing of it, Nathaniel Mar passed through the most painful crisis of a life made well acquaint with pain.

There is a special sting in the skepticism of the young. They should be full of faith, inclined even to credulity. It is the task for their elders, the checking of too generous ardor. But for the elder to detect the junior in thinking him foolishly enthusiastic, childishly gullible, there is in that conjuncture something to the older mind quite specially wounding. It passes the limit of mere personal humiliation. It takes on the air of an affront against the seemliness of existence. The elder has betrayed his class and kind, and has laid open to callow derision the dignity of the riper years.

Mar waited; and little as he looked like it, he was praying. "Oh, my boy, believe me! Have faith that what I say is so! And then I 'll have faith—that all the loss will be won back, through *you,* Trenn. I 'll take heart again. It all depends on you. We 'll do great things together, Trenn, you and I. Oh, believe! believe!"

But Trennor Mar sat there on the narrow ledge of the window-sill, absolutely silent, with his brown eyes on his shining boots.

"I was wrong," said his father, humbly. "I have put you off the track by using the word imagination. It has no place here. I speak to you of fact."

Trenn got up with the brisk air of one who remembers he has business to transact, then pausing for a moment, with an eye flown already to find his hat, he said obligingly: "I might—I might try to get up there some vacation, and have a look round."

He "might!" He might *try,* during some idle interval in the real business of life. Once on the spot, he would condescend to "look round."

Even his own son could not take the thing seriously.

Well, it began to look as if, after all, they might be right—his wife, Charlie and Harrington Trennor, Elihu Cox, and now Trenn. Mar, the man who believed he had a gold mine in the Arctic regions, was a sort of harmless monomaniac. Sitting there in a sudden darkness that was dashed with self-derision (much was clear in those scorching flashes), Nathaniel Mar met the grim moment when to his own mind he first admitted doubt.

Groping by and by for comfort, he touched the heart of sorrow with: "Nothing like this can ever happen to me again." It was true. In that hour something precious went out of his life. No one, not even Trenn, had any idea what had happened; but every one saw that Nathaniel Mar was changed.

Trenn went to work on Karl Siegel's ranch, and Harry presently announced that he meant to join him. No, he was not going to finish at the high school. Trenn had an opportunity to go in with Siegel in a new deal, and Harry could be made use of, too, if he came now. Such an opportunity might never repeat itself. Mrs. Mar was of the same opinion as the boys, and Harry was in towering good spirits.

His father wondered dully: Ought he not to give his younger son the same chance he 'd given the elder, even if, like Trenn, Harry should fail utterly to see how great it was?

Mar shrank from a second ordeal, and yet he knew that, vaguely enough, he had been depending on Harry's helping him to bear Trenn's indifference and unbelief. Had he not for a year now, in any lighter hour, invariably said to himself: "After all, I have two boys. Perhaps Harry will be the one." Yes, he must tell Harry, or the boy might reproach him in time to come.

Trenn's letter had arrived in the morning. All day Mar revolved in his head how he would present this other "opening." In the end he resolved to take the

papers out of the safe, and simply turn them over to his son, as though the father were no longer there to give the story tongue. Mar took the precious packet home with him the same afternoon. Harry was out. That evening he was late for supper, and he came in full of the outfit he had been buying.

"Buying an outfit already!" his father exclaimed.

"Of course. *I* don't mean to let the grass grow—"

"Nor Trenn, apparently. I had n't heard that he was financing you."

"He is n't. I had a little saved up, and mother gave me the rest."

Mar stared through his spectacles, and met the bright, roving eyes of the lady on the opposite side of the table.

"*You* gave him the rest! How were you able to do that?"

"Oh, I have a pittance in the City Bank."

It was the rival concern. Even Hildegarde gaped with astonishment at this revelation. Mrs. Mar had not trusted any one to know of this nest-egg—savings out of the "house money" the inadequacy of which had been so often deplored. She seemed to be torn now between regret that its existence should have been revealed, and pride that she had wrung it out of conditions so unpromising.

"Yes," she said, with a spark of anger in her eye; "and you 'll be kind enough, Nathaniel, not to break your arm or get yourself disabled in any way, for there 's nothing left now for a rainy day. Unless *you* have looked ahead as I 've struggled to—"

He knew that she knew he had not "looked ahead," in her sense of laying by a secret hoard; but the form of her question pricked him.

He glanced at the desk for comfort. He had, after all, "looked ahead" in another fashion, as Harry would see. But —again he fell back before the check of an outfit already bought for another purpose. And Harry was talking all the time that he was eating, telling his mother about his prospects and about the letter he had written in answer to Trenn's.

Already he had written, without an hour's hesitation, or an instant's consultation with his natural adviser. Ah, no, his true "natural adviser" had obviously been invoked, and had responded by offering him the sinews of war. Mar, looking down into his plate, or for occasional refreshment of the spirit into Hildegarde's soft young face, was nevertheless intensely aware of the vivid, alert personality at the other end of the table. His wife was, as usual, not content to contemplate with idle tranquillity the fruit of some achievement in the past. Strange contrast to her daughter's faculty for extreme stillness, Mrs. Mar presented the stirring spectacle of a person who was always getting something done, and commonly getting a number of things done at once. If it was only while the plates were being changed, she would pull out of the yellow bag suspended at her belt a postal-card, and with an inch length of pencil would briskly write an order to some tradesman; or she would jump up to straighten a picture, or set the clock on three minutes, or "catch any odd job on the fly," as Trenn used disrespectfully to say in private. Even on this important and exciting occasion, she was not content merely to eat her supper, listen to Harry's outpouring, and throw in shrewd response from time to time.

Her handsome features wore that look of animation that the spectacle of "getting on" ever inspired in the lady; her eyes glittered like pieces of highly polished brown onyx, and while she put food into her mouth with the right hand, the left, by a common practice, executed five-finger exercises up and down the cloth between her plate and the end of the table. But to-night she broke into a fantasia; the pliant little finger curled and tossed its tip in air, playing a soundless pæan to celebrate Harry's entrance into the business of life.

For Mar, in circumstances like these, to hold wide a different door—had there ever been a moment less propitious?

"You ought to have shown me the letter before you sent it off," he said.

"I would, only I knew you 'd think I ought to catch the afternoon mail. There was barely time. And the letter was all right; I 'm sure it was. I told Trenn either he or Siegel had got to pay me from the start. I don't ask much, I said, but I 'm worth something, if I *am* a raw hand. I wrote the sort of letter

Trenn can show to Siegel. I piled it on about the interruption to my studies, and about my father's preferring me to stick at books a year or two more."

"It was ingenious of you to discover that fact," said Mar, quietly.

"Oh, they must n't think I 'm too keen, you know."

Mrs. Mar nodded as she wound up her silent accompaniment with a chord. But if she followed the implied course of reasoning, not so the boy's father.

"If you 've written in that vein," said Mar, slowly, "it seems to me still more premature to have ordered your outfit."

"Oh, *that 's* all O.K.!" said Harry, genially condescending to soothe his father's fears. "Of course I 'm *going*. Trenn 'll understand. He 's got a long head, old Trenn has." He exchanged secure smiles with his mother. "I had to write as I did, don't you see,"—again Harry obligingly reduced his tactics to simpler terms, to meet the slower comprehension of his father,—"just to make Siegel understand he need n't expect to get me for nothing. I 'm not coming in on the little brother racket. No, sir! Old Siegel's got to pay me something from the start, or how can I be supposed to know it 's a good thing? Siegel's got to show me! I 'm from Missouri." He made the boast with his pleasant boyish laugh, pushed back his chair, and walked about, hands in pockets, head in air, describing to his mother how fellows often did better to take their pay in cattle, and little by little get their own herd, and little by little get land. Often they ended by buying out those other fellows who started with capital. She would see. He and Trenn were not going to take anything on trust. "They 'll find they 've got to *show* us," he said, squaring himself before a lot of imaginary Siegels. "We 're from Missouri!"

Mar, sitting silent by, rose upon that word, and tied up the loose papers that he had laid out on his writing-table. He returned them to the office bag, finding himself arrived at wondering what he had better say if the day ever came when Harry should reproach his father for not telling him.

But Mar was borrowing trouble. Trenn had already told him, and they had laughed together. "Is n't it just *like* him!" Harry had said, and slapped his knee, as one who makes a shrewd observation.

After all, there was a kind of rough justice in it. It had been Galbraith who had made it possible for Mar to go to Alaska. It was fitting that it should be his son who should share in the benefits.

Mar spent part of the following Saturday afternoon in drafting a letter to the son of his long-dead friend. He took uncommon pains with it, and he copied it several times. It had no need to be long, for Jack would remember the story. He could not of course be expected to interrupt those graduate studies, whatever they were precisely—studies which twice already had been dropped, as Mar supposed, while Mr. Jack went cruising about the world in his steam yacht. But in the nature of things the completion of his preparation for the business of life must be near at hand, for Galbraith, the most energetic and ambitious of men, was in his twenty-fourth year. Never was such a glutton for work before. Even when he went off pleasuring in his yacht, he went to places not renowned for recreation, and his boon companions were geographers and biologists and such like "gay dogs."

He might, at all events, without prejudice to these final studies, begin to lay plans either for going himself to Alaska presently, or for sending some one else. The best course would be for him to come at once to Valdivia to see his old friend, and to talk things over. Mar thought it advisable to enclose in his letter a sketch of the most interesting section of the Alaskan coast. He could have drawn it with his eyes shut, but he got up, hobbled around the desk, and took down the reconnaissance map from between the pictures of his father and mother. At the same moment, and while he was in the act, Mrs. Mar came in, with that air, specially her own, of one arriving in the nick of time to save the country. Her errand, however, was the one that Saturday afternoon invariably brought—the conveying here of the week's mending for Hildegarde's attention, the fastening of the book-rest on the table's edge, and the propping up of some volume in the French or German tongue, with the laying ready at one side of a stump of lead

pencil for the marking of pregnant passages. In front of these Mrs. Mar would establish herself in the rocking-chair, with her knitting, or crochet, or some other form of occupation not requiring eyes.

"Hildegarde! Hildegarde!"

"Yes, mama," came in through the open window from the garden.

"I 'm ready!" When was n't Mrs. Mar "ready?" But she announced the fact with a flourish of knitting needle, as she rocked back and forth and scrutinized her husband. "I 'm glad," she said briskly, "to see you taking down that old eye-sore." Her eyes pecked at the faded map. "It 's high time it was thrown away."

Her husband paused in his halting progress back to the writing-table. "Time it was thrown away?"

"Yes. Is n't that what you 've got it down for?"

"No."

"What are you going to do with it, then?"

Mar seemed not to hear. He turned his back on the rocking-chair, and propped the map up in front of him against the mucilage pot, very much as his wife had propped Eckermann for the regular Saturday conversation with Goethe.

But Mrs. Mar was never inclined to let her observations go by ignored. "I can hardly suppose you want to have it lumbering up the place here any longer." As still he took no notice, she continued: "It certainly is n't decorative." A pause followed, long enough for him to defend it, if he had been going to. "Perhaps you' ll tell me what 's the good of keeping it."

"Perhaps you 'll tell me what 's the harm."

She could easily, but she forbore. She only agitated the rocking-chair yet more violently, clashed her knitting-needles, as she turned the stocking in her quick, competent hands, and with a glance at the clock, said briskly as the door opened: "Come, come, Hildegarde! You 're nearly three minutes behind time."

The girl carried her bowl of roses over to her father's open window, and set it carefully down. Hildegarde was the one person in the world Mrs. Mar never seemed to fluster. As the girl's eye fell on the big envelop addressed in Mar's bold writing, "Oh," she said, pausing, "have you been hearing again?"

"Hearing what?" came sharply from the swaying figure on the other side of the room.

"You 'll read it to me after we 've done our German, won't you?" whispered the girl, caressingly, as she leaned a moment on the back of Mar's chair.

"Read it to you? Why should I?" he said nervously, as he laid a piece of blotting-paper over his letter.

"You always do," she pleaded. But if Mr. Mar imagined that his daughter was begging to hear the letter he himself had just written, Mrs. Mar made no such mistake. She was well aware whose communications had power to stir the "stolid" Hildegarde.

"You never told me," the lady arraigned her husband's back, "that you 'd been hearing again from young Galbraith."

Hildegarde, under the electric shock of the spoken name, seemed to feel called upon to make some show of indifference. She inspected the pile of mending, with an air of complete absorption in the extent of the damage. Her mother was saying:

"I have n't heard anything about that gentleman,"—oh, wealth of ironic condemnation the accomplished speaker could throw into the innocent words, "that gentleman!"—"not since the letter he wrote from the barbarous place you did n't know how to pronounce, and could n't so much as find on the map."

"Have n't you?" said her husband. "Well, you soon may."

The girl's lowered eyelids fluttered, but the prospect of soon hearing something on this theme, left Mrs. Mar collected enough to say: "No earthly use to darn that."

"No—n—o," agreed the girl.

"Lay a piece under. Match the stripe, and cut out the fray. There 's some like it in the ottoman."

Hildegarde went and kneeled before the big deal box. Its lid, stuffed and neatly covered, made a slightly receptacle for endless oddments.

Mrs. Mar, as she clicked her needles and oscillated her entire frame, kept her eye on the place where she was going to dash into Eckermann the instant Hilde-

garde was settled to her sewing. But true to the sacred principle of doing something while she was waiting, Mrs. Mar, thus delayed, saw it to be a timely moment to put Jack Galbraith in his proper place. It was not the sort of thing you could do thoroughly once, and be done with. Like house-cleaning, it required to be seen to periodically. "Well, what 's the *epoche-machende* news this time?" As her husband made no haste to answer, she continued: "He 's always 'going to break the record,' that young gentleman! I never knew anybody with so many big words in his mouth."

The stricture was deserved enough to gall Jack's friend, who moved uneasily in his revolving-chair. But he kept his eyes on the map he was drawing, and he kept his lips close shut.

"I see precious little result so far," she was beginning again.

"The result," interrupted Mar, "will be judged when he 's finished his life-work, not while he 's still preparing for it."

"Preparing! Bless me! is n't he old enough to have *done* something if he were ever going to?"

"If he were going into business, yes. Science is a longer story."

"One excuse is as good as another, I suppose, when a man wants to please himself. It 's like Galbraith to call his fecklessness by a high-falutin' name. 'Science,' 'investigation,' 'anthropology' —humph! But it does *sound* better, I agree, than saying he likes satisfying a low curiosity about savages. It is n't even as if he wanted to convert them. Not he! Likes them best as they are, filthy and degraded.. Philology? Tom-foolology!"

It was more even than the tranquil Hildegarde could bear. "Has n't he done something wonderful about ocean currents, papa? Did n't you say that was the real reason why he went that last time to—"

"Yes. It was a piece of work that brought him recognition very creditable to so young a student."

"*Whose* recognition?". Not hers, the critic of the rocking-chair seemed to say. But Mar took no notice.

"And where 's that book he was boasting about six months ago—the one that was going to shed such valuable new light on the—the—Jugginses of No Man's Land? So far as I can see by the feeble light of the female intellect, the Jugginses still sit in the dark. Have n't you found that roll of seersucker yet, Hildegarde? Upon my soul!"—faster flew the needles, harder rocked the chair—"compared with you, a snail is a cross between an acrobat and a hurricane."

The girl only laughed: "Here 's the stripey stuff hiding at the very *bottom!*" She laid the roll aside, and with a neat precision proceeded to put back all the things she had taken out; for Hildegarde knew, if not properly packed, the ottoman would overflow.

"Now make haste," urged her mother, "if anything so alien is possible to you. I 'm certainly not going to read to you while you 're fussing about on the other side of the room." Then, not deterred in her unswerving attempt to improve the shining hour, Mrs. Mar flung a quick look at the bent back of her husband, and proceeded to put in the time in clearing up one of his multitudinous misapprehensions.

"What *I* can't forgive Jack Galbraith is his ingratitude to you."

Again Mar moved a little in his creaking chair, but halted this side speech. Hildegarde, busily repacking, turned her blonde head toward her mother, saying: "Ingratitude! Why he 's perfectly devoted to papa! That 's why I like Mr. Galbraith."

"Devoted, is he? Well, he 's got odd ways of showing it. When he was a troublesome, inquisitive little pest, he used to reveal his devotion by coming twice every year to turn our house upside down, and get our boys into every conceivable mischief. Glad enough to plant himself here then, when nobody else would be bothered with him. But his devotion to your father does n't carry him the length of coming to see him nowadays. Why, it 's fourteen years since Jack Galbraith darkened these doors, and—"

"Well, I would n't be surprised if he were to darken them very soon," said Mr. Mar.

"What!" said Mrs. Mar, so surprised that she allowed the rocking-chair to slow down.

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"IT WAS THE TEACHER OF ARITHMETIC TO THE LIFE, ONLY IT WAS BELLA WAYNE." (SEE PAGE 70)

Hildegarde stood transfixed, with the top of the ottoman arrested, half-shut.

"Yes," said Mar, steadily, and in complete good faith, as he slipped the diagram into the envelop; "I 'm expecting him out here this spring."

"Jack is coming!" Hildegarde said to her heart. "Wonderful Jack is coming! Dear Jack! Dear, *dear* Jack! Oh, the beautiful world!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Mar, beginning slowly to rock again, "and what 's he coming for *this* time?"

"Perhaps, as Hildegarde is fantastic enough to think, he may be coming to see me," Mar answered.

His wife's laugh had a tang of shrewdness. "You 'll find he has business of some sort to attend to in California, if he *does* come."

"Just now you were complaining that he did n't attend to business anywhere."

"My complaint—no, my regret—is that gratitude is n't in the Galbraith blood."

"You have no good reason for saying that," he spoke with uncommon emphasis.

But Mrs. Mar's spirit rose to meet him. "I have the excellent reason that I know enough about the father as well as the son to form an opinion. I don't forget how your 'greatest friend' died, leaving you his executor and leaving you nothing else. Not a penny piece out of all that money."

"I don't see why my friends should leave me money—"

"No, nor why you should get it any other way."

(To be continued)

THE WHITE PEAK

EL PEÑON BLANCO

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

IT leans to hold the sunset
Against its savage breast,
Warmed by the last dull, ragged red
Wind-blown along the west.

The dusk binds early stars
About its gaunt old head,
Reared where the winds of heaven go
Their way unshepherded.

One night I felt its heart beat
In rhythm sad and slow:
Was it the little calling bell
That trembled far below?

Was it the wolf that wandered
Unanswered, desolate,
Out of despair of loneliness
Chiding a silent mate?

God, how my heart remembers—
Heard on that barren height—
The bell that tolled, the wolf that cried,
The passionate wind of night!

Herzog's Decorative Photographs

A group of ideal subjects posed and produced by F. Benedict Herzog

"A Tale of Isolde"

With comment by Christian Brinton

Copyright, 1905, by F. Benedict Herzog

Copyright, 1906, by F. Benedict Herzog

THE BANKS

FOR a considerable period, photography was utterly unable to win a place among the fine arts. Bitterly as its pretensions were opposed, it has, however, step by step, conquered its rightful position. At first a purely mechanical and automatic process, it is to-day individual and almost autographic. The whole matter was from the outset a mere verbal quibble, the real point being not what photography was or was not, but what photography could accomplish along certain lines. Time alone had the power to accept or reject the various claims presented, and time has endorsed them in no feeble accents. As in all the arts, it was a few highly gifted and imaginative spirits who disclosed the possibilities of this latest medium. It was in proportion as the photograph became a personal creation that it became a work of art. The question was simply as to how much independent impress could be added to the primary reflection. Within the last decade, astonishing results have been obtained, and recognition has followed as a matter of course. To-day not only are numerous important annual salons held, but many of the foremost art galleries of the world judge, exhibit, and purchase photographic prints on substantially the same basis as engravings, etchings, or lithographs.

The battle-ground of the new photography has been the field of pictorial expression wherein the effects attained by the painter of landscape, of the figure, or of the portrait have been more or less closely imitated. The avowed aim has been to share the laurels of artists both past and present. Steichen has sought to catch the magic light and shade of Rembrandt, and Stieglitz has shown us town or country

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

OF LETHE

scenes as delicately atmospheric as those of Hassam, Monet, or Le Sidaner.[1]

Thus far qualities of selection and sympathetic interpretation have been chiefly in evidence. Nature has been accepted virtually as she is, and recorded with uncommon insight and feeling for the picturesque. An entirely new note, however, has recently been introduced by the more elaborate and ambitious work of Dr. F. Benedict Herzog. Not satisfied with reflecting the purely natural or accidental, Dr. Herzog displays creative and constructive faculties of a distinctly high order. For the first time photography has here been dedicated to what might be termed the grand style. In glancing at these gracious, rhythmic compositions, one instinctively recalls the art of Raphael, Tintoretto, or Veronese. There is little that is local or contemporary in Dr. Herzog's predilections. It is obvious that painting, and to a certain degree sculpture and architecture also, in their noblest phases, have been the sources of his inspiration. Yet he is no mere academic copyist, for, above all, the man who has conjured into being "A Tale of Isolde" and "The Banks of Lethe" is a poet and a dreamer. While it is useless to pretend that the substance of these visions is particularly novel or profound, there is no mistaking touches of sheer beauty and sensuous mystery which give each theme a vitality quite independent of tradition.

Not only in subject, but in treatment as well, does Dr. Herzog differ sharply from his colleagues. An accomplished technician, he yet refrains from indulging in any of those tricks of focus and of

[1] See "The New Photography" in THE CENTURY for October, 1902.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1907, by F. Benedict Herzog

DETAIL FROM THE DEATH OF THE ROSE—I

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1907, by F. Benedict Herzog

DETAIL FROM THE DEATH OF THE ROSE—II

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1906, by F. Benedict Herzog

BARYE SCULPTURE

printing which border so dangerously upon faddism. Liberal in his attitude, he does not hesitate to retouch his plates at will, for he frankly holds that the camera should be used with the same freedom as brush or pencil. Although he has achieved such success in photographing groups of figures, it need not be inferred that his larger decorative schemes are the result of a single exposure. Given the desire to interpret certain more or less plastic conceptions, Dr. Herzog will arrange and rearrange his models, and make numerous sketch negatives, from which he evolves various fluent and harmonious combinations of line and mass. Sometimes they are the outcome of a fixed idea, sometimes they are pure improvisations. Here they hark backward to the Renaissance, and there echo the penetrant sadness of Celtic

legend; yet they always reveal the resources of a trained and subtle esthetic intelligence. It is possible that compositions such as these may accomplish much toward placing photography more specifically in the service of painting. Meanwhile they possess distinct value as contributions to that ever-changing sense of beauty which is now classic, now romantic, and now restless and modern.

MOTHERHOOD

BY MAUDE EGERTON KING

Author of "Bread and Wine"

IT was tea-time in the servants' hall, and the little room was crowded, in spite of the absence of the butler and the pantry-boy, who were busy with the silver, and of Mr. Fandle, the valet, who, in his own phrase, was exercising a bicycle. The house could seldom lodge all its week-end visitors, and had little space for the few servants who manned it, some from the great London household, and a few from the locality. And so, while the bachelor guests made the best of the sleeping-rooms over the coach-house, the upper-servants were obliged to suffer a closer fellowship with the under-servants than in London, where house room is allowed for gradations of dignity. At the tea-table were sitting Mrs. Clarke, the cook; her kitchen- and scullery-maids; two housemaids; a footman, and the lady's-maid. Most of the maids regarded Miss Wilson with frightened admiration. The meek, obedient creature (whom they never saw) of my lady's chamber up-stairs became the loud-voiced woman of fashion the moment she came below; and it was largely for the pleasure of dazzling the two silent-staring country wenches that she lingered over her tea to-day.

"I 'm sorry for her, in a way," she drawled, looking from the heights of her imitation smart ladyhood across the others at the cook. "She 's awfully sick about it—been blubbering off and on ever since this morning, when the doctor told her she had to nurse it. She told him she 'd have a specialist down before she 'd do that; but the doctor knows how keen *he* is about an heir, and he told her there was no time to lose, if the baby was to live. She went for the nurses, I can tell you. Just as if they could help it! Then she went for me. 'My neck 'll be done for,' she said. 'That brat lost me the best season there 's been since my marriage, and now I 'm to be disfigured and tied all through the autumn! Tell his Lordship I want him.' "

"Poor feller!" interrupted the cook, grinning.

"Yes, I took him the invitation, and I hope he enjoyed himself." Miss Wilson covered a little yawn, and then examined her pink nails tenderly.

"How about her receiving all the other devils to-night, after crying like that?" asked the cook, without venom. Be it understood, "devils," in her limited vocabulary, being interchangeable with "people" when denoting her employers, their guests, and their caste generally.

"Oh, that 's all right," said Miss Wilson, leaning her elbows on the table, and smiling at her exquisitely kept fingernails, as if she and they knew something about compassing difficulties. "I suppose down here you don't realize why she sticks to me longer than to any of my predecessors. Well, it 's partly because of what I 've managed to do with her skinny neck and arms; but more still because I can allow her a longer time for her rampages than they did. She knows perfectly well she can rage up to the last hour, if necessary, and I can still make her up so you would n't know she had n't been a lamb all the time. As to that Thérèse, she must have been a 'rotter,' by her ladyship's

description, sending the poor wretch down to dinner with nothing to cover her rage but a powdered nose and a patch of carmine. *He 's* having it hot now, you bet, and I expect she 's an awful fright; but I 'll undertake to send her down to the company to-night as pretty and purring as possible." She shrugged, and added carelessly: "Not too bad, you know, to be able to do what other people can't; but of course it 's a ghastly bore at times."

At that moment a cow bellowed, not far from the house, it seemed. It was no comfortable lowing, but a cry of great depth, with a shrill, high wheeze in it.

"Oh, there she 's at it again!" cried the cook, getting up hurriedly. And then, mindful of her dignity, she added: "Here, Ellen, shut that west window; we sha'n't hear it so loud. She 's been at it all day, and I heard it in the night as well. And so you 're like to have a life of it," she continued, addressing the lady's-maid, "over that precious neck of hers. You was saying—"

The maid lifted her eyebrows. "Oh, dear, no! She knows I don't put up with any nonsense nowadays. Besides, she 's not as savage as she was when she first found out she was——"

"Here, I say!" laughed the cook, pointing straight at the young footman, who, as being too wastefully straight and comely for an outside servant, had recently been promoted from garden to house. "Spare this young gentleman's blushes! He 's not accustomed to the house talk yet."

"I ham," he expostulated, redder with the charge of innocence than he had been with the free talk.

Miss Wilson looked at the lad's simple, round eyes and laughed.

"Oh, parlons cabbages, by all means!" she said. She opened a little bag that hung at her waist, and brought out two of the cigarettes from her mistress's writing table. "Here, Tommy, have a smoke —unless you 're chapel or temperance, and afraid of its raising a thirst."

"Well, I 'm not, then," said the lad, sulkily. He took one of the proffered cigarettes, and put it in his pocket. He suddenly hated the little scrap of blue ribbon he had once been so proud of in the buttonhole of his best coat, and he wondered if the woman had been into his attic bedroom and noticed the three books —all Sunday-school prizes—which, as a matter of course, when he first came he had set out on his chest of drawers between the photographs of his mother and his big soldier brother.

"Oh, well, there 's worse things than being temperance," said the cook,—the kitchen-maid mentally commented, *"You* ought to know,"—"and that is—"

She stopped dead as the cow bellowed again three times, the last cry ending in a sort of scream.

"Oh, made me jump!" said the cook, wiping her forehead. "Yes, there 's something worse," she went on, addressing the company at large with a suddenly angry emphasis, "and that 's cursing and swearing because you 've got to nourish your own baby."

Nobody seemed quite prepared to combat or confirm the remark, which rang like a challenge. The lady's-maid whistled softly, and pinched her finger-tips to an approved tapering, and the upper-housemaid giggled something to the under-housemaid.

"What 's that?" asked Mrs. Clarke, rounding on her.

"I only said I was tickled at people calling the country quiet: it seems to me there 's always cocks crowing, or a separator at work, or pigs being killed, or a cow coughing—"

"She 's not coughing," interrupted the cook, contemptuously. "She 's crying after the calf that 's just been sold off the place."

"I suppose she *veals* the loss," murmured the lady's-maid, well pleased that the butler's absence gave her the chance of serving up the latest pantry waggery as her own; and just to show how little a witticism cost her, she casually blew a smoke-ring into the air, and watched it disappear with a sort of bored interest.

The country servants were silent, less from delicacy than because punning was a habit foreign to those parts; but the housemaid giggled again, and the cook said roughly: "That 'll do! Shut it!"

Perhaps it was the cook's disapproval that emboldened the scullery-maid, a bouncing country girl, to remark: "I say, suppose our mothers all felt the same way as her Ladyship, where should *we* be, I 'd like to know?"

"My mother reared seven of us, and

buried four," ventured the anemic kitchen-maid to the scullery-maid, because she was too shy to address Miss Wilson. "And none too easy, rearings *nor* buryings, neither on father's money. But where there 's plenty of money, like here, you 'd ha' thought there was n't any difficulty, would n't you?"

Miss Wilson smiled. "By the way," she said, addressing the cook with a remark that should cannon off at the two kitchen underlings, "did you ever sweeten a pudding with salt, or salt a savory with sugar? No? Really? Well, then, if ever you come across any lady that expects a refined, smart, upper-class woman to have the same feelings about babies as working-class mothers, you give them my love, and tell them it 's all tommy rot—just as much as expecting a working-woman to carry a Paris gown well and enjoy playing bridge all night. That reminds me, Mr. Fandle owes me five bob from last night. Also, you can tell them, with my compliments, that salt and sugar are both good—in their right place, only it 's no good asking one to do the other's work. See?"

Pleased at having expressed herself so well, she tossed her cigarette stump into the grate, set her hands smartly at her trim, tiny waist, and rose, exquisitely aware of being in, but not of, that duly impressed company.

But the cook suddenly threw her head back and laughed aloud, open-mouthed, and none too pleasantly. This big, black-eyed woman of forty had a hoarse voice, and her wholesome face of a few years back had been hardened and reddened out of all comeliness. She got up, pushing her chair back noisily, and bore down on the astonished lady's-maid.

"Come along, Miss Wilson," she said, thrusting her stout arm through the neat-sleeved arm of the maid. "And come on, Ellen. Let 's show Miss Wilson the meal you and me are preparing for these prime, refined devils of hers."

Once in her heavy, urgent hold, the little wisp of womanhood was borne along, fizzling with expostulations, like a Guy Fawkes cracker, and pulling like a pettish child, to the marching music of the mirth of the rest of the company. In their progress through the room they overturned a chair, and the young footman, just to show that he knew a thing or two, even if he *was* temperance, sniggered out, "What 'o!"

She dragged her into the smaller kitchen, and right up to the table, wholly covered with the raw material of a little French dinner. On various plates and boards lay a heap of kidneys, a mound of sweetbreads; a row of little fish, with glazed and staring eyes; some grouse, where earlier in the year there would have been a string of tiny singing birds; and a piece of beef. A basin hard by contained all those painful superfluities—to human diners—which were once essential to the life in the several creatures.

"There 's a menoo for refined people, is n't it?" cried the cook. "Simply delicious, *I* call it." She caught up a smelt, and pretended to offer it to the lady's-maid.

"Don't, don't!" cried the other, shrinking away as far as she could. "Oh, don't, Mrs. Clarke! It 's disgusting! Don't!"

The cook let her go with a sort of fling, which, while it made her spitefully angry, Miss Wilson pretended to take in good part.

"I 'm afraid I *am* rather too faddy and particular, Mrs. Clarke," she said, contriving a twitching smile on her flushed face as she made her way past the others, who were crowding about the door to see the fun. "I dare say," she added, over her shoulder, "I might appreciate your wit better if I 'd been brought up in the kitchen and obliged to handle muck all my life."

"If you 've got the gentry's fads and manners, you 've got their appetite as well, my love," the cook shouted after her. "She 's good as any of the men at filling herself with the 'muck' I cook, as she calls it, I can tell you," she added to the kitchen-maid, with such unaccustomed friendliness that the girl colored up and smiled with timid pleasure.

"Really, Mrs. Clarke?" she asked, although she knew it quite well already.

On her way to the dairy, a few minutes later, Clarke met the cow-man in the dairy-court. Master Hardy was a little, bent, white-haired man, with a weak voice; but he was gifted with a cheerful spirit, rosy cheeks, and eyes like faded blue flowers.

"I was comin' to tell ye good news,

ma'am," he said, touching his hat. "You 'll be having more milk again now, fer Dimity's calf 's been took from her yesterday."

"I 'm glad to hear it; for it 's cream, ice-cream, cream soup, cream everything, ordered all the time, and the dairymaid swearing at me for every drop I 'robs the butter of,' as she calls it. Is it Dimity as keeps hollerin' ?"

"Yes; that 's Dimity, right enough; and I 'd 'a' been tarrible pleased if the Almighty had seen fit to send her a cow-calf this time. 'T is her third un, and all of 'em bullies; an' every time it 's just a few days lettin' the calf get at her all it will, then, a few days half-feedin', with the little un penned in the corner, then off to Mr. Enticknapp for fattening. If it were a cow-calf, ye see, ma'am, Dimity could 'a' kept her little un with her, for we wants more cows of her breed."

"Oh, Lord! there she is again!" cried the cook, clapping her hands to her ears until the cow left off bellowing. "I suppose you takes interest in your beasts?" she asked, staring out of her black eyes into the mild blue ones above the wrinkled apple cheeks. He shook his head from side to side, smiling significantly.

"Ay. Ay. I understan's 'em, ye see, and they understan's me. I talk to 'em, times, a lot, and they takes a power o' notice; and they talks to me. I 've been at it—among the beasts, I mean—this seventy year come Febbiwery. Ay, Ay." And he plodded away.

When she returned to the kitchen, the kitchen-maid, presuming on her recent friendliness, took up the talk from where they had left it.

" 'T is funny, if you come to think of it, to think what we eats," she said; adding somewhat shyly: "Where I was in my first place, between-maid, they was vegetarians. There was plenty of money and all that, but they had early dinners, and the work was lighter than most."

"Oh, blast vegetarians!" said the cook, contemptuously. "They 're a messy lot. I don't fancy the meat myself, but they 're worse than the others. And when you 've made out your men*oo,* it reads like a greengrocer's bill. Besides, my girl, you 'll never find them among the best people, not *high* families, I mean."

"And yet our people seemed to know the nobility," said the other, timidly persistent: "We had a *H*onorable week-ends often, and he was *her* cousin; and I see the names on the letters when I took them to post sometimes."

"Perhaps your people were writing around for subscriptions for the vegetarian orphans," said the cook. The scullery-maid giggled at the raillery, and the kitchen-maid looked tearful. "But, for mercy's sake! get on, and don't chatter, the pair of you!" Then she set herself steadfastly to her work.

For the best years of Mrs. Clarke's life she had lived, as she now lived, standing—for a high wage, be it said—half-way between the slaughter-house and polite society, receiving into her coarse hands the fruits of the butcher's yard, the battue, the net, and the trap, and then with those same hands, as clever as they were coarse, transmuting their raw, crude horror and piteousness into tempting food for her betters. While the scullery-maid was still washing up dishes from one meal, she and the kitchen-maid were busily preparing the next. Her day was divided not into morning, noon, and night, but into breakfast, luncheon, and supper. Her calendar was a rich record of the various foods in season, punctuated by the engagement and dismissal of unsatisfactory kitchen-maids, and attendance at the funerals of the various relatives she never had time to visit. In the fierce heat of the great range and before the kitchen table she stood at her altar, a priestess of the omnipotent belly-god, eternally preparing burnt offerings for a capacity as insatiable as fastidious, or as insatiable as dainty and decadent. Small wonder that she regarded her employers merely as something to be fed; that she had come to dislike most food herself; less wonder, still, that she found drink more helpful.

The incessant crying of the cow and Master Hardy's words about the little calf rang in her ears, and every moment stirred to livelier unrest the trouble she had been trying to smother ever since her baby died. When her husband's death left her alone with their one-year old child, her only one, born in her middle age, she was compelled to return to service, entrusting the child to the care of a married sister. Whenever the "family" was in

town, Clarke went by tram to see him on her free Sunday afternoons. But he was always a weakling, and once, in the thick of preparing a ball supper, a telegram brought her alarming news. By the time she had given her frantic instructions to underlings about the soups, creams, and jellies, and rushed in town to the little gray Islington street, the child was dead.

All that night she lay on the bed beside him, without tears or words; but when in the dawn her sister entered, tearful, pitiful, and suckling her own infant, she suddenly rose, threw herself down on the floor, beating it with her arms, screaming, raging with grief, and flinging off would-be comfort as if it were murder. That was two years earlier; but at times remembrance brought it all so near and so clear again that she knew she must forget by some means or other, if she was to come through with her daily work.

"Oh, that cow fairly gives me the hump!" she exclaimed with exasperation at last, as Dimity's bellow grew hoarser and shriller still. "I wish to God the pore beast 'u'd shut up!" With that she went through into the larger kitchen, nearly closed the door behind her, and stealthily lifted a mug, bottle, and jug of water from the bottom of the tall clock-case in the corner. After half-filling the mug from the bottle, she slopped in the water with a shaking hand, and then, keeping one eye on the door, drank the strong draught down in a few great gulps.

She had long since trained herself to serving up dinner when half-drunk, and so, although she later twice sought her hidden comfort in the clock-case, not even her most elaborate sauce came short of its usual success. It was after twelve that night when, holding her dripping candle aslant, she went slowly up-stairs. Once in her room, she set the candlestick down on a copy of "Tit-Bits" lying on the chair by the bedside, and then lay down as though she had forgotten to undress herself. Whatever of comfort the drink had given her was already beginning to ebb, so she closed her eyes and lay still, hoping to fall asleep before the blessed heaviness should pass. Through the attic window came a fat moth and flopped and fluttered about the candle-flame; and then, after having kept silence for over an hour, the cow began crying again.

The woman opened her heavy eyes and stared at the ceiling; then she sat up on the bed, listening, and shaking her head with maudlin self-pity.

"It 's no use," she whimpered; "not a bit; no peace anywhere. I might ha' known it."

She got up and shut the window with a savage bang, and lay down again. But she could still hear the cow. She thought she could even when she rammed one ear into the pillow and stuffed her finger into the other. Hardly two minutes had passed before she opened the window again and leaned out, scowling into the darkness.

"I swear I can't—I won't stand another night of this," she muttered, "not if I was paid for it."

And so, after the other servants' lights were all extinguished,—even that of the two London housemaids, who put theirs out only when they had come to the end of the novelette and the big bag of peppermints which they shared in their common bed,—she threw a warm shawl round her, and, candle and shoes in hand, went warily down the back stairs. She opened the door of the dairy-court, and lifted the lantern that hung there down from its peg. But, on second thought, she left it, and went out with only a box of matches in her hands. After the heat of the kitchen and the little sun-baked bedroom in the roof, the outside night was gratefully fresh and sweet. But the fresh air made her giddy, and she passed unsteadily through the dairy-court, across the pumping yard, and past the laundry into the meadow. Guided by Dimity's voice, she started across the meadow in the direction of the farm-yard, her feet beset, as it seemed, with pitfall hillocks and hollows all the way, her thought thick with maudlin pity and rage, but whether for or against herself or Dimity, she neither knew nor cared. Only she knew she must stop that maddening noise by some means or other.

"Shut it, you brute!" she muttered at one moment; and then again: "Cheer up, old girl! I 'm coming"; and then again, shaking her head, "I *am* an unlucky devil, if ever there was one."

Once she stopped to make quite sure she was steering aright. There was silence for a little; then the wheezing began

anew. She stumbled on again more recklessly than ever until she could make out the dark bulk of the animal standing on the near side of the white gate, and in another moment her hand came in contact with its warm skin. The wheezing grew louder and shriller, and then Dimity's grief broke forth in cries that shook the great body under the hand that stroked it.

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried the woman, with passion, when the cow was quiet for a moment: "Don't begin again, for pity's sake! Not but what I knows what you feels like. *I* know. It 's *just* like that. It seems to tear and split us at times, don't it? We could scream, and scream, and scream, and yell, and nobody understands, could n't we?"

The creature turned her head toward her friend in the darkness, and her round sides shook with a sudden sigh.

The woman patted her head and stroked her nose. "Crying!" she exclaimed, as she found her hand wet. She felt again. Sure enough, great tears were rolling out of the cow's eyes.

"Fancy that!" she murmured! And then she threw an impulsive, hugging arm over the cow's neck, leaned her head against it, and burst into tears.

Dimity suffered this in a silence that seemed responsive, nor did she bellow any more. Once she moaned; sometimes her sides quivered with a sigh: but that was all. Presently she sank gently on her fore knees and so lay down, just as, far away, the stable clock struck one.

"Well, I don't care," considered the cook with a defiant thought of the house and a half-laugh at herself. "I sha'n't go back yet awhile. She 'll begin again sure as anything if I do. Besides, it seems to help me and her, too, being company for each other; so I don't care what anybody says." And she spread her shawl on the grass, and lay down beside the cow.

In her slightly sobering mind she meant to go back in a few minutes; but meantime her trouble was growing so much quieter with the comfort of comforting that she was very loath to leave the plight her drunken vagary had landed her in. She would have her cry out, she considered, away from the house and all the others; it would do her good. Then she would go home, and just take enough to put her off quietly to sleep.

Did Dimity find any comfort, she wondered sleepily, in the thought that she had at least done all she could for her calf while she had him by her? Such was her *own* chief consolation. If she had had to pawn her soul to get them, she told herself again, little Albert George should have had every single thing the doctor ordered for him—all the milk, and the Patent Food, and everything else. If she had had to work her fingers to the bone, he should have been nicely cared for, and dressed in white till he was fully three years old, with everything starched and frilled as fussy as any lady's child. And he always had it so, thank God! Never once, she remembered with hungry thankfulness, never once, although she was often fit to drop, did she own up to being too tired to wash the little clothes that her sister brought to the back entrance every Saturday night. When all the household was in bed, that was her time for washing, boiling, starching, and ironing. It was very handy having the best of everything in the cupboard near at hand; and it did n't hurt people like her people if one used their starch, any more than if one sent a nice parcel of food away in the hands that had brought the bundle of clothes. They had more money and every other good thing than they knew what to do with.

Meantime she was growing more peaceful, partly from weariness, and partly because intoxication had passed from excitement to sleepiness, and partly because the touch of the dumb creature's big, gentle body had imparted something of its patience.

"Ah, well, it 's funny," she considered very sleepily now, "but it 's not much wonder we understand each other. The principal difference seems to me is that Dimity can't take anything to cheer her up when she 's down."

She was awakened an hour later by some one shaking her shoulder.

"Young woman, young woman, I say! What are you a-doing of, lying here?"

She started up, blinking at the lantern held close to her eyes, bewildered as to her whereabouts and her company until Master Hardy said: "Why, it 's you, Mrs. Clarke! Well! 't 's a surprise

you 've given me, ma'am. And a turn, too, for I thought you was a dead un at first."

Suddenly remembering, she scrambled to her feet, perfectly sober and very much confused.

"Oh, not dead yet," she said with a forced laugh; "but I expect it *did* surprise you." She put up her hands to her disordered hair, began twisting it tightly at the back of her head, holding the hairpins between her teeth meantime. "I could n't stand Dimity's hollerin' any longer, so I came out to see her, and when she grew quiet, I fell asleep, too. I expect you 'll think me crazy, but if you knew how hot it was in them attics!"

The old man said nothing at the moment; then he put out his hand, and felt her shawl and dress. "I hope you 've not taken any harm," he said thoughtfully; " 't is wringin'."

He opened his lantern and snuffed its wick. "Dimity 's a very feelin' beast," he said, "and a wonderful good mother. When I woke up just now, I felt frettylike to know how she was, and so did what I many times does if one of 'em 's not quite easy: I come out and have a look at her, and then I sees yourself, ma'am."

In the dim lantern-light, out in the silent meadows before the dawn, and away from the house and the servants, it seemed easy and desirable to talk openly with Master Hardy. She did not know why. The first time she had met the bent old man in the dairy-court she had merely met a bent old man about whom she and the kitchen-maid joked together. The second time she took note of his quiet eyes and voice, and his loving talk of his beasts; and after that it was as pleasant as walking in a green meadow to escape from the kitchen fire and the clacking tongues for a moment's chat with Master Hardy. If you had described his life as it was, that of a man affectionately working among his beasts, uncritically serving the smart young bailiff who ran the estate in the interest of an irresponsible landlord, for a wage which allowed of little saving for rest in old age, she would have told you he was a fool for his pains; and if you had added that he was just such an industrious, cheerful, and pleasant person because he was living on a daily bread which neither his wage nor his master's wealth could buy, she would have called your statement a "pack of fancies" and possibly "religious rot"; but that for some reason it did her good to talk to him and to listen to him, she felt quite sure with all her soul to-night.

"I had a sort of notion it might comfort her if I came and gave her a kind word," she said, less harsh of tone than usual. "I expect you 'll laugh at me, Master Hardy, for taking such a fancy."

The old man wagged his head as he always did in approval. "There 's never no harm done in being kind to dumb animals," he said. "There 's none too much of it."

"To tell you the truth, I came a bit for my own sake, too. We 've all got our troubles, have n't we? Dimity put me in mind of my own these last days. My little Albert George was just a year and six months and four days when he was taken. He was just beginning to say little things, and all that."

"Ah, ma'am," said the old man, gently, "it 's hard to lose em, is n't it? Me and the Missus we 've buried three. There 's days when it cuts to your very heart to think upon 't, like as if it was yesterday."

"Well, I *can't* bear to think upon it! I do all I can to put it out of my mind. I work and I carry on, joking and the like, just to forget it; and it seems at times as if you *must* take something to cheer you up, does n't it? And that 's just where it is."

She spoke hurriedly, because she wanted to say everything before she thought better of it. It was all the easier because he was again peering into and busying himself with his lantern. He finished his snuffing, shut the door with something more than the tremulous deliberation of age, and then righted himself with the little grunt of the rheumatic person.

"Mrs. Clarke, ma'am," he said, looking over his lantern light at her, and speaking with an emphasis that seemed to shatter his frail old voice, "I should n't do that, if I was you. I should n't put it out of my mind, nor try to put it out, neither. I should n't, indeed."

"And why, pray, Master Hardy?" asked the woman, with a ring of her old defiance. She added more gently: "I

don't know what you 're driving at, you see."

It seemed to her that the old man raised his bent body and looked up at the sky for a moment; then he sighed. "You see, when my Bert died," he began with apparent irrelevance, "that were tarrible hard to bear. He was just rising seventeen, and steady as you could wish for, and already earning a man's wage. Under-gardener he was at Lavering's. He 's in his grave now, too, is Colonel Lavering, and a kind old gentleman he was. 'Father,' he used to say to me, 'you 've done a power o' work in your time. But no more work after you 're sixty, Father. You 've got to bide at home and inj'y your pipe and make out your bit o' newspaper; for married or no, I means to keep you and Mother.' That 's just what he say to me times and again. It were the consumption that done it—nothun' else in the world; fine-lookin', healthy young chap as you could wish to see. Cough, cough, cough, and no breath left, and the tears comin' out of his eyes, and the blood out of his mouth. 'Oh, help me! help me!' he whispers; and, 'oh, let me die!' he whispers, cryin'-like, so tired of it he was. And we, sittin' by, lookin' on helpless, that 'u'd have cut off our right hands to help un!" Master Hardy had to pause for a little.

"Dear! dear! dear!" said the cook, under her breath.

"That purty nigh wound me up, that did. That purty nigh wound me up," he continued, "and I could n't bide by un; I could n't sit and watch, bein' o' no sort o' use to un. I could n't bear it. But the old Missus she was allays stouter-hearted nor me, praise God! she bided there to the very end; and she calls me just in time.

"Well, after that, I was all for puttin' his pictur' away, and for lockin' up his drawers with his clo'es. 'I can't bear to see the things,' I says; 'I can't bear it yet awhile. I 'm goin' to put it all out of my mind for a bit,' I says; 'and I 'm just goin' off down to the Stag for a bit of talk and half a pint,' I says. Then the old Missus—she were just a-foldin' up his best coat, tender-like, as I 've seen her with the baby-things—she looked up at me, contrivin' to smile. 'Daniel,' she says, quite cheerful like, 'I would n't put it out of my head'—the same words as I used to you, ma'am—'if I was you. Seems to me,' she says, 'we 'd best face the trouble, and bear it, and keep our boy well in mind; then we sha'n't never do anythin' as 'll shame us when we meets him in the Kingdom of Heaven,' she says. And she were right, Mrs. Clarke, she were right."

There was a little silence, Annie Clarke wiping her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Ah, that 's one way of looking at it," she said huskily. "I 've started with that idea sometimes myself. But every one needs encouragement, don't they? And there 's the heat of the fire, and the free talk, and sometimes you feel as if you must take something to cheer you up." She felt about under her skirt for a capacious pocket, found her handkerchief, and blew her nose.

"Ay, ay," said Master Hardy, quietly; "I never was one for the four-wall life myself, and I 'm right down sorry for them as has to."

"Well, well," she said, sighing, "I must be getting back to my four walls, or there 'll be ructions. Why, it can't be far off dawn!"

She turned her face up. Standing in the wet grass and the night air, she felt as if she were looking up through cool, blue water at the stars.

"We don't seem to want a light, with all of them, do we?" she said in a low voice.

Master Hardy opened his lantern and blew out the flame, and side by side they plodded homeward through the drenching meadow. "If Albert George had lived," she said once, "I feel I should have wanted him to be a gardener or a cowman. I 'm very partial to the country myself; I likes the quiet and the growing things, and I don't miss the shops like some of them do."

"I should n't wonder if you 've got what I calls the true country heart, ma'am," said Master Hardy, wagging his head emphatically.

"Perhaps I have," she said. "If only one had more time to oneself—was n't so busy!"

After that they were silent until they neared the house. The woman was full of a sort of happy sadness which she

neither could explain nor wished to explain. This wonderful night, with its many ministers,—first among whom were Dimity and her keeper, Master Hardy,—the stately, starry, sapphire night, was holding her passionate heart in its quiet hands, divinely meddling, divinely molding there. Much poor stuff it found and revealed—petty cruelties, tyrannies, vulgarities, grossnesses, mingled with something worthier, shaming her sadly while kindling a bright hope, too. She did not shrink from thinking of her baby now. On the contrary, she loved to think that had he lived to be a man, he should have been a country-man, by preference a cow-man, since that seemed to keep a man so sound and kind and wise. And from that she passed to thinking of Ned, the young footman. She would have wished *her* lad to win Sunday-school prizes, she considered; she would have brought him up "temperance"; and she vowed to herself that Ned should remain "temperance" though she fought all the others to manage it. Moreover, she would give the boot-boy, a weak-eyed, workhouse child, with sticking-out ears, a hunch of gingerbread to-morrow, to make up for feeling so spiteful toward him for a feature he could not help. And the kitchen-maid, she might be exasperatingly meek and tearful, but, after all, she was a good girl and an orphan, and should have more outings than she had had of late.

Surely there was no waste here. Surely it was entirely blessed and practical that the infinite beauty and solemn appeal of the night should pass into that simple soul, translated into its mother-tongue, pointing to homely duty and inspiring its drudgery—a whole universe conspiring to bring about better relations between a cook and her underlings.

But besides these lovings, pityings, forgivings, and desires to serve, which flowed through her soul in a deep and steady stream, whence she knew not, but whither she knew right well when she thought of the morrow's life and labor, there came other thoughts as well; or hardly thoughts: vague longings, upliftings, toward what she knew not; only they swelled her heart with wonder and filled her eyes with tears. Only once or twice in her life had she felt anything like it: once when her anguish was over, and her baby lay in her arms; and once when, after a vulgar August day in Margate, she unexpectedly saw the moon rise over the quiet sea; and once again in church when a lot of little children sang "The King of Love My Shepherd is."

In silence they at last reached the gate whence the old man would turn aside to his dwelling. The darkness seemed to be thinning a little, for she saw him more clearly than before. "They misses a good deal that sleeps all night through, don't they?" he said, nodding toward the house, as silent and dark as a coffin, "specially just about this time. I 'm out all hours, summer and winter, when I can't lie abed; and I always says there 's nuthin' purtier in the whole o' creation than the way the day follers the night. 'T is surely one of the best contrivances the Almighty ever set his hand to. 'Begin again; try again,' He says every mornin'."

The cook took his hard old hand in hers, and shook it up and down without speaking. Then she said: "Good night; good night, Master Hardy. It 's wonderful being out times like this. It makes you feel—well, I don't know *how* it makes you feel. Good night."

"It 's good morning, ma'am," said the cow-man, cheerily, nodding toward the east, where, for his wise old eyes, there was already promise of the new day.

THE DESTINY OF THE UNCLE

BY L. R. ELDER

FANCY setting out on a morning in the springtime of southern California to make proposals of marriage to your sister-in-law from motives of duty! If anywhere sun, time, and the almond-tree conspire to make romance a first necessity of the drama, there one might look for it. The very remembrance of law-made relatives is foreign to that divine scene.

John Veray knew what was apropos in California well enough, and if his sister-in-law had not been the worst woman he had ever known, either East or West, unquestionably he would have entertained a less desperate remedy.

"That marriage with a Josephine Veray should overtake two simple-hearted Americans like Dick and me!" he sighed in irony over his prospects.

But the situation was simply this: the impossibly wicked creature had put an untimely end to his brother, and now, if he did not interfere, she would bring harm to his brother's innocent children. Five boys and two girls, and all perfectly, ridiculously adoring their uncle! His duty, he said to himself, was as seven to one.

"Wicked women are all very well," mused the Californian, as he walked along in the glamourous morning light, "and when I take into account that Josephine can commit murder without the least exertion, simply by being herself, I am almost bound to praise her. Yes, when I think of the knives, daggers, dirks, poisons, pages, and minions that the great sinful women of history have called to their aid, I can see that my sister-in-law is a remarkable woman. But, ah, me, they were interesting, those beautiful wretches of the past! That 's another point against Josephine—her dead commonplace. With her accomplishments, she might at least look dangerous. That would serve as a reminder. One is at the mercy of a foe that does n't rattle when he 's coming.

"Well, magical or unmagical, she 'll do me up, too, in time; but she sha'n't have a free hand with those young things while I 'm their living uncle. Unhappy babes!" The good man groaned.

Wide sympathies are extended to women when they wrestle with the maternal instinct; but a great deal has been left unsaid in regard to the same instinct in unmarried men. John Veray had it, backed by the heady old masculine joy in a clan at his heels. Moreover, he had the teacher's gift. How eagerly the youngsters took learning from his hand, and how exquisitely he knew what each little thing was for! His dear old Dick's children—Dick's beautiful talents tricked out in darling, new, mysterious little persons, each seeming the very embodiment of this or that unforgetable phase of its father, whose own precious, brilliant phases had been dammed back and lost in life with that unspeakable woman, and in providing for her senseless wants. Alas! everything within and without pushed John Veray on to the fatal step.

To think that in this age of civilization an uncle cannot without strategy obtain possession of his nieces and nephews and bring them up properly!

WHEN he reached Mrs. Veray's house, poor Uncle John, as straightforward and veracious an uncle as ever lived, abhorrently began in tones of diplomacy. He made one last attempt to have his right and just way.

"You don't think, Josephine, that you can consent to let me take the children?

They are really a great burden for a woman."

"John Veray," said the guileful woman, who had plans of her own, and who, like the true deceiver, sailed close by the shores of unquestioned tenets—"John Veray, if you care as much about my children as you say you do, I should think you would enter into the natural feelings of their mother in wishing to keep them with her."

The existence of her children was Josephine's best daily grief. But when Josephine spoke, not only words, but facts, had wings. This speech was pregnant, nevertheless.

John Veray looked at her meditatively. He saw a big, negligent, vain, human fuchsia. What could it know of bringing to birth heavenly minds and souls and godlike destinies? And that specious air of physical perfection conveyed in the madonna contour, the source of her complacency, her last fatuous enormity! The longer John looked, the clearer shone his own ungodlike destiny. Her vast self-absorption, her undimmed ignorance, her vexing tongue, her cruel want of feeling, with all that he knew of their powers of blight and destruction in the past, were these reasons against tying himself to her? No; they were the inextinguishable reasons for it.

"What should you think of marrying me, Josephine?"

"I should think, John, that people would say that it was a very natural arrangement."

THE pious uncle walked sadly homeward.

"My dream was too good to be true, and yet it seems as if she might have let me off. Well, no one can say that my eyes are n't open: I 'm being married to save appearances for Mrs. Veray, who sees no other decent way to get rid of the children that she does n't want. Probably a person like Josephine cares for the appearance of decency in a way that plain people who only care for the thing itself cannot fully appreciate. Anyway, as business, it 's a square deal, and for the first and probably the last time in our lives we may be said to understand each other. After all, I have *them* safe, and they 'll be glad, the little ducks!"

The pious uncle walked less sadly as he gave himself up to the fascinating problems of reconstruction that lay before him.

The calm, unwinking villain likewise reviewed her conquest. John had been so very slow! At last she had said to herself:

"I must make him see that I would do anything for the sake of the children. He imagines that it is too soon; but Dick at least is safe, and here I am living in this little place, and John's house is so exactly what I should like. How strange that John does n't think of that! He 's very thoughtful in other ways. But I 'm sure when he understands—"

So when John, the timid man, again brought forward his quixotic offer to adopt her seven children, this artful woman had thrown ten thousand tones of pain and astonishment into her protest, with the happy issue that we have just seen. From that moment Josephine also gave her mind entirely to fascinating problems of reconstruction. Now she was to have the royal social blossoming that was the divine right of a woman with a presence like hers. She had planned for it from the beginning; but Dick's inventions had not brought the wealth they promised, and then, all those dreadful children! However, it was not too late; here was John, the inventor of success itself. And luck seemed to have turned every wish her way.

"Many a man would have thought the children an encumbrance," she said.

WHEN she had married him, this superior being, this uncle, did not set out to combat and vanquish his sister-in-law; in his modesty, he would not have believed it possible. He ventured to practise only the sincerities of the situation. Josephine herself had said, "Of course we are both doing this for the sake of the children."

Moreover, although Veray was a beautiful character, and a perfectly masculine one, we have all seen the usual interplay of men and women reversed by circumstances. Just as a bold, strapping husband is often lost in a crowd of his own begetting, and in time is eclipsed by the most unassuming of wives when progeny enhances her part, so Josephine, the

masterly but unmotherly, was in the inevitable course of nature outspanned by the glorious development of the maternal impulse in Uncle John. The prestige of all her qualities and past achievements could not sustain even the naughtiest of witches when her antagonist was not only man, but mother, and not only mother, but man. Nor were nature and truth John's only besteading: civilization came to his side.

When Mrs. Veray was ushered to the scene of her intended dominion, she found an unknown god there before her.

John had said that a few changes were making in his house, but she had supposed these due to her own advent. Would the mention of "improvements" prepare the mind of a Josephine to see the spacious rooms of a once lovely mansion transformed into laboratories, gymnasiums, shops, museums, model kitchens, kindergartens, school-rooms, studies, and nurseries? Were these the preparations for a queen? Could a swimming-pool serve a tyrant who drowned her victims in words, not water? Were her dread arts written in the stars that an attic devoted to astronomy availed her? Mrs. Veray was silent; it was for the first time.

But if Mrs. Veray was silent, pray do not think the worse of her powers. Do you conceive that the wickedest woman of antiquity, the most gifted of dead ladies without mercy, would have relished an encounter with the powers that met Josephine? Fancy a mere adult of any period at tilt with the instruments of education ordained for the mind of the child!

Silence, after all, may mean one thing or another. Mrs. Veray now excitedly did worse. She dropped into the feebly sarcastic, from which one's dignity is hardly recovered:

"If there had been any rain here since the sixties, I suppose you would have a playground on the roof."

"I suppose I should," said John, pleasantly and absently. In his devoted activities he had forgotten her. Already the children wrapped his consciousness about like a garment.

It was in the flawless guise of educational methods that Mrs. Veray's defeats kept coming. Instantly, upon the arrival of the children, the new routine of the house swung into full, forbidding rotation. In a twinkling appeared tutors, governesses, craftsmen, pedagogues, and masters of every description. The corridors, the whole place, swarmed with instruction—new people, new language, new aims, all foreign and antipathetic to every fiber of Josephine's darkling mind. Children of poor neighbors were invited to join the happy classes, and as they were bid to come early and be ducked before consorting with the little Verays, there was never an hour from dawn when the house had not its features of lively publicity. The adversary who had seemed to capture the citadel might sequestrate herself in her own apartments, or walk about face to face with the ghost of possession, as aloof as a dream from the progress of learning.

And now she would have projected grand entertainments, devising that the rooms thus lent to her uses might be secured.

"Such performances in the home of a lot of little children! Why, I would not let my little girls even hear of the sickening frivolities you name. Let the children go away? Interrupt their work! Fever their little brains! And when they are already behind other children of their age? What can you be thinking of?"

John spoke as if he had forgotten that all grown-up people do not make the new generation the big business of their lives, and he had; and the effect was that Josephine's interminable counter-plans to his carefully worked-out campaign in the children's interest were fresh shocks to him: she became incomprehensible and foreign in new directions.

The children, hitherto a forlorn little colony living to themselves, now, of their own inspiration, became able promoters of John's designs. They evoked the auspicious theory that their family were guests in Uncle John's house, and politely reciprocated by consigning all inquiries and requests to him. This simple courtesy obviated the disasters that might have been involved in the extraordinary decorum that he enforced toward their mother. As pioneers in eager discoveries, they were second only to himself. Thus the finger-marks of youth spread over what was left of the estate. Johnny went in for a garden, Tony took to a

pig, Polly loved bees, Hebe modeled in clay, Roderick multiplied prairie dogs, Jamie was divided between lizards and electric inventions, and Dicky—Dicky only cared for the fiddle. But the drawing-room had the best acoustic properties in the house, so farewell to its trappings. This fiddler was so very young that years of practice stretched *tweet-tweet*-ing away in Josephine's confounded ears. These were the amusements that filled in the chinks of their existence.

It was not John's fault. If Dick had not had so many sides, his children would not have typified so many tastes and tendencies. When individual research was added to the traits of the curriculum, it really seemed as if no pursuit were without a votary in that household.

"It 's simply a revelation of the wealth in the human brain," said John, and he invited men of learning to the house "just to count the proclivities that one little family can show." At the intimation of strangers, Mrs. Veray had a moment of hope. Any outsider, she believed, would laugh John out of his follies; but when a bevy of eleven distinguished idiots had congratulated *her,* the fate that overtakes primitive standards in a progressive world closed about her. She drooped to the eternal feminine.

"Why," cried the daunted egoist, all forlorn—"why, if it was only for this, did he marry me?"

But if we must pity Josephine, we must also be pleased to note how forsaken are the paths of evil when the arrows of education darken the air. There was now only one slim, pale bone of deviltry in the poor woman's cupboard—a revenge without distinction or novelty. She fixed her price, and waited; and her moment ripened apace.

Suddenly the youngest girl leaped from mud-pies to "Dick's color sense," and after the rally of John's artist friends to select a studio, Mrs. Veray's sewing-room was no longer to be seen.

Hitherto Josephine had felt the subtle disadvantage of pushing her claims in the face of John's mad surrender of himself and properties. Abnegation was Josephine's preferred retreat, and there John had unmistakably gone before. But with the rape of the sewing-room, she came into her own again. At last she had a grievance that would hold water—salt water. It was irreproachable, womanly, and well-nigh saintly to protest that the loss of a spot to mend in was injury unforgivable. The family stockings, which have been the stronghold of so many designing women, were never more boldly occupied than by Mrs. Veray. Man who weareth stockings hath given hostages to fortune. Even the uncle of seven angels would have to listen to her now, and her favorite accents of reproach were heard again:

"Of course I have seen for some time that there was not room for me to live here; but if there is not even room for me to sit down and darn a stocking, I am afraid I shall have to seek protection—elsewhere. How gladly would I go out alone into the world and travel if—"

It was certain that John was listening now. Again he looked at Josephine meditatively. He did not say, as he might have said, that the family stockings were the theme in the weekly sewing-class, and that he walked on hubbles because it stimulated the children to their best effort when they were allowed to darn for him. He only said:

"Do you need money, Josephine? I am afraid you will never be happy here; but I need not say how glad I should be to know you were comfortable—somewhere."

As a humble highwayman Mrs. Veray might have become famous. She named the half of his fortune as the bribe of freedom.

"It 's not that money can compensate," said she, letting condescension do what it could to cover her retreat: "even with Dick I had a sewing-room."

"I understand perfectly," said John.

As soon as he was alone, the mind of the faithful uncle flowed back to its accustomed channel, and he fell to pondering bright new uses for Josephine's apartments. But suddenly he thought of his own part in this history.

"And, now, who 'll tell me why she married me?" he asked himself.

STORIES OF WHISTLER[1]

BY OTTO BACHER

WOLKOFF, THE RUSSIAN IMITATOR

ONE evening there was a convivial gathering of men from many different nations seated about a table in an open court of the Bauer Grünwald, a well known Venetian restaurant. The conversation, I believe, was in English, and the subject of Whistler's pastels was brought up by one of his enthusiastic American admirers. A Russian named Wolkoff was flippant and depreciating, ridiculing them as works of art, jeeringly saying that he was willing to bet that he could make half a dozen pastels as good as Whistler's, and, if they were mixed with his, nobody could tell them apart. The American was surprised at this attitude and remarked:

"I 'll bet a champagne dinner for all present that you can't."

"All right, I 'll take your bet, and prove what I say; but I will make one condition only, and it must be agreed upon by all present: I must be permitted to see Whistler's pastels before I begin."

"I will agree to that, and arrange a day when you can see them."

All this was unknown to Whistler, who was innocent of the reason for the call of his Russian guest. He received him charmingly, and showed him all his pastels. These he pinned on large cardboards, carefully, almost ceremoniously, and placed them before him upon a chair that served as an easel. This was the usual way he exhibited his pastels or etchings at home. The Russian was not heard from for six weeks. Then the committee in charge was informed that he could not go on because he found it impossible to purchase in Venice the peculiar, brilliant pastels with which Whistler obtained his effects.

The American would not let him slip through in that way, so he managed to make it possible for his Russian friend to select numerous small pieces from Whistler's own pastel-boxes. He selected all he wanted, or thought he needed, for the easy task of making a Whistler pastel, and after this exceptional accommodation, returned to his work, saying he would be ready for the jury in a week.

How or by whom the six jurors were selected I do not know, but I remember that two strangers, an Austrian and a Dutchman, were among them; Spain was represented by Martin Rico, England by Henry Woods, R.A., and America by Frank Duveneck and myself. By this time Whistler knew of the wager. The jury met in a house on the Riva not far from the Casa Jankovitz, near enough for him to bring his pastels conveniently. The meeting was in a very long room facing the lagoons. The American who had accepted the wager was not there; Wolkoff was at home, sick in bed; Whistler was in the darkest and farthest corner, with his back to the company and his pastels on a long table. I was selected to bring each exhibit from Whistler's hands and place it on a high-backed chair.

It was an extraordinary position in which Whistler was placed, and a veritable ordeal which he faced. He was serious and wore a troubled look, the truth being that he was nervous at the possibility that the jury might let one of the Russian's pastels slip by as one of his own. I am glad to say, however, that, whenever a Wolkoff appeared, it was instantly received with groans and shouts of "Take it away!" Not for one moment was there the least doubt or a dissenting voice.

[1] See also "Whistler in Venice," CENTURY for December, 1906.

These pastels were put on view at a special exhibition given by him in London during the winter of 1881. The following extracts from a letter concerning them record the favor with which they were received in London.

As to the pastels, well—they are the fashion. There has never been such a success known. Whistler has decorated a room for them,—an arrangement in brown, gold, and Venetian red,—which is very lovely, and in it they look perfect gems. All the London world was at the private view—princesses, painters, beauties, actors, everybody. In fact, at one moment of the day it was impossible to move, for the room was crammed. Even Whistler's enemies were obliged to acknowledge their loveliness. The criticisms were one and all high in their praise.

One of them published the story of Wolkoff, the Russian imitator, and said he was obliged to take a course of mud baths after his defeat. Altogether it has been a great lark, and Whistler has often said, "Would n't the boys appreciate the fun of all this?"

I am going to send you a little book of all the cuttings of the newspapers, so that you can see for yourself.

The best of it is, all the pastels are selling. Four hundred pounds' worth went the first day; now over a thousand pounds' worth are sold. The prices range from twenty to sixty guineas, and nobody grumbles at paying for them.

Maud Whistler.

THE SECRET OF DRAWING

"BACHER, what would you give Whistler if he would tell you his secret of drawing correctly?"

"What can I give you for it, Jimmy?" I answered earnestly. "You know everything I own, and have here. Just tell me what you want me to give you?"

"But would n't you like to know Whistler's secret?"

"Of course, I should; but why do you tantalize me when you know perfectly well that everything I have has been at your disposal if you want it. Why don't you express a wish for something you want in exchange for your secret?"

"But, Bacher, you don't seem to realize the value of Whistler's secret. If you had, you would have told him how much you would give to know it."

I could have offered him some fabulous sum to please him for the moment; but I did not, and told him instead that I did not think he had a secret at all, and that if he had a valuable one, he would tell it. From his evident irritation and hasty reretort I dreaded something awful. "Perhaps," I thought, "I shall now see him as he looked in that detestable photograph with an evil sneer he once showed me—a picture he was fond of, and wished the world to know him by, while he talked caressingly of the sneer as the way Whistler would look at his enemies."

My painful emotion vanished when I saw on his face a playful expression that mellowed with good humor to the kindest and most lovable look. He ended the subject in a jolly tone, saying, "Bacher, you will never know what you have lost."

In London, six years after, I asked Whistler if he remembered what he told me about his secret of drawing. He looked at me sharply, with a bright twinkle in his eye, and said, "You never got the secret, did you, Bacher?" Eighteen years later I found this in "Whistler as I Knew Him," by Mortimer Menpes:

Only once I remember him really teaching us anything. He told it to us two pupils, and Sickert, I remember, took down every word on his cuff. He described how in Venice once he was drawing a bridge, and suddenly, as though in a revelation, the secret of drawing came to him. He felt that he wanted to keep it to himself, lest some one should use it—it was so sure, so marvelous. This is roughly how he described it: "I began first of all by seizing upon the chief point of interest—perhaps it might have been the extreme distance,—the little palaces and shipping beneath the bridge. If so, I would begin drawing that distance in elaborately, and then would expand from it until I came to the bridge, which I would draw in one broad sweep. If by chance I did not see the whole bridge, I would not put it in. In this way the picture must necessarily be a perfect thing from start to finish. Even if one were to be arrested in the middle of it, it would still be a fine and complete picture.

In this description of Whistler's secret of drawing, I find no change from his former methods. And, after all these years, I feel as certain now as I did then that Whistler had no secret of drawing, because in his earlier works on the Thames and in the portrait of his mother I find the same "sure, marvelous" drawing that is found in his later works.

A COCK-FIGHT STORY

APROPOS of something, Whistler once told a cock-fight story so vividly that only a man with a sailor instinct could tell it as well, mimic it so keenly, and enjoy it so thoroughly. It was a story of a strange species of the American cock, pictured to the smallest detail so beautifully that one forgot that it was a story.

Some American sailors were at a cock-fight in a seaport town in England, when one of them remarked to the owner of the champion:

"We have got an American cock on board that can whip any bird here."

"Go fetch 'im on," said the champion, "chuck 'im in and see. If 'e licks one bird, we 'ave plenty more to throw in that can lick hany blawsted Hamerican bird you can fetch 'ere."

"All right; we 'll bring one," said the sailors. When they got aboard they rigged up an American eagle. After their own manner, they painted, trimmed, spliced, and reefed fore and aft, transforming the eagle to a cock. When ready, they went ashore to pit their new American game-cock against all England.

At the pit, the sailors chucked in their cock, which looked around for other surprises as he backed close to the wall.

"Now bring on your birds!" yelled the sailors. A strutting cock was thrown into the pit, and was another surprise to the poor dismantled eagle. He backed up closer and closer to the wall, wondering what would happen next. The cock walked three times majestically around the circle, cuffing at his strange opponent, the eagle pitiably abashed and bedrabbled, crouching lower and lower, and looking around and above him for an explanation of what it all meant, while the crowd were yelling madly for the English fighter. The eagle made himself smaller and smaller, but at last, finding that he could get back no farther, and thinking that something was expected of him, suddenly loomed up to his great height, and, as the cock dashed at him again, stretched out his long claws and took his opponent by the neck.

Here Whistler ended, with an imitation by motions of what the eagle did. He stretched out his arm, shaped his hand like a claw, which, by this time looked like a real one, drew it to his mouth, and, with one bite, pulled off the head, as he thought an eagle might do it. Then he looked blandly about the room, as the eagle had done, at the astonished crowd and said, "Now bring on your other birds."

ONE OF HIS LITTLE CONTROVERSIES

MUCH has been written about Whistler's controversies with his enemies; little has been written of his care and foresight in preparing for them. He undoubtedly made ready for many that never occurred.

It was one day early in 1880 that he asked me to go to various parts of Venice and copy certain street signs, giving me a list of those he wanted.

"Do the signs exactly as you see them. Don't write the words, but carefully print each letter. Watch the spaces, dots, and commas."

When I brought to him the carefully printed copies which I had made, he was greatly pleased, and said:

"They are just what I want."

I never knew why he wanted them until ten years later, when I came across these two letters. The first is from "The World," February 9, 1881.

AN EAGER AUTHORITY

Mr. Whistler knows how to defend himself so perkily that it is a pleasure to attack him. I hasten, therefore, with joy, to submit to you, dear Atlas, who are growing so very clever at your languages, the following crotchets and quavers—shall I call them. For Mr. Whistler is just now full of "Notes"—in American-Italian; they are from his delightful brown paper catalogue. To begin with, "Santa Margharita" is wrong; it must be either Margarita or Margherita; the other is impossible Italian. Then who or what is "San Giovanni Apostolo et Evangelistoë?" Does the sprightly and shrill McNeill mean this for Latin? And is the "Café Orientale" intended to be French or Italian? It has an *e* too many for French, and an *f* too few for Italian. "Piazette" furthermore does duty for "Piazzetta." Finally I give up. "Campo Sta. Martin." I don't know what that can be. The Italian Calendar has a San Martino and a Santa Martina, but Sta. Martin is very curious. The catalogue is exceedingly short, but a few of the names are right.

AN ADMISSION

Whistler's reply was in the issue of February 16, 1881.

Touché!—and my compliments to your "Correspondent," Atlas, chéri—far from me to justify spelling of my own! But who could possibly have supposed an orthographer loose!

Evidently, too, "ung vieulx qui a moult roule en Palestine et aultres lieux!"

What it is to be prepared, though! Atlas, mon pauvre ami, you know the story of the witness who, when asked how far he stood from the spot where the deed was done, answered unhesitatingly—"sixty-three feet, seven inches!" "How, sir," cried the prosecuting lawyer, "how can you possibly pretend to such accuracy?" "Well," returned the man in the box, "you see I thought some damn fool would be sure to ask me, and so I measured."

Butterfly.

I was the one who did the "measuring."

THE REAL GOLDFISH STORY, AS WHISTLER TOLD IT

This variation of a libel on Whistler appeared recently in a New York paper, and is one of a class embracing many species. It is as offensive now as was one of the same kind that I gave Whistler to read years ago in Venice.

Photographed by Otto H. Bacher, with "Detective" camera, before the days of the kodak

WHISTLER IN HIS TITE STREET STUDIO

"Whistler, who had suffered for lack of the necessaries of life, came to be able to dine his friends with vases of goldfish on the table, and to throw perfume into the vases at the close of the feast, killing the fishes, and causing them to spurt the perfumed water toward the guests in their expiring gasps."

Whistler told me the story. "Once and for all," as he put it, "so you may understand, Bacher, why I object to such silly trash as 'the goldfish story' which you have just brought me to read. I can't for the life of me, understand why your papers in America will print such silly twaddle with no point or reason for its

appearance; and what amazes me, is the vulgarity of it all and the vulgar way in which I am presented to your American readers. Why, if they must publish the goldfish story, do they leave out the point? You know Whistler never tells a story without a point. If they will take the trouble, any one of the papers in America can procure the copy of the goldfish story just as I told it, and as it was printed in one of the London papers.

"They will print rubbish rather than trouble themselves to get things right. Now, Bacher, Whistler will tell you the story as it occurred in Paris some years ago. You will see that Whistler had nothing to do with goldfish, as newspapers will have it, the credit belonging to my confrère, a very clever Frenchman. You will appreciate him and the story better if I tell you how clever and ingenious he was in the schools.

"If it happened that he had neither colors nor money to buy new tubes, he was not disconcerted or discouraged, as others might have been under like circumstances. No, he was far too clever and resourceful to get the 'blues' or think of suicide. He would get up cheerfully and look around for some student with a completely stocked palette and ask blandly: 'What kind of red is that you have on your palette? It seems particularly brilliant. I 'll just take a little on my finger and try it. Thank you, it 's very nice. Oh, yes; it is quite enough, thank you, much obliged,' and so on. Each person who gave other colors considered it a privilege and honor, and gave with pleasure. He got a bit of color here and a bit there until his palette was completely set for the day's work.

"One afternoon Whistler's ingenious friend came home from the schools earlier than usual. While looking from his window at the play of sunlight on the courtyard below, something new attracted him by the speck-like flashes that met his eye, and would come and go like darts of sunrays reflected from some miniature mirror; they came from the landlady's window. 'Sure enough,' he thought; 'it is her window, and she has a new glass globe filled with fresh water and three little goldfish swimming prettily in it, enjoying the privilege of a warm sun-bath on the window-ledge.' His old grudge against his landlady came to his mind, and with it a plot by which he could get even with her. He acted quickly and quietly. He got a pin, which he shaped into a neat little hook, and made it fast to a long piece of thread; he baited the hook, and let it down very carefully into the jar of shining goldfish; he caught one, and pulled it up through his window, unhooked the pretty little victim, laid it aside, and began to fish for another, which he soon secured. When he had succeeded in procuring all of them, he placed them in a frying-pan and fried them to a nice pale brown color." At this point Whistler stopped for a moment, rolled a cigarette, and watched the effect which his story had made. He smiled when he heard the obvious conclusion, and said: "No; he did not eat the fish. He was a genius—a rare genius. If he had not been, he would have stopped there and eaten them, as any one else would have done. No, he did n't stop there. He took up each little fish separately, and in turn put it on his line, walked silently to the window, carefully lowered it to the glass globe, and dropped the little fellow back into the water. When they were back in place, floating on the surface of the water, he closed the window, and left his apartment for a walk before sundown.

"His landlady was greatly shocked when she found her little fish all dead. In consternation, she called in her neighbors to examine them, and they declared that it was the heat of the sun that had fried the poor little goldfish."

The above story was related by Whistler to the writer in the Casa Jankovitz, Venice, 1880. Other accounts of the "goldfish story" are printed as having occurred in Venice in this same house, the owner of the goldfish being pictured as a beautiful countess, living on the floor below Whistler. This is not a fact, because the writer lived on the floor below him, and, moreover, there was no countess in the building that summer.

"WAS THAT A GOOD DIVE?"

"I WANT to make a good dive. You boys must show me how you do it when we reach deep water," Whistler remarked as his gondola pulled out from our house to a deep channel which was our favorite

"ARRANGEMENT IN GRAY AND BLACK—PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER'S MOTHER."
(OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT)

spot for bathing, because it was out of the line of regular traffic, and we were rarely disturbed by the swash of the large ocean steamers. The few dips Whistler had had previous to this from our cranky little craft did not discourage his eagerness to join us. He enjoyed the frolic with boyish enthusiasm. He would splash and break the water with his knees, owing to his inexperience in our American mode of diving.

He suggested that we change our irregular habits of bathing and set six o'clock in the morning as the proper time. He rigidly kept this hour, and insisted on every one of the boys being up at that time, ready to join him in his gondola at the foot of the steps on the Riva. And woe to the one who was not ready! His large, steady gondola which, from its peculiarity of construction, is known in Venice as a *barca,* proved an excellent boat from which to dive. It would hold ten of us comfortably, including the faithful old gondolier, who was always careful to keep one place dry for Whistler's spotless white, well-laundered shirt, waistcoat, and trousers, in readiness for *il signore* to don after his bath. It was a wise precaution; even Whistler had splashed water into the boat.

Whistler would carefully arrange his hands in a prayer-like attitude, as most beginners do, then dive quickly and fearlessly. Once he dived too deep, frightening us all. It seemed as though he never would come up again. We were greatly relieved when we heard his voice, asking: "Was that a good dive? Were my knees all right? They did n't hit the water first this time, did they? It was a good dive, was n't it? Not so high, perhaps, as it

should be, but Whistler will do that by and by."

One day while swimming around the gondola, I saw Whistler talking to one of the boys, both standing upright on the flat, curved cross-board generally used as a support for the mast but employed by us as a diving-board. I was about to climb in, but changed my mind when I saw an opportunity for some fun. Acting quickly, and bracing my feet against the side of the boat, with my shoulders under water, I let go, and kicked the boat from me. It knocked them both overboard. Whistler struck upon his side, and went under. I heard a chuckle from the others before I dived out of sight, dreading Whistler's wrath on coming up. To my surprise, he was not angry; nor did he ask who did it. He simply said in that droll way of his, "Was that a good dive?"

WHISTLER AND HAMERTON.

In 1868, Philip Gilbert Hamerton published his volume "Etching and Etchers." In the preparation of this book he wrote to Whistler (Sept. 13, 1867), asking him to submit a set of proofs for his examination and for him to write about. Whistler paid no attention to the letter, and when the book was issued, the following comment was made relative to the "unanswered letter":

> I have been told that, if application is made by letter to Mr. Whistler for a set of his etchings, he may perhaps, if he chooses to answer the letter, do the applicant the favour to let him have a copy for about the price of a good horse; but beyond such exceptional instances as this, Mr. Whistler's etchings are not in the market. First, the public would not buy and then the artist would not sell, so that there has been little commerce between them.

Whistler waited thirteen years before the proper time arrived for him to retaliate. It happened in about this way: Whistler was looking over my first edition of Hamerton's "Etchings and Etchers" in the Casa Jankovitz. After looking through the pictures, he came back to the chapter on himself, containing almost six pages of printed matter. He read every word of it. At the passage above quoted he commented, "Yes, he wrote me for a set."

"Did n't you send them?" I asked.

"Of course not," was his answer.

"But why did n't you let him have them?"

"But why should Whistler?"

"I should have thought it would have done you some good," I added.

"But how could he? Now, see what he says," and he read: "'He may, perhaps, if he chooses to answer the letter, do the applicant the favour to let him have a copy for about the price of a good horse.' Can't you see he 's angry because Whistler never answered his letter?"

Whistler borrowed the book, and copied many passages from it, putting them aside for future use.[1]

Some time after this, he called to me loudly from his room above: "How do you spell Hamerton—with one *m* or two *m's?*"

"With one *m*," I yelled back.

"Oh, —— it! I spelled it with two!" And in the same breath he added: "Good! So much the better. It will irritate; I will leave it so, and send it as it is."

He sent the letter, August 16, 1880, and it appeared in the "New York Tribune," September 12, 1880.

> "Sir:—In Scribner's Magazine[2] for this month there appears an article on Mr. Seymour Haden, the eminent surgeon-etcher, by *a* Mr. Hamerton."

This letter did not appear with Hamerton misspelled, but the droll little "*a*" is there, and quite as stinging, as will be observed in the following, which appeared in the "New York Tribune," October 11, 1880, from which I quote the conclusion.

> It is scarcely necessary that I should allude to Mr. Whistler's studied discourtesy in calling me "*a* Mr. Hamerton." It does me no harm, but it is a breach of ordinary good manners in speaking of a well-known writer.
>
> Yours obediently,
>
> *P. G. Hamerton.*

THE CHURCH BELLS

The belfry of the church back of the Casa Jankovitz was near the rear windows of the upper floor of our house, close to

[1] See "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," pp. 79, 98, 99, 100.

[2] Now The Century.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. From a portrait sketch from life, by J. W. Alexander

WHISTLER IN LONDON, 1886

Whistler's room. In warm days the windows were open, and the constant ringing of the bells annoyed him very much. His frequent question, "How long does the law of Venice permit a church bell to ring?" was amusing to all. The American consul told him that most churches pay no attention to the law, which, if enforced, would allow them to ring their bells two minutes only, stopping for a period of five minutes before beginning again.

Whistler timed the bells one day by his watch, and found they were running overtime. Reaching out from his window, he succeeded in silencing them by holding on to the rope with a crooked nail fastened into the end of a pole. Suddenly the belfry-door opened, a choir-boy appeared, and, seeing what was the cause of the trouble, hastily withdrew. Some one tried to ring the bell again, and Whistler held on to the rope as tightly as he could. The little door opened again, and this time the priest appeared in full vestments, looked with concern, and beckoned Whistler to desist. It was unfortunate to interfere with ceremonies and prayers, and worse to be caught. However, Whistler dashed furiously at the good priest with the language of the law and the annoyance of the bell, which, by the way, kept on ringing during the animated conversation that was growing louder and louder every minute. The good priest could not hear. He stooped over and grasped the bell-rope. The bell suddenly ceased. Whistler's object was attained. It was a ludicrous situation, and when the subject of their contention suddenly stopped, both smiled. The good priest understood and apologized: Whistler invited him to dinner, and they remained friends ever after.

WHISTLER'S WHITE LOCK

THE following quotation is from a New York paper, written since his death:

No single item in Whistler's appearance was so celebrated as the solitary silver lock that stood out so from among the mass of his hair. It was his oriflamme, his panache. It nodded defiantly wherever his warring spirit carried him. It shone with a new gleam as he scattered the glittering shafts of his bitter wit. Legends grew around it. One was that he put it in curl-papers every night. Another was that it was really a sample of what the rest of his hair would have been if nature had been weakly allowed to take its course. A third was that he had sustained a blow there in his youth, and the hair on that spot grew white thereafter. "It is not a white feather," he said once. This was true. He had never been a coward.

On one occasion, we heard Whistler exploding with laughter. We recognized the shrill voice of the mistress of our house as she joined in the merriment at the entrance below. The loud *ha-ha's* were coming up-stairs, Whistler talking at the top of his voice in Italian, interrupted by the woman's Venetian screeches and dialect. Every one in the house rushed to the head of the stairs.

When he caught his breath, Whistler exclaimed: "The Madam here came up to me a moment ago, saying, 'I must brush off something that mars your appearance.' Think of it!" he exclaimed loudly, between peals of laughter. "And just think what she did! She tried to knock off Whistler's white feather!"

The white lock, dry and crisp, shot high up and out of a mass of black, curly hair that usually had the appearance of having had an over-application of hair-oil. It was a birth-mark, so he told me; one that persisted in other members of his family. His sister had a white lock, which she always endeavored to hide; a cousin had an eyebrow streaked with white.

Whistler always tried to make this blemish prominent, laboring before a mirror, holding it in one hand, and fluffing out his curls with the other. The last touch was always given to the white feather. The soft brown hat which he wore was always tilted back behind it. He would often say, "The white lock should be seen first when Whistler enters a drawing-room."

A RIVAL IN WHITE LOCKS

WHENEVER I found Whistler working in his window, I knew I was doomed to a late dinner. It mattered little if I came home afoot or by boat, his weather-eye guarded the only passage to and from the Piazza San Marco.

It was usually when he had no formal engagement on hand, at the time when

other men had finished their day's work and were thinking about dinner, that he loved to take up a copper-plate, place it on the ledge of his window, and go to work scraping or burnishing, sometimes rebiting or touching out here or there in parts, using his dry point, nursing the plate through difficult passages, until the last glimmer of afterglow, long past sundown. From the open window he would yell, "Bacher!" If I seemed deaf, he would repeat: "Bacher, you are to dine with me to-night, remember. When you get ready, come up here."

If he once saw one, there was no dodging him. If one had plans of his own, it was necessary to come and go by stealth. Once out of the house, he was full of fun, and his comments on incidents along the way caused side-splitting laughter. At a certain *trattoria,* the padrone was sure to greet the humorous Americans, and was specially attentive to the epicurean orders of Whistler, who was often exasperating to his companions in the amount of waiting required to get something to eat.

The padrone was a large, handsome man, with a sympathetic face. He was probably a younger man than Whistler; his closely cropped hair was dark, with numerous spots of gray about the size of a silver dollar. As I looked, a thought flashed through my mind.

"Now is my chance," thought I. "I won't be afraid to say it this time. Whistler is in good humor."

As the padrone moved away, I said very seriously to Whistler, "Look at the padrone's fine head! He has more than one white lock; he has half a dozen."

Whistler readjusted his monocle, and looked critically at the head of the vanishing proprietor, and then turned to me with a faint smile of appreciation, grunting: "Uh! How dare you say that! Can't you see he has the mange?"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BUTTERFLY

The earlier Thames etchings had no butterfly signatures; the first appeared in 1859. An early signature of this description is to be found on "The Fur Jacket." In "The Harmony in Flesh-Color and Green" are two butterflies hovering over his own; in "Battersea," one is painted white against a dark background. It will be observed that each of these is painted on a rectangular shield.

Later signatures resemble the butterfly as we know it now, but in no case have I found it with a sting attached until the year 1880, when Whistler lived in the Casa Jankovitz. One day he found a scorpion, and impaled it upon his etching-needle. The vicious insect would strike in all directions, now and then hitting the handle of the needle with his curved spur.

"Look at the beggar now!" exclaimed Whistler, excitedly. "See him strike! Is n't he fine? Look at him! Look at him now! See how hard he hits! That 's right—that 's the way! Hit hard! And do you see the poison that comes out when he strikes? Is n't he superb?"

The insect seemed to captivate him completely, and I believe that the addition of the sting to his butterfly dates from this occurrence. In his writings, whenever he wished to emphasize a point, he sketched his butterfly with the sting directed toward the particular remark.

FAREWELL FÊTE TO WHISTLER

About the latter part of August, it was generally understood, that Whistler intended to return soon to London; the exact time of his departure was not known. About the same time, one of our fellow-students was to leave us for good, and return to his home in America. Such an event was usually marked by some kind of celebration, always a jolly good send-off.

On this dual occasion the affair was elaborate, with suggestions of oriental luxury. A large, open coal barge, with a twenty-foot coal-hole, was chartered for the purpose. Standing up in it, one could look over the sides. A complete transformation turned this shabby boat into a fairylike floating bower, festooned with the wealth of autumn. Sheafs of wheat, rye, oats, corn, and grasses, formed into columns, loomed up in artistic confusion. Between these, garlands of pumpkins, squashes, tomatoes, apples, oranges, and clusters of grapes were intertwined, with a multitude of Japanese lanterns. On a table were heaped huge piles of fruit and melons, some of the latter being broken open, and scattered around. Rich studio draperies, fastened above, led down to monster bowls of many salads, and to

flasks of Chianti. Other bottles dangled among the garlands above. The arrangement resembled some ancient feast pictured in the old galleries. The small decks fore and aft were manned with oarsmen, and under an American flag was placed a throne for the guests of honor.

The start was made about dusk from the end of the Riva near the Public Gardens. Whistler arrived very late in his gondola, when we were far out in the lagoons opposite the Doge's Palace. Until his arrival, we had been allowed simply to feast our eyes on the abundance that lay before us. The chief drew the first draught from an inelegant loving-cup, then passed it round in the manner of a pipe of peace, and so the ceremonies began. Toasts and drinking of healths followed, and, later, as we floated upward with the tide along the Grand Canal, between beautiful palaces, we attracted the attention and interest of Americans and Venetians, many of whom followed us in gondolas. Rain made us seek shelter under the arch of the Rialto, where we remained until dawn, our coming awakening the boatmen who slumbered there. As daylight approached, there was a slight falling off in wit, wine, and song. The only incident that left a blot was when two men in light suits bunked in the forward cubby-hole, forgetting that it was a coal barge.

As it happened, Whistler was the last man to leave Venice. Long after our departure, he was still there, but he had had his send-off.

WILLIAM SHARP AND "FIONA MACLEOD"

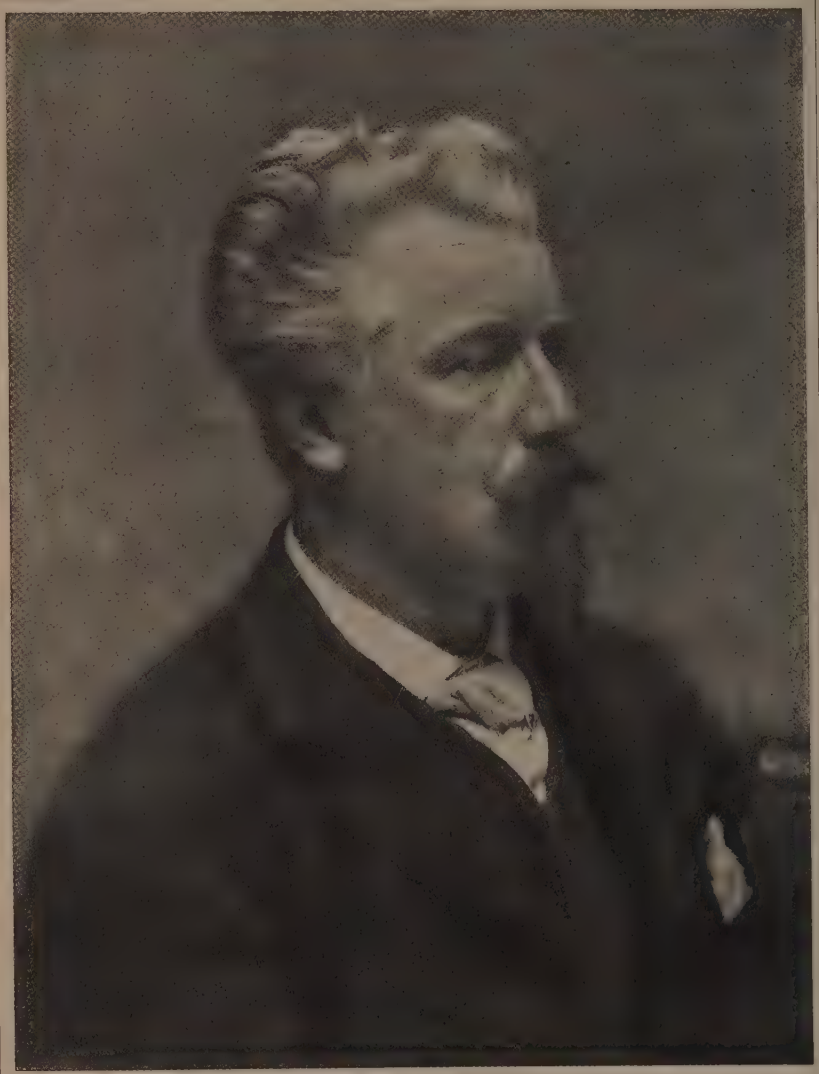
BY ERNEST RHYS

THE death in December, 1905, at Bronte, in Sicily, of William Sharp,[1] and the disclosure then made of the authorship of "Fiona Macleod," have still left many things unexplained in the writings that bear her name. The whole story, involving some obscure question of mental transference and an abnormal use of the romantic imagination, can hardly be divulged until Mrs. Sharp shall give us the promised memoirs of her husband. Meanwhile, I should like to call up from the reminiscences of a long friendship with him some episodes which may, in passing, help to disclose the sources, mysterious and deliberately obscured, of the "Fiona Macleod" tales and fantasies.

II

ONE summer morning, some twenty years ago, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, I was called down to an early visitor, and found waiting me a superb young man,—a typical Norseman, as I should have thought him,—tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed. His cheeks were as rosy as a young girl's, his manners as frank and impulsive as a boy's. He had come with an introduction from a common friend (Mrs. William Bell Scott), a would-be contributor to a new periodical; but he soon passed from the discussion of an article on De Quincey to an account of himself that was joyously and consciously exuberant. He told of adventures in Australian backwoods, and of intrigues in Italy that recalled Cellini; and then he turned, with the same rapid flow of brief staccato sentences, to speak of his friend Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems, or of the last time he walked along Cheyne Walk to spend an evening with Rossetti. He appeared to know everybody, to have been everywhere. Finally, though he had apparently been sitting up all the night be-

[1] William Sharp was born near Paisley, Scotland, in 1856. He died at the home of his friend the Duke of Nelson and Bronte, Castle Maniace, lying to the west of Mount Ætna.



From a photograph by the Duke of Nelson and Bronte, at Castle Maniace, Sicily, in 1905
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

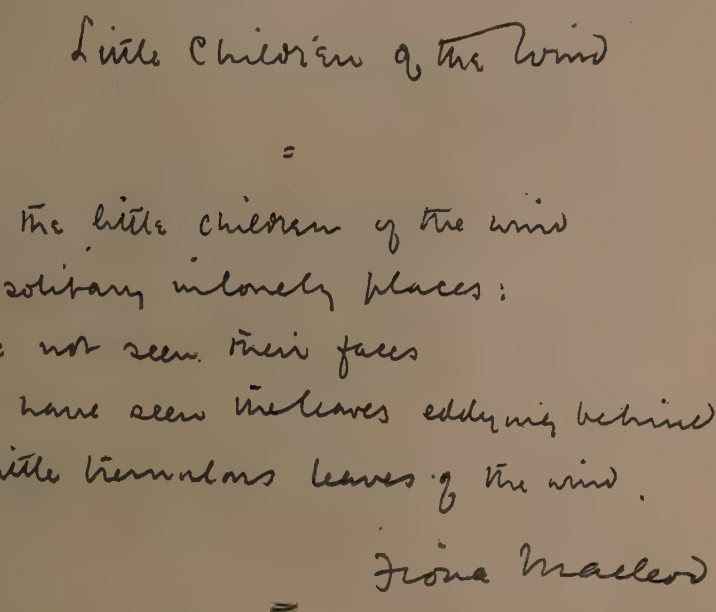
Yours most sincerely
William Sharp

fore to write an epic or a "Quarterly" article, he was quite ready to start the same evening for Paris, not only to be present at a new play there, but in order to be able to talk, hours on end in the dark, about the "Contes Extraordinaires" of M. Ernest Hello, or about a very different and still more wonderful being, then little known in London, called Nietzsche.

It is not easy to avoid extravagance in speaking of one who was in all things an illusionist. Sharp's sensations, doings, artistic ideas, and performances were not to be counted by rule and measure. He was capable of predicting a new religion as he paced the Thames Embankment, or of devising an imaginary new theater for romantic drama,—whose plays were yet to be written (by himself),—as he rode home from the Haymarket.

Before we separated, at that first meeting, he had made more plans for events and new great works than the most sanguine of imaginers and writers could hope to effect in a lifetime. And, alas! for his control of circumstance, within a fortnight I was summoned to his sick-bed. He was down with scarlet fever, and it fell to me to write from his notes, or otherwise to complete, more than one essay and review which he had undertaken before he fell ill.

At this time he had written two books of poems, "The Human Inheritance" and "Earth's Voices," and a book on Dante Gabriel Rossetti. There was an impassioned delight in nature,—in nature at large, that is,—in her seas and skies, or in her scenery subjectively colored by lyric emotion, to be found in these early books.


Little Children of the Wind
I hear the little children of the wind
crying solitary in lonely places:
I have not seen their faces
But I have seen the leaves eddying behind,
The little tiresome leaves of the wind.
Fiona Macleod

AUTOGRAPH POEM BY "FIONA MACLEOD"

Perhaps one of his Northern poems may best serve to illustrate his faculty; and there is one that is particularly to the purpose, since it sketches "Moonrise" from the very spot—Iona—with which so many of the Fiona tales and fantasies were to be connected afterward.

"Here where in dim forgotten days,
A savage people chanted lays
To long since perished gods, I stand:
The sea breaks in, runs up the sand,
Retreats as with a long-drawn sigh,
Sweeps in again; again leaves dry
The ancient beach, so old and yet
So new that as the strong tides fret
The island barriers in their flow
The ebb-hours of each day can know
A surface change. The day is dead,

The sun is set, and overhead
The white north stars set keen and bright;
The wind upon the sea is light
And just enough to stir the deep
With phosphorescent gleams and sweep
The spray from salt waves as they rise."

Sharp's early work is more like that of a lyric improvisator than of a critical modern poet. At this period he cared more for the free colors of verse than for exact felicity of phrase; and he had little artistic interest, one may add, in individual men and women, save as romantic reflections of his own moods. But his writings betrayed a constant quest after those hardly realizable regions of thought, and those keener lyric emotions, which, since Shelley wrote and Rossetti wrote and painted, have so often occupied the interpreters of the vision and spectacle of nature.

One may find this variously attempted or half expressed in several of the poems of his second book. In one called "A Record" (to which a special inscription drew attention in the copy he sent me), he treats very fancifully the mystery of transmigration. He pictures himself sitting in his room, and there he resumes the lives, and states of being, of many savage types of man and beast viewed in passion and action—the tiger, the eagle, and the primitive man who lighted the fire that consumed the dry scrub and his fellow-tribesmen:

"He looks around to see some god,
And far upon the fire-scorched sod
He sees his brown-burnt tribesmen lie,
And thinks their voices fill the sky,
And dreads some unseen sudden blow—
And even as I watch him, lo,
My savage-self I seem to know."

Or again he reincarnates the Druid:

"And dreaming so I dream my dream:
I see a flood of moonlight gleam
Between vast ancient oaks, and round
A rough-hewn altar on the ground
Weird Druid priests are gathered
While through their midst a man is led
With face that seems already dead."

And again the type is changed into a Shelleyan recluse, a hermit who had retreated to his cave, and that hermit,

"Was even that soul mine eyes have traced
Through brute and savage steadily,
That he even now is part of me
Just as a wave is of the sea."

If there are traces of Shelley in this poem, Rossetti and Swinburne have also their echo in some of its rhapsodic, highly figurative stanzas. There are the unmistakable germs in it, too, of some of the supernatural ideas that received a much more vital expression afterward in "Fiona Macleod's" work.

III

There was another side to William Sharp. He had a spirit of fun, boyish mischief even, which found the slightest reflection in his work; for his writing is not remarkable for its humor. His extravagance of energy, which vehemently sped his pen, led him, in the course of his earlier life, into a hundred wild exploits. To him a piece of writing was an adventure. He delighted in impossible feats of composition, such as trying to finish a whole romance between sunset and sunrise. It follows that, with all this huge impetuosity, he was a poet who was rather disinclined by temperament for the "poetic pains." What he wrote in haste he was not always anxious to correct at leisure; and he was happy about what he wrote—at any rate, until a colder mood supervened at some later stage of his development.

In keeping with this mental restlessness, Sharp was an insatiable wanderer. No sooner did he reach London than he was intriguing to be off again. Some of his devices in order to get work done, and to equip these abrupt expeditions, were as absurd as anything told by Henri Murger. Thanks to his large and imposing presence, his sanguine air, his rosy faith in himself, he had a way of overwhelming editors that was beyond anything, I believe, ever heard of in London, before or since.

On one occasion he had arranged with a friend to start for Algiers. He needed fifty pounds for tickets and outfit; he had spent his last subsidy. Walking down Fleet street, and excogitating on this awkward predicament, he stepped on the spur of the moment into an editor's office, and

decided to propose a serial romance. He invented a sensational plot as he sat in the anteroom, stated it in set terms when he entered, and promised the larger part of the story within ten days. By writing night and day he delivered his promised copy, had his check, and before a fortnight had gone, he was on his way.

Still more wonderful, he once went into a publisher's office, and gave so alluring an account of a long-meditated book that the publisher gave him a check for £100, although he had not written a word of it. This, too, while he was known only as an occasional reviewer and while his name had no particular market value. The book in question, it is right to add, fully justified in the end the publisher's intrepidity.

These things illustrate his temperament. He was a romanticist, an illusionist. He did not see places or men and women as they were; he did not care to see them so: but he had quite peculiar powers of assimilating to himself foreign associations—the ideas, the colors, the current allusions, of foreign worlds. In Italy he became an Italian in spirit; in Algiers, an Arab. On his first visit to Sicily he could not be happy because of the sense of bloodshed and warfare associated with the scenes amid which he was staying; he saw bloodstains on the earth, on every leaf and flower.

The same susceptibility marked his intercourse with his fellows. Their sensations and emotions, their whims, their very words, were apt to become his, and to be reproduced with an uncanny reality in his own immediate practice. It was natural, then, that he should be doubly sensitive to feminine intuitions; that he should be able, even on occasion, thanks to an extreme concern with women's inevitable burdens and sufferings, to translate, as men are very rarely able to do, their intimate dialect. So he wrote once to a friend, Mrs. Janvier, who had asked him why he chose a feminine pseudonym:

"I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp; and, indeed [he added thereupon], that I could not do if I were myself the woman whom 'Fiona Macleod' is supposed to be."

IV

It was, I think, in the winter following the appearance of "Pharais" that he first sent me some account of "Miss Macleod." She was a Highland lady, closely related to him, who could express herself in romance only with his aid as actual penman and artistic collaborator. He pictured her as living a remote life in the Highlands; but I inferred that his mysterious fellow-romanticist might, in point of fact, be one who was much nearer home. About the real explanation of the problem suggested in the earlier books of "Fiona Macleod" I had, then, little doubt. They were the romance of a woman's mind and a woman's love, playing upon, and inspiring, and in a sense fertilizing, a man's mind; and so far it was a true instinct that led William Sharp to choose such a name for this strange authorship. When circumstances interfered with the sympathetic interaction of the two minds, and when he sought to instigate by his own individual vehemence of invention the same flow of ideas, the writing, he averred, was no longer of the same quality.

Of the many letters from his imaginary Gaelic friend and collaborator which reached me from time to time, one at least may be quoted as confirming his own history of these neo-Celtic fantasies and romances.

They are books [says "Fiona Macleod," writing from "Loch-Fyne-side," on the 4th of May, 1900] at which I look sometimes with dread, for through all their outward change of time and place they are often so intimately personal. . . . Can you understand that when "Pharais" was published I would have given anything to recall it, partly because of the too much suffering there expressed, but mainly because of that "Cry of Women," which nevertheless has brought so many strange and sorrowful letters, and made many unexpected friends. . . . A still more intimate element animates "The Mountain Lovers," a book which will always for me have an unchanged air. We are fortunate if we have one book, one poem even, which, having lived there, never forgets the "Enchanted Valley."

V

It must have been rather before the period of this letter that he asked Mr. W. B.

Yeats and me to meet him, as he had a confession to make with regard to the "Fiona Macleod" stories and romances. What he then told, under the strict seal of privacy, I do not feel at liberty now to disclose; but it entirely corroborated what he had told me casually at other times, and I see no reason to doubt that, while the account was colored, it represented a genuine mental experience, and was psychologically true. Its effect was this: that he, wishing to interpret nature and the supernatural, and all their occult human contingencies, had never been able to attain to what he called "vision," until after an illness and some fever he found himself newly sensitized, and made the vehicle of a woman's vision—one far exceeding his own. Then, and not till then, he became the instrument of that creative work which, actually written down by himself, was yet the positive result of a dual state of consciousness, new, he thought, to human experience.

One of the most positive and vivid outcomes, he declared, of this twofold or complex vision was the curious fantasy of

THE WASHER OF THE FORD

There is a lonely stream afar in a lone dim land:
It hath white dust for shore it has, white bones bestrew the strand:
The only thing that liveth there is a naked leaping sword;
But I, who a seer am, have seen the whirling hand
Of the Washer of the Ford.

A shadowy shape of cloud and mist, of gloom and dusk, she stands,
The Washer of the Ford:
She laughs at times, and strews the dust through the hollow of her hands.

She counts the sins of all men there, and slays the red-stained horde—
The ghosts of all the sins of men must know the whirling sword
Of the Washer of the Ford.

Torcall heard the voice, but saw no one. No shadow moved. Then he walked out upon the moonlit grass; and at the ford he saw a woman stooping and washing shroud after shroud of woven moon-beams: washing them there in the flowing water, and singing low a song that he did not hear. He did not see her face. But she was young, and with long black hair that fell like the shadow of night over a white rock.

There are other stories in the same series which seem to me, however, much more characteristic than this—stories where the passion of love betwixt man and woman evokes the supersensual, and where one traces a twofold invention, or the play of twofold sympathies.

Whatever were William Sharp's powers in his earlier period, they never, it is certain, found any expression comparable with that found in the "Fiona Macleod" work. There, although the phrases and words are often the same, the passionate quest of the lover, the vision of the predestined woman, are given a new intensity of romantic emotion, a quite new effect in art.

Exorbitant love between man and woman leads in this concept on to the romantic vision of nature, and then, transcending all common experience, to a spiritual vision. The natural descriptions in some of these tales,—of sea and sky suffused with this romance-coloring,—are unlike anything in modern literature, neo-Celtic or other, which attempts to express romantically or to prose-paint the wonder and the joy of earth. It may be said that this pseudo-Celtic writing of "Fiona Macleod's" is not really Gaelic in spirit; it is certainly not quite like anything in old Celtic poetry, or in the characteristic Gaelic legend and romance. That may be granted without destroying the force of the claim made for its personal and original interest.

No doubt the "Fiona Macleod" romance was formed by obvious literary influences. Mr. Yeats and Nietzsche, Paul Bourget and Tolstoy, Shelley and Mr. Swinburne, had all helped to feed the lamp. An apocryphal Sin-Eater, captured in an imaginary Wales, was carried to the Highlands; a Rossettian Queen Maeve was made into a new Gaelic heroine. But how, by sympathetic processes not quite understood by William Sharp himself—how these forms, so devised, were made to live, move, and have a new being, that was still a mystery. And, after all is told about the "Fiona Macleod" writings, a mystery,—as he said in a sealed message which he left to be delivered to Mr. Yeats, myself, and to one or

two other friends after his death,—they are like to remain.

I saw my friend for the last time a day or two before his last journey to Sicily. It was a brilliant autumn morning, and the September sun flooded his room. He told me, referring to his doctor's last ominous report, that he believed one could defy even fatal disease if one "saturated one's self with sunshine. So," he added, "I am going to Taormina—to the land of the sun, hoping to get fresh energy; for I have still a great deal to do." As he said it he looked joyously out of the window at the yellowing plane-trees and the London street.

Not long before this visit, he had talked almost as light-heartedly about his virtual sentence of death. For himself, it did not seem to matter; but for others—there was the wrench. "I have lived my life, and death is only a gate"—this was the effect of his philosophy.

The gate shut on one of the most vital spirits and one of the most imaginative men of our time, at the death of William Sharp. I have called him a great illusionist, and it may be thought that "Fiona Macleod" was the greatest of his illusions; but she was real, and very real, to him. He wrote her letters every birthday, and I remember going with him once to buy an antique silver and ebony crucifix for her in Holborn. Moreover, through him, she did many mysterious, kind services and gave secret gifts; and her apparition certainly once appeared on an island of the British coast while he was apparently far away on the Southern Mediterranean. She was not, then, as some of his critics think, only a part of that "blue mist of youth and love and romance" which he describes in one of his "Spiritual Tales." She was a real woman, who really entered into his life and counsels and inspired him. And for the rest, let us recall his own words, where he says: "I write not because I know a mystery, and would reveal it; but because I have known a mystery, and am to-day as a child before it, and can neither reveal nor interpret it."

PAIN

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

YOU eat the heart of life like some great beast,
You blacken the sweet sky—that God made blue,
You are the death's-head set amid the feast,
The desert breath that drinks up every dew.

And no man lives but quails before you—Pain!
And no man lives that learns to love your rod;
The white lip smiles—but ever and again
God's image cries your horror unto God.

And yet—oh Terrible!—men grant you this:
You work a mystery. When you are done
Lo, common living turns to heavenly bliss,
Lo, the mere light is as the noonday sun!

RAILWAY DISASTERS AT NIGHT

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NEED OF REVISING THE SIGNALS

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

Professor of Experimental Psychology, and Director of the Psychological Laboratory, The Johns Hopkins University

THE accidents recurring on our railroads, with all their fearful loss of human life, must cease to appear to the thoughtful as a mere misfortune; they have become in truth a national disgrace. If, as a people, we were marked by slow intelligence, or were prevented from showing our resourcefulness by pinching poverty, some just excuse might possibly be found for these mishaps. But Americans do not instinctively regard themselves as inferior to others in the wit which deals with enginery and mechanism and in that rarer knack of organizing and directing to a single purpose the ingenuity of many men. Nor, when we consider the unwonted wealth coming to our corporations, would we plead in their behalf the hindrance due to narrow penury, which cramps their natural efforts to protect to the full the lives entrusted to their care. Reluctantly one is almost compelled to believe that the defect lies somewhere on the moral side. Those who direct our passenger service, as well as the public generally, have been far too lenient regarding great catastrophes; we have too readily accepted them as part of the inevitable cost of rapid travel.

The social aspect of the question must receive this mention even in a paper which aims to discuss merely the block signals of our railroads, lest the larger issues might for a moment be lost to view. The perils of our travel spring from something more central than signal posts or wires or colored lights: there can be no substitute for earnest and intelligent goodwill.

But good-will is relatively ineffectual if it must express itself with clumsy appliances and outworn aids. And while there can be no doubt that an overworked and weary engineer may blunder with the most perfect mechanical devices, yet this will never justify us in neglecting any possible means to make his judgments accurate and sure; it will never justify us in leaving needless difficulties in the way of those who are fresh and alert. For this reason one can hardly doubt that it will be of no small importance for us clearly to recognize the psychological faults of our present signals, and to consider whether these faults may not be overcome.

The present system of governing the movement of a train involves the use of two separate sets of signals, the one in force by day, and the other employed at night. The day signals are given by means of the arms or vanes of a semaphore near the track, and these arms are movable, and convey their message to the engineer by the different directions in which they point. The conventional signs employed by the various roads are not the same; but these differences may be here neglected, and for the sake of definiteness I shall describe only a single system—one of the simplest forms of signaling, which is coming into wide use. Here the signal-arm, when it stands in a horizontal position, indicates danger, and commands the engineer to bring his train to a stop. If the signal-arm, however, points directly to the ground, this denotes that the track ahead is open, and permits the train to proceed. But if the arm extends in a direction neither horizontal nor vertical,

but midway between these two, and at an angle of forty-five degrees from each, then it is known as a caution-signal, and means that the train may proceed, but with a sharp lookout for danger.

When darkness comes on, and these outstretched arms are no longer visible, a different set of signals comes into play. Changing colors now convey the fateful message. In front of a lantern placed high beside the track, a series of glasses is so arranged that, according to the condition of the track ahead, the light may be made to gleam red or green or white. To describe, as before, only one of several forms, the red light denotes "danger," "stop," "the track is closed"; the green light means "proceed cautiously"; while the white light indicates an open track, with permission freely to advance.

Now this alternation every night and morning between two wholly different kinds of signals would be unfortunate, even if each set were of itself entirely good; for what is here needed, above all, is absolute simplicity. The signal should pierce the mind, should thrust its meaning home, in the most direct and unerring way. In art we look for variety; we prefer that a recurring thought should come to us in varied garb. But where life or death hangs on the instant understanding of the message, a symbol should bear only a single meaning, and a given meaning should be conveyed by an unchanging sign. A system in which an idea is communicated now by one sign and now by another is not entirely flawless.

But the really grave fault in the present arrangement is not that the signals are changed twice daily, but that the alternate sets are of immensely different value, and the worse signals are in force during the very period of greatest danger. The oncoming of night, which from so many causes is the most perilous time of travel, makes useless the signals which require the engineer merely to distinguish forms and directions, and brings in their stead colors, which are peculiarly liable to be misread. The difficulties with which these color signals are burdened I cannot believe are fully known to all.

In the first place, and perhaps of minor importance, it should not be overlooked that the white light used in the block system is to be entitled "white" only by courtesy, for it comes in reality from the warm yellow flame of an oil lamp, and is uncommonly rich in red rays. When viewed through the smoky air which so often hovers over our railroads, it is for this reason the more liable to take on a reddish tinge, a ruddy effect which even the pure white of the sun cannot escape when brought into the presence of smoke. Now at the first thought it might seem of no moment if occasionally a "white" signal did appear as tinged with red. Would it not at most cause an engineer to delay at a point where he might with perfect safety have advanced? But if he should often see a reddish light which he later discovered to be intended for white, a red light would cease to be quite so startling and deterrent to him. And thereby the chances are at least slightly increased that he will at some critical moment perhaps unconsciously make allowance for the effect of smoke where no smoke whatever exists, and by taking an actually red light for white, will dash his train with all the life it holds headlong into ruin.

But apart from such casual incentives to carelessness and mistake, our railway engineers are men, and not women, and the color sense in men is strangely prone to be at fault. Serious abnormalities of color vision occur, on the average, in about one man in every twenty, and are found with tenfold greater frequency among men than among women.[1] And as if by a kind of diabolic perversity, the colors which are so vital to the signal system, red and green, are the very ones with regard to which the abnormal eye more often goes astray.

Now, while it is true that railroad officers have long felt the need of testing the eyes of their engineers for any defect of color vision, yet neither these officials nor the public are even yet fully aware how much there exists of defective color vision that is not of the marked character which we associate with the term "color-blindness." Persons with these less serious disturbances often can distinguish colors, but not with that facility which is possible with the normal eye; and thus it comes about that men weak in their color

[1] For a paper on "Color Blindness," illustrated with color plates and with diagrams, by Dr. Edward A. Ayers, see THE CENTURY of last month.

sense, but by no means color-blind, are nightly groping their way amid signals that, even with the senses at their best, have difficulty enough and to spare. When to the number of these color-weak we add those who have actually no real perception of red or green, and yet do in some way succeed in passing the usual tests, we feel more keenly the peril from employing in so vital a matter a side of our vision that is notoriously unfaithful, and whose evil traits are so difficult to detect.

As if the reputation of the color sense were not already clouded enough, there is another of its frailties which with regret one must record. Even when the human eye is at its best and nowise departs from the norm, it is incapable of seeing correctly the color of objects caught out of the corner of the eye. Throughout a large part of the field of view at any given moment all colors of moderate intensity appear to the eye as white. We think we see them in their proper character even when we do not look directly at them; but this is demonstrably a mistake. And what is also of importance for our present interest, the area of the field within which a light appears in its proper hue is not the same for all colors, and its extent for red and green is most restricted of all. This means that we have to look more directly at red and green, if we are not to mistake them perhaps for yellow or white—the light that in the railroad language implies that all is well. Now, even in the quiet of the psychological laboratory the errors which a person will make in trying to direct his eye with speed and accuracy toward a given point surprise us by their largeness. He may feel confident that he has swept his glance clear to the point selected, yet a record taken by exact photography will often show that he did not look directly at the point at all; his *attention* made the sweep full to the goal, but his *eye* lagged far behind. But if we leave the psychological laboratory, and imagine ourselves in the swaying cab of a locomotive, the machinery never to be lost to mind for a moment, the very seconds of time to be carefully watched as they pass, while the color of a signal must be caught in its flight to one side, would it be strange if under these wild conditions the errors of the laboratory should be repeated and even markedly increased? If such a lapse occurred, the red or green of the signal might seem fatally colorless, having fallen somewhere on that large, outlying part of the eye upon which these colors have no proper effect.

The limitations of the normal eye are, however, not yet fully told. Even when it looks with fair accuracy at them, it is always at a disadvantage with regard to colors at night. The eye, grown accustomed to darkness, becomes exceedingly sensitive to faint lights, but it no longer detects their proper colors: "in the dusk all cats are gray." At nightfall a strange kind of second-sight comes in to supplement the vision of common day, now baffled; but this owl-sight of the human eye is able to catch bare light and shade and form, and is blind to the hue of things. This baffling of the color sense at night, even when objects themselves are visible, is not due entirely to the peculiarities of artificial light; for the color-blindness of the eye in faint illumination can be beautifully demonstrated in the laboratory when only pure sunlight is used.

This change which has taken place in the eye that has come to "see in the dark" is of no special importance for our signaling when the air is clear and the signal-lights show bright. Colors are readily seen at night if they are intense enough. But the night express cannot be fastidious about its weather; and often to the blinding wind and smoke through which it madly hurries there is added a fog or a driving rain or snow, and the signal-light, if seen at all, will appear as a faintest glimmer. And now the fact that the eye adapted to the dark can see the light, but see no color in it, becomes perhaps of fateful importance; it may mean the difference between safety and destruction to a hundred lives. Color-signals by day would be bad enough; by night they become a positive invitation to disaster.

But the present system of block signals at night is ill-adapted not to the eye alone; it gives needless labor to the memory and the attention. It requires the engineer, among the innumerable lights that line his track, to distinguish those which are to guide him, from those that are of no significance to him at all. Anyone who

has ridden in the cab of an express locomotive during its frantic course by night, and seen the engineer, as by a miracle, pick out his "white" signal amid a swarm of near-by city lights of a hue identical with the one that must direct him; seen him, also, with an almost mysterious confidence rush past countless red and green lights, knowing that they were not for him but were switch-lights, or lanterns guarding the rear of some neighboring train or were signals for "slow" trains, for cross-overs, and a host of things beside,—as one dashes recklessly through this maze of colored lights, he can no longer wonder that signals are occasionally misread or unobserved. He can only marvel that a night express ever reaches its goal in safety. Added, then, to the perils due to the defects of the eye, both normal and abnormal, the present block signals have this serious fault: they do not stand out distinct and apart from numberless other lights that suddenly appear to the engineer, but to which he is expected to give no heed.

These objections to the use of color in our block signals, for to them I am confining my paper, might perhaps be hardly worth recounting if nothing better could possibly take its place; we might regret that our own safety and the safety of our fellow-men must hang by so slender a thread, and there the matter would end. The situation, however, is not at all so hopeless. We may, whenever we please, do away with color as a means of signaling, and put in its place a better order of signs.

The plan that I would propose would be to use throughout the twenty-four hours the kind of signal which is now employed only by day. Such an arrangement would have the advantage which lies in perfect uniformity; it would abolish the daily change from form to color. But it would also have the more important excellence, that the signals thus made general are eminently preferable to those which would be crowded out. For inasmuch as the day signals now in use consist of markedly different directions of a semaphore vane, whereof the color is of no importance except to make the projecting arm conspicuous, they are based upon something psychologically sound. The space sense, upon which they place their reliance, has, like every human power, its imperfections; but these are far less glaring than in the case of color, and are more surely detected whenever they occur. And since the sense of space is of one blood with habits and instincts deep within the individual and the race, it is not easily thrown into disorder. Our power to notice differences of form and position is one which, through the common needs of life, has developed wonderful stability and strength. The recognition of places, the finding of ways both indoors and out, the noting of the tracks and forms of animals, the shaping of tools, the art of reading and writing—these and countless other matters depend upon and encourage an interest in the *spatial* character of things, an interest which informs and guides not only us, but uncivilized men and the higher animals as well. Compared with this power, the general steadiness and fidelity of which is thus guaranteed by long habit and long inheritance, our color sense seems only an upstart and an idler. The older experiments which seemed to prove an appreciation of color far down the animal scale have little credit now, and it is doubtful whether the child can see the hue of things until months after it has observed their positions and forms. But even after the color sense is certainly present, it rarely attains prime practical importance; it is more an incident, more a pleasant luxury among our mental furnishings. The feeble color vocabulary of the ordinary male is a fair expression of this native lack of interest in color; and in more than one whole language, differences as great as that between green and blue are left unmarked by separate words. The very frequent lack of any power whatever in us to notice colors, of which enough has already been said, is perhaps the strongest indication that Nature regards lightly this power of ours to catch the fleeting tints and hues of things. The color sense saunters in and out of life, as irresponsible as any Harold Skimpole, and seems never to have been intended to bear the brunt of elemental action.

To take the responsibility for the traveler's safety away from the color faculty and entrust it to the space sense, is, then, the plain dictate of science. And this could be accomplished simply by making at night the vane of the semaphore lumi-

nous. As, in our cities, lights are arranged in lines and letters to catch the attention, so here the signal could become a fiery arm pointing outward or down or, if need be, midway between these directions, at will. Such a line of fire would be strikingly different from the usual lights of buildings or of streets. It would also, both in quality and in form, stand out entirely distinct from all the colored lights whose use upon the railway it may, in the end, seem wise to continue for purposes other than the block signal. A continuous line of light, moreover, would be visible at a far greater distance than is the present single light. The glowing signal lights would best be white, and of course should not change in tint in order to convey their message. This would at once remove all need of discerning whether the line burned white or green or red, with all the risk which the distinction brings.

The mechanical difficulties of introducing the new form of signal would not be great. A row of half a dozen oil-lamps stretched along the front of the signal-arm,—lamps of the type at present used in the block system,—could be counterpoised to prevent their interference with the proper action of the mechanism which controls the arm. Even with such lanterns the new system would have an immense superiority over the old, but no one should regard these weak lights as more than a makeshift; for what is urgently needed is something that will penetrate the smoke and mist and storm. There would be many advantages in using incandescent electric lights throughout the large area where a suitable current is now available—an area rapidly increasing, and doubtless destined soon to cover nearly our whole land. The objection to the use of electric lights, that they are liable suddenly to fail if for any reason the current is interrupted, would not be serious where electricity is also the motive power of the trains; for should the current cease, and the signal-lights go out, the train would at the same time soon be brought to a stop, and there would be no immediate danger from the interruption. But on roads where electricity is not the motive power, the best illuminant for the new signal would perhaps be gas stored under pressure in tanks—gas such as is used in many of our railway cars or in the gas-buoys set along our shores by the Government. Since these buoys burn untended for months in storm or calm, it would seem that such a light might well be adapted to illuminate the semaphore arm. For if a line of oil lamps were used, the temptation would be strong to economize in weight, and consequently in oil capacity, and thus to have only a moderate brilliancy where a powerful light is needed.

It is true that such a change, like most things that are desirable, would require some additional expense. But since the whole present mechanism by which the semaphores are operated might remain unchanged, the cost of the alteration would certainly not be great. Nor will the country be reluctant to spend money when once there is the clear issue of saving or of sacrificing life. The social earnestness to prevent the needless death of a single person ought to be as great in the case of railroad accidents as it is in regard to the condemnation of an innocent person by a court. But apart from all moral considerations, it is probable that the saving to a railway company by lessened claims for personal injury, not to speak of the lessened damage to its freight and its equipment, would pay a liberal interest on the cost of making the change.

But when we are seeking to avert great danger, we should not be nice about economies; we should come forward with a lavish hand. We should heap safety-devices several deep, and nothing that can materially contribute to make it impossible for an engineer unwittingly to run past a "stop" signal should be omitted. Unquestionably it would add to the security of travel if the setting of a "stop" signal should automatically bring it about that an engine passing such a signal caused the explosion of several torpedoes or bombs of generous size. This would violently coerce the attention of the engineer and his fireman, and, indeed, of every person on the train, and this general warning that a "stop" signal had been unheeded would make it possible to correct the blunder before it became a disaster. An alarm of the kind would also tend to prevent those too frequent cases, often fatal, where an engineer in-

tentionally disregards a signal not to proceed.

Thus the expedients for guarding human life, without in the least interfering with the freedom of travel, are far from exhausted. But while ingenuity has long been tireless in devising ever swifter transit, there seems to have been no such unwearying effort to render travel safe. Yet safety first, and speed only in so far as this safety will permit, must unquestionably in the end be the maxim which all will feel bound to respect. And while the safeguards in this region will depend for their discovery on many interests and on many diversities of talent, yet so long as these safeguards are only tools and implements of human attention and human sensibility, the science which is concerned with these mental powers cannot profitably be left out of account.

LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator, 1861-1866

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has been studied from almost every point of view, but it is a notable fact that none of his biographers has ever seriously considered that branch of the service with which Lincoln was in daily personal touch for four years—the military telegraph; for, during the Civil War, the President spent more of his waking hours in the War Department telegraph office than in any other place except the White House.[1] While in the telegraph office he was comparatively free from official cares, and therefore more inclined to disclose his natural traits and disposition.

During the last four years of Lincoln's all too brief public career, even until the day before his tragic ending, the writer was most fortunate in being able to see him and talk with him daily, and usually several times a day; for he visited the War Department telegraph office regularly, morning, afternoon, and evening, to receive the latest news from the front. His tall, homely form could be seen crossing the well-shaded lawn between the White House and the War Department with unvaried regularity.

In cool weather he invariably wore a gray plaid shawl thrown over his shoulders in careless fashion, and, upon entering the telegraph office, he would always hang this shawl over the top of the high, screen door opening into Secretary Stanton's room, adjoining. This door was nearly always open. He seldom failed to come over late in the evening before retiring, and when returning to the White House after dark, he was frequently accompanied by Major Eckert, our chief, and nearly always by a small guard of soldiers. He sometimes protested against this latter precaution as unnecessary, but Secretary Stanton's orders to the guard were imperative.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE WAR TELEGRAPH

AT the outbreak of the Civil War the writer was employed in the telegraph de-

[1] During the Civil War the Executive Mansion was not as now connected by telegraph, and all the President's telegrams were handled at the War Department.

partment of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona. About April 22, 1861, a message was received from Andrew Carnegie, Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division, but then in Washington with Colonel Thomas A. Scott, organizing governmental control of railroads and telegraphs. This message directed me to go to Washington at once, with other operators, to enter the military telegraph service. Accordingly four of us, David Strouse, Samuel M. Brown (both since deceased), Richard O'Brien, and the writer, started. Reaching Perryville, Maryland, we found that a force of Southern sympathizers from Baltimore, under Marshal Kane and Major Trimble, had destroyed the railroad bridges over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers, so that we were compelled to go by water to Annapolis, where we took train for Washington, and reported to Thomas A. Scott, who had been commissioned colonel of volunteers, and who, on August 1, 1861, was appointed Assistant Secretary of War.

From an ambrotype

SAMUEL M. BROWN
DAVID STROUSE RICHARD O'BRIEN
DAVID HOMER BATES

First four operators in the U. S. Military Telegraph Corps, April, 1861

The telegraph instruments were in Chief-Clerk Sanderson's room, adjoining that of the Secretary of War. Upon entering, we could see through the open door two very tall, slim men, President Lincoln and Secretary Cameron, and General Winfield Scott, the old Mexican hero, who was massive as well as tall. To tell the truth, Lincoln's homely appearance did not at first impress us very favorably. We had heard of him as "Old Abe the rail-splitter," and he seemed to us uncouth and awkward, and he did not conform to our ideas of what a president should be; while old General Scott, with his gold epaulets, sash, and sword, made a magnificent presence. But as afterward I saw Lincoln almost daily, often for hours at a time, I soon forgot his awkward appearance, and came to think of him as a very attractive and, indeed, lovable person.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S SERVICES

THE following account of Andrew Carnegie's work in connection with the Military Telegraph Corps was prepared after a recent interview with him, and has received his indorsement:

In the month of April, 1861, just after Sumter's fall, Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, requested President Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad to spare Vice-President Thomas A. Scott for a time, to get the railroad and telegraph service under proper control. Colonel Scott asked that Andrew Carnegie, then superintendent of the Pittsburg division, should accompany and assist him. President Thomson acquiesced. This was just before the Sixth Massachusetts was assaulted while passing through the streets of Baltimore en route to the capital.

Mr. Carnegie started for Washington immediately. His route was via Philadelphia and Perryville, where the Susquehanna enters Chesapeake Bay, thence to Annapolis by the ferry-boat *Maryland*, which also carried the Eighth Massachusetts. He had drafted from his railway division, and brought with him, the nucleus of a strong railroad force, so that the Government would be able at once to take possession of and operate the rail-

roads about Washington. This force consisted of conductors, trainmen, trackmen, road supervisors, bridge-builders, etc. The four telegraphers before mentioned followed shortly afterward, and additional operators in May and June.

Arriving at Annapolis, Samuel F. Barr of Pittsburg, who was made commissary for Carnegie's party, took possession of a fine mansion which the owners had deserted, and the entire force made that ancient town its headquarters for the time being. Their first work was to repair the railroad- and telegraph-line to Annapolis Junction, and thence to Washington, which had been wrecked by a band of raiders from Baltimore. This occupied them several days. Skilled men detailed from the Eighth Massachusetts rendering valuable service. Meanwhile General Benjamin F. Butler was the first to pass over the repaired line, he and his staff accompanying Carnegie from Annapolis to Washington. Carnegie was on the locomotive, and, when approaching Washington, he saw that the enemy had torn down the telegraph-line, and at one place had pinned the wires to the ground between two poles. Stopping the train, he jumped off, and pulling the stake toward him, the released wires struck him in the face, knocking him over. He came into Washington bleeding profusely. We have always claimed that, so far as is known, the Military Telegraph Corps thus furnished the third man who bled for his country in the Civil War, the two Massachusetts men assaulted by the mob in Baltimore being the first and second.

When Carnegie reached Washington, the need of telegraph-operators directly under Government control at once became evident, and he wired for operators from his railroad line. Carnegie was appointed Colonel Scott's assistant, in charge of military railroads and telegraphs, and made his headquarters in Alexandria, Virginia, to be near the scene of action. His first task was to establish a ferry from Washington to Alexandria and to extend the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad track from the old depot in Washington, just north of the Capitol, along Maryland Avenue, to and across the Potomac, so that locomotives and cars might be crossed for use in Virginia. Long Bridge, over the Potomac, had to be rebuilt, and I clearly recall the fact that under the direction of Carnegie and his assistant, R. F. Morley,[1] the railroad between Washington and Alexandria was completed in the remarkably short period of seven days. All hands, from Carnegie down, worked day and night to accomplish the task set before them.

At the same time the telegraph-lines were extended, and communication by wire was opened with outlying points. Telegraphers were in great demand, and were called for from all the leading systems, but chiefly from the Pennsylvania railroad, which was drained of many of its best men. Telegraph offices were opened at Alexandria, Burkes Station, Fairfax, and other points. I remember an incident which occurred just before the battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, and which I have since recalled to Mr. Carnegie's memory. I had gone out on the hastily repaired railroad to Accotink Creek, near Fairfax, where Carnegie's bridge-builders under Colonel Piper were reconstructing a bridge, and I had volunteered to go back a mile or so on a hand-car, to a spring, to get some drinking-water for his men. Several of Ellsworth's New York Fire Zouaves were assigned to propel the car for me, and I sat in the front to catch the breeze, for the day was excessively hot. Upon rounding a curve, we saw a train coming at good speed. There was no time to run back, so we all jumped for our lives, and the engine struck the hand-car and sent the pieces flying in all directions. I was kept busy for a moment on a sandy slope of the cut, trying to hold myself from falling backward on the track.

When the train stopped, I looked around, and the first person I saw was Mr. Carnegie, who called out, "Why, Homer Bates, what are you doing here?"

I answered that I had started to get some spring water for his bridge-builders, but had concluded to give up the task, as I thought it was best for me to stick to the telegraph business.

A few days later, after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, Carnegie's trains were

[1] Morley, the first military railroad superintendent, and Strouse, the first military telegraph superintendent, literally worked themselves to death. They both died before the year was out.

kept busy bringing our retreating troops to Alexandria, the enemy being in close pursuit. The telegraph office at Burkes Station was soon closed, and Carnegie, with other railroad men and telegraph-

whom had remained at their posts of duty.

After the battle of Bull Run, and until November, Carnegie continued his work of organizing and perfecting the

From a photograph by J. E. McClees, Philadelphia. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW CARNEGIE IN 1861

operators, took the last train to Alexandria. In speaking of this incident, Mr. Carnegie told me that on the following morning he found that some of the railroad men had succeeded in crossing the Potomac into Washington during the night, but not any telegraphers, all of

military railroad and telegraph service, which had then been placed on such a firm basis that he could be spared to return to his former duties at Pittsburg, which post had become of prime importance because of the increasing demands of the Government in the matter

of transportation of troops, guns, and supplies for McClellan's army.

CHANGES IN THE TELEGRAPH SERVICE

THIS, then, was the beginning, and the four young operators mentioned, formed the nucleus of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, which at its maximum strength contained over fifteen hundred members. In 1906, when these pages were written, the survivors numbered fewer than two hundred.

The Military Telegraph Corps was a special organization under the direct control of the War Department, and its members were not considered an integral part of the United States army (excepting only ten or twelve holding positions as assistant quartermasters, to enable them officially to receive and disburse funds and property), nor were we under military control proper, our orders coming direct from the Secretary of War.

Our first superintendent was David Strouse.[1] His health was poor when he reached Washington, and he overworked himself during the succeeding months, dying in October of that year. Samuel M. Brown, another of the original group, died about a year later. James R. Gilmore succeeded Strouse as superintendent, and he in turn was succeeded by Thomas T. Eckert, Gilmore having been ordered to North Carolina in charge of military telegraphs with General Quincy A. Gillmore's expedition. Colonel Gilmore is still living at his old home, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

My first assignment to duty was at the Navy Yard under Captain, afterward Admiral, Dahlgren, who directed the sergeant of the guard to keep a sentry in front of the door leading to the telegraph room, and to allow no one to enter or leave. These orders were obeyed literally, and for four days I was virtually a prisoner, my frugal meals being sent to me. The confinement became so irksome that on one occasion I locked the door and climbed out of the window; but on my return by the same route, the sentry overheard the noise I made, and when I opened the door he warned me that the manœuver could be repeated only at the risk of a shot from his gun.

Early in May I was transferred to Annapolis Junction, where on the night of the tenth I was roused from bed by General Butler, who ordered me to open the telegraph office and keep the railroad track clear to Annapolis for the train carrying Ross Winans, whom he had that day arrested in Baltimore for treason. I continued to call the Annapolis office for several hours, but finally concluded that General Butler's train had either safely reached its destination or had encountered obstacles which I could not hope to remove. A fortnight later I returned to the War Department, and remained there on continuous duty until a year after the close of the war, excepting for two weeks in June, 1864, when I served as cipher-operator for General Grant at City Point, Virginia.

THE PRESIDENT'S EARLIEST GRIEFS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

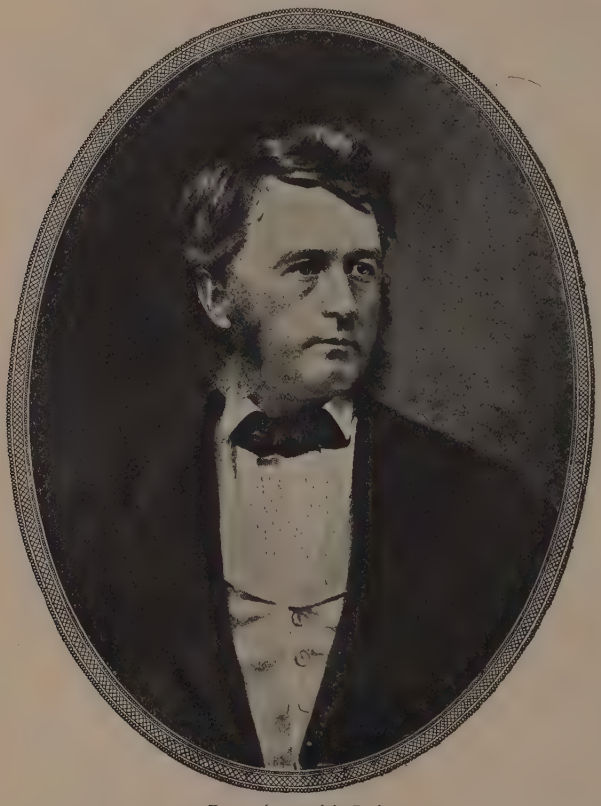
MY second meeting with Abraham Lincoln was when I returned from Annapolis Junction to the War Department Office on May 24, 1861, my first service at that time being to record and deliver to him in person a telegram from an advance office in Virginia, beyond Long Bridge, announcing the shooting of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth of the Fire Zouaves (11th New York) at the Marshall House, Alexandria. Ellsworth had been a student in Lincoln's office before the war, and was held in high esteem by Lincoln, who, upon hearing the sad news of his death, wrote a touching letter of condolence to his parents.

In June, 1861, the telegraph office was moved from the chief-clerk's room to the entresol, or first landing, of the stairway leading to the second story of the War Department building, a railing having been erected to inclose the telegraph-instruments and secure some measure of seclusion. The inner space was small and, during the disastrous days of Bull Run (from July 20 to 22, 1861), when Lincoln came to the office, remaining for hours at a time with General Scott and one or more members of his cabinet, the place was so crowded that the operators found it difficult to attend properly to their work.

[1] His official appointment bears date May 15, 1861.

On Sunday, July 21, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, the military telegraph-line had reached Fairfax Court-House, and an improvised office had been opened at that point. Communication with General McDowell's headquarters at the front was maintained by means of a corps of mounted couriers, organized by Andrew Carnegie, under the immediate direction of William B. Wilson, who then served as our manager. These couriers passed back and forth all day long between Fairfax and the front. Lincoln hardly left his seat in our office and waited with deep anxiety for each succeeding despatch. At times during the awful day, General Scott would confer with the President or Secretary Cameron for a short period, and then depart to put into effect some urgent measures for protecting the capital.

All the morning and well along into the afternoon, General McDowell's telegrams were more or less encouraging, and Lincoln and his advisers waited with eager hope, believing that Beauregard was being pushed back to Manassas Junction; but all at once the despatches ceased coming. At first this was taken to mean that McDowell was moving farther away from the telegraph, and then, as the silence became prolonged, a strange fear seized upon the assembled watchers that perhaps all was not well. Suddenly the telegraph-instrument became alive again, and the short sentence, "Our army is retreating," was spelled out in the Morse characters. This brief announcement was



From a photograph by Brady

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

followed by meager details concerning the first great disaster that had befallen our troops and the panic that followed.

The crowded telegraph office was quickly deserted by all except the operators, but Lincoln returned at intervals until after midnight, and shortly afterward the outlying office at Fairfax Court-House was abandoned. When morning dawned, our demoralized troops began to straggle, and then to pour, in an ever-increasing stream of frightened humanity over Long Bridge into Washington, the immediate capture of which seemed then to be, and really was, within the power of the Confederate Army, if only they had pressed their advantage. Consternation reigned supreme, and all realized that a great crisis of the war, the next after Sumter, was upon us.

The dark clouds that settled at that time upon Lincoln's already wrinkled brow were destined never to lift their heavy weight, except for that all too brief period of exaltation, just before his tragic ending, when Grant had pushed Lee to Appomattox, and Richmond was at last in our hands.

Our Bull Run experience in the telegraph office showed the necessity for more room and a location where the operators would be free from outside observation; so we were transferred to a large room on the first floor, facing Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately under the library. (Later this first-floor room was occupied by Colonel Robert Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General, who married the widow of Stephen A. Douglas, and our office was moved to a rear room on the same floor.) In 1862 we were transferred to the library, on the floor above.

Lincoln visited us daily in the first-floor room, and from its windows, in September, 1861, watched his friend Colonel E. D. Baker, with his brigade, including the so-called California regiment (71st Pennsylvania Volunteers) marching out on his way to Ball's Bluff and death. A month later, when Lincoln was again in the office awaiting news from Colonel Baker, a message from Poolesville was received over the hastily extended telegraph-line, stating that there had been "a movement of troops across the Potomac at Edwards Ferry under General Stone, and Colonel Baker is reported killed." Lincoln walked out of the telegraph office in tears and apparently dazed.

Colonel Baker had succeeded Lincoln in Congress, and between the two there had always been a close friendship, which was formed during the years in which they had practised law in Illinois. Lincoln keenly felt the death of his friend as a great personal loss; and, besides, it must have helped to make him realize that the terrible struggle in which the country was engaged would demand the sacrifice of many more such useful lives.

On November 1, 1861, the President issued an order placing Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott upon the retired list, and appointing Major-General George B. McClellan to the command of the army of the United States in his place. The latter established his headquarters in a building facing Lafayette Square, one block from the White House, and for several months thereafter the War Department telegraph office held a somewhat subordinate position, and Lincoln came to it but rarely. Every day, however, he visited the telegraph office at army headquarters, where Thomas T. Eckert (later, our superintendent) was in charge.

Nicolay and Hay, in their "Abraham Lincoln,"[1] say that Stanton "centered the telegraph in the War Department, where the publication of military news, which might prematurely reach the enemy, could be supervised, and, if necessary, delayed," and that it was Lincoln's practice to go informally to Stanton's office in times of great suspense during impending or actual battles, and "spend hour after hour with his War Secretary, where he could read the telegrams as fast as they were received and handed in from the adjoining room." In fact, he did not wait for them to be handed in, but kept in close touch with the cipher-operators, often looking over our shoulders when he knew some specially important message was in course of translation.

LINCOLN IN A HUMOROUS VEIN

From January, 1862, until the close of the war, the telegraphic reins of Government were held by a firm and skilful hand

[1] Vol. V, p. 141.

in the War Department, and in their guiding influence upon the affairs on the nation were all-powerful for good. Dating, also, from the appointment of Stanton to the cabinet, Lincoln began to make the War Department telegraph office his lounging-place, and during the winter of 1862 we saw him daily, although our office at that time was crowded and inconvenient. It was in the first-floor rear room that I first heard one of his humorous remarks. General Robert C. Schenck, who after the war became minister to England (but who is perhaps better remembered as the author of a treatise on the gentle art of playing poker, of which game the English public became greatly enamoured about that time), was in command of our forces near Alexandria. One evening he sent a telegram from Drainsville, Virginia, announcing a slight skirmish with the enemy, resulting in the capture of thirty or forty prisoners, all armed with Colt's revolvers. As Lincoln read the message, he turned to the operator, who had handed it to him, and said, with a twinkle in his eye, that the newspapers were given to such exaggeration in publishing army news that we might be sure when General Schenck's despatch appeared in print the next day all the little Colt's revolvers would have grown into horse-pistols.

Many years afterward an Englishman supplied me with a sequel to this story. On March 17, 1905, while crossing the Atlantic on the new Cunard liner *Caronia,* I addressed to the cabin audience some "Recollections of Lincoln," which were listened to by passengers of many nationalities. Reference was made to Lincoln's typical English patronymic, and also, it being St. Patrick's day, to his reputed Irish ancestry, and I repeated the Lincoln story above quoted. On the following day an Englishman accosted me on the promenade deck, and said, "Oh, I was very much amused last evening by your anecdotes of President Lincoln, and particularly by that one about the Colt's revolvers growing up into horse-pistols. That was quite funny, don't you know—but tell me, Mr. Bates, did the newspapers actually print horse-pistols, as Mr. Lincoln said they would?" I was compelled to tell my questioner that so long a time had elapsed I had really forgotten how the despatch read when published.

Another incident connected with the apparently futile operations of General Schenck led the President to give us a further bit of humor. Upon receiving a despatch one day which, like many others about that time, told of petty skirmishes, with no definite results, Lincoln remarked that the whole business of backing and filling on the part of General Schenck's forces and those of the enemy reminded him of two snappy dogs, separated by a rail fence and barking at each other like fury, until, as they ran along the fence, they came to an open gate, whereupon they suddenly stopped barking, and after looking at each other for a moment, turned tail, and trotted off in opposite directions.

EXCITING TIMES IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

On March 9, 1862, the little telegraph room was the scene of great excitement, when the startling news came by wire from Cherrystone Point, on the Eastern Shore, opposite Fort Monroe, that the Confederate iron-clad ram *Virginia,* previously known as the *Merrimac,* had come out of the Elizabeth River from Portsmouth, and after a brief fight, had sunk the *Cumberland,* burned the *Congress,* and run the *Minnesota* aground, and might be looked for up the Potomac within forty-eight hours. In Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" [1] this incident is referred to thus: "Telegraph news of these events reached Washington the next morning, Sunday, and the hasty meeting of the Cabinet . . . was perhaps the most excited and impressive of the whole war. . . . Lincoln was, as usual in trying moments, composed but eagerly inquisitive, critically scanning the despatches . . . joining scrap to scrap of information, applying his searching analysis and clear logic to read the danger and find the remedy."

Lincoln alone seemed hopeful that better news would soon be received, and his hopes were fulfilled. While the Sunday quiet of that day was being disturbed by the hurried preparations that were being made by the army and navy to block the

[1] Vol. V, p. 226.

Potomac channel by obstructions sunk at one or more points for the purpose of preventing the ram and her consorts from reaching Washington, Lincoln's hopes were raised by the receipt of the following telegram, dated the day before, but delayed by a break in the cable:

Fort Monroe, March 8, 1862.

SECRETARY OF WAR: The iron-clad Ericsson battery *Monitor* has arrived, and will proceed to take care of the *Merrimac* in the morning.

John E. Wool, Major-Gen'l Com'd'g.

These were hopeful words from the brave old Mexican veteran, and when Lincoln and his cabinet were assembled that evening in the telegraph office, eager and anxious for news of the promised battle, we received the joyful news flashed over the new cable, laid during the day between Cherrystone Point and Fort Monroe, that Ericsson's little cheese-box *Monitor,* under command of Captain John L. Worden, had tackled the iron-clad giant, and sent her back to shelter, which, in fact, she never again forsook. These glorious tidings brought instant relief to all, and especially to the President, who could not refrain from showing his joy by every word and look. Two months later (May 10, 1862), when Norfolk was captured by General Wool, President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and another member of his cabinet being at Fort Monroe, and directing the movement, the enemy blew up the *Merrimac,* which drew too much water to permit her to retreat up the James River to Richmond.

When in the telegraph office, Lincoln was most easy of access. He often talked with the cipher-operators when alone with us, frequently asking questions regarding the despatches which, looking over our shoulders, he could see we were translating from or into cipher, or which had been filed in the order of their receipt in the little drawer in our cipher desk, where the copies were placed face down, the latest on top.

There were many times after the first Bull Run fight when Lincoln remained in the telegraph office till late at night, and occasionally all night long. One of these occasions was during General Pope's disastrous campaign of 1862, ending in the second battle of Bull Run. McClellan, lately come from the Peninsula, was at Alexandria with part of his army, which Lincoln and Halleck were vainly urging should be hastened forward to Pope's relief. Telegram after telegram was sent to McClellan, who for some unexplained reason remained almost inactive. When Franklin's Corps did finally move, after several days' futile discussion with the War Department, it was too late, and he was ordered back, after marching out a few miles only.

McClellan arrived in person at Alexandria on the night of August 26. On August 29 he telegraphed that Franklin's Corps was ordered to march to Pope's relief at daylight, August 30. August 26 was the first of those strenuous, anxious days. Lincoln came to the War Department office several times that day, and after supper came again, prepared to stay all night, if necessary, in order to receive the latest news from Pope, who was at the front, facing the enemy, and from McClellan, who was still being urged to hurry forward reinforcements.

Hour after hour of the long night passed with no news from the front until just before dawn, when the following was received:

August 27, 1862, 4:25 A. M.

A. LINCOLN: Intelligence received within twenty minutes informs me that the enemy are advancing and have crossed Bull Run bridge; if it is not destroyed, it probably will be. The forces sent by us last night held it until that time. *H. Haupt.*

Lincoln, who was still keeping vigil with the telegraph-operators, at once penned this answer:

August 27, 1862.

COLONEL HAUPT: What became of our force which held the bridge till twenty minutes ago? *A. Lincoln.*

Receiving no reply immediately, Lincoln telegraphed again:

August 27, 1862.

COLONEL HAUPT: Is the railroad bridge over Bull Run destroyed? *A. Lincoln.*

To this Colonel Haupt replied:

Our latest information is that the Eleventh Ohio held the bridge for a long time, and it is now retreating. *H. Haupt.*

During the next succeeding days, Lincoln continued to send brief messages of inquiry to Colonel Haupt, upon whom he, as well as Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, seemed to depend for accurate and early military information far more generals. On May 25, he wrote as many more, and from one despatch to half a dozen on nearly every succeeding day for months. It is also worthy of special remark that Lincoln's numerous telegrams, even those sent by him during his

From a steel engraving by Geo. E. Perine

GENERAL THOMAS THOMPSON ECKERT

General Eckert was Chief of the War Department Telegraph Corps, 1861–1866. The engraving was made from a photograph by Kurtz taken soon after the Civil War

than upon General McClellan or General Pope.

During the entire war, the files of the War Department telegraph office were punctuated with short, pithy despatches from Lincoln, which were nearly always written while he was seated at Major Eckert's desk, his favorite resort. For instance, on May 24, 1862, Mr. Lincoln sent ten or twelve telegrams—all prepared in his own handwriting—to various two weeks' stay at City Point in March and April, 1865, and the less than half a dozen which he sent after his return to Washington, were almost without exception in his own handwriting, his copy being remarkably neat and legible, with seldom an erasure or correction.

While Mr. Lincoln was sometimes critical and even sarcastic when events moved slowly, or when satisfactory results that seemed to be demanded by the immediate

conditions were lacking, yet he did not fail promptly to commend when good news came; for instance, note the following:

August 17, 1864, 10:30 A. M.

LIEUT.-GEN'L GRANT, City Point, Va.: I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are: Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. *A. Lincoln.*

MESSAGES WITHHELD FROM MCCLELLAN

A GREAT deal has been written by Civil War historians concerning the strained relations between McClellan and the Administration, and the consensus of opinion of such writers is that McClellan was greatly to blame not only in respect of his military service, but also of his correspondence with the President and Secretary of War. The following incidents, however, are greatly to his credit.

In the latter part of April, 1862, Major Eckert was ordered by Secretary Stanton to go to Fort Monroe to look after telegraph matters, and while there several long messages were received from New York city, addressed to McClellan, whose headquarters were at White House on the Pamunkey, about twenty miles from Richmond. These messages were signed by a prominent New Yorker, who was then chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and were of such an extraordinary character that Eckert, on his own responsibility, concluded not to forward them over the headquarters line, but to hold them until he could deliver them in person. In effect, they advised McClellan to disregard interference by the Administration with army matters, and to act on his own judgment. In that case, his adviser said, he would be sustained by the people of the North, who were becoming weary of having military affairs directed by civilians at Washington.

Before Eckert could go to McClellan's headquarters, the President and Secretary of War, with Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, came to Fort Monroe, in order to be on hand when the movement against Norfolk should be made. That movement resulted (on May 10) in the capture of that place by the Union forces, and the blowing up of the Confederate ram *Merrimac*. Eckert showed the messages to Stanton, who asked if any answers had been sent. Eckert said no, because the messages had not yet been delivered to McClellan.

Stanton then called Lincoln's attention to the matter, and, after a long discussion, it was decided to have Eckert go at once to White House Landing, and deliver the delayed messages to McClellan. This was done, and when the General read them, he asked whether they had been withheld by order of Stanton. Eckert said no; that Stanton had not seen them, nor had he known anything about them until that very morning, when Eckert had told him about them.

McClellan said: "Thank God, Major, that Stanton had a man in your position who not only had the good sense, but the courage to suppress these messages!" McClellan added, that if he had received them promptly, he would have felt compelled to make some reply that would probably have placed him in a false position. McClellan then sat down and wrote a letter to Stanton, stating that he was glad that Eckert had withheld the messages, and that he had not received any others of a similar kind from any one.

A FATHER-IN-LAW'S INDISCRETION

MCCLELLAN not only suffered at that time from the injudicious suggestions and the adulation of his political admirers, but also from the indiscretions of his father-in-law, General Marcy, Inspector-General of the Army of the Potomac, who was naturally ambitious for the success of his son-in-law. About the end of May, 1862, when our army was moving toward Richmond, a considerable skirmish took place, resulting in our favor. McClellan being at the front, Marcy, at headquarters, wrote a glowing and exaggerated account of the incipient battle, and sent it to Washington over McClellan's name. When this telegram was received, it was observed by the cipher-operators that it lacked certain details to make it consistent, and also that it was not in harmony with other despatches received about the same time; and, besides, its wording was so unlike

McClellan's usual diction that its authenticity was doubted.

When the despatch was delivered to Stanton and the inconsistencies were pointed out, he directed Eckert to report the matter to the President and then to apply to Colonel Rucker, Assistant Quartermaster, for a boat to carry him that afternoon to the Pamunkey for the purpose of learning the facts. The major arrived at McClellan's headquarters about two o'clock the next morning and found Colonel Colburn, one of McClellan's aides-de-camp, who took him directly to McClellan's tent. The General, clad only in a red flannel shirt and drawers, awoke, and rubbing his eyes, asked Eckert what was up. Eckert showed him a copy of the telegram received at the War Department, and told McClellan that it was believed to be a forgery, and that Secretary Stanton had sent him down to find out what the General knew about it.

McClellan said he had not sent any such telegram, and he could offer no explanation at the moment. He asked Eckert to go to the telegraph office and get the original. Eckert found Caldwell, McClellan's cipher-operator, asleep on a cot, who, when shown the troublesome despatch, at once said that it had been handed in the day before by General Marcy, and as it was signed "Geo. B. McClellan," he had every reason to believe it was duly authorized. Eckert asked Caldwell to indorse these facts upon the back of the copy, and then returned to McClellan, who for the second time within a month acknowledged his obligations to the Military Telegraph Corps for protecting him against his would-be friends and admirers, whose lack of caution had already caused more or less trouble and friction between the War Department and himself.

MAJOR ECKERT ON A DELICATE MISSION

One must believe that McClellan at that time was sincere in this expression of friendly feeling toward the Administration, although we know that after the bloody Seven Days' fighting, and when his nearly demoralized army had been brought to the banks of the James at Harrison's Landing, he had drifted into an attitude of open hostility to the Administration, and had brought railing accusations against the Washington authorities.[1]

It was in consequence of this insubordination, the defeats already sustained by McClellan, and the imminent danger of the capture of Washington by the enemy, that the President decided to transfer the Army of the Potomac to Alexandria, and to put General Pope in immediate command; and it was Major Eckert to whom was assigned the delicate task of carrying to General McClellan the order for his release from the supreme command of the Army of the Potomac, and for its transfer to the vicinity of Washington.

So, for the third time, Major Eckert visited McClellan as the confidential medium of communication from the Administration; but naturally on this occasion he was not so welcome as in the other two cases, for McClellan yielded to the inevitable most unwillingly and even ungraciously, using language which Eckert deemed it wise not to report at Washington. There were unexplained delays in the transfer of the army to Alexandria, and after McClellan had reached that place, all of his troops did not promptly support Pope, as the War Department daily had been urging. However, his "Own Story" offers some facts and arguments in his favor which should be considered by those wishing to be fair and just to him.

McCLELLAN UNDER CENSORSHIP

When the war began, there was no Government telegraph organization. The American Telegraph Company, the lines of which reached Washington from the North, extended its wires to the War Department early in April, 1861, and opened an office in the room of the chief-clerk.

There was no appropriation by Congress to meet the expenses of a telegraph service, and for six months or more Edwards S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company, paid all the

[1] See his telegram of June 28, 1862, in his "Own Story" of this campaign, referred to elsewhere in this series.

bills, aggregating many thousand dollars, for poles, wires, instruments, etc., and for salaries of operators and other employes in the Government telegraph service. This was a generous and patriotic act on the part of Sanford, and it was gratefully acknowledged by the President and by both Secretary Cameron and Secretary Stanton. The American Telegraph Company was, of course, reimbursed later through an appropriation by Congress.

Colonel Sanford was a fine man in every way. He had a round face, with bright blue eyes, which beamed good nature, and he had the full confidence of President Lincoln and Secretaries Cameron and Stanton. On February 25, 1862, he was appointed military supervisor of telegrams, by Secretary Stanton, and commissioned colonel in the army. On March 13, 1865, he was appointed brevet brigadier-general of volunteers for meritorious service. He died in 1882.

Colonel Sanford's relations with the newspapers were always cordial and pleasant, notwithstanding the delicate and sometimes trying position that he occupied as military censor. What his blue pencil erased from newspaper reports had to be left out, and the reporters frequently spent hours in procuring some choice bit of news which was never transmitted over the wires. Colonel Sanford even took liberties with an official telegram from General McClellan addressed to Secretary Stanton. The despatch was from Harrison's Landing, dated June 28, 1862. It announced the retreat of the Army of the Potomac to the banks of the James, and the closing paragraph read thus:

> If I save the army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

Such language was insubordinate, and might fairly be held to be treasonable. When it reached the War Department, Major Eckert sent for Colonel Sanford, who at once said that the charge made by McClellan was false, and that he, as military supervisor of telegrams, would not allow it to go before the Secretary of War. He therefore directed the despatch to be recopied, omitting the last paragraph, and the copy, so revised, was delivered to Stanton.

McClellan's biographer, W. C. Prime, referring to this incident, charges Secretary Stanton with having received McClellan's scathing condemnation without denial or comment; but neither Stanton nor Lincoln ever knew that Sanford had suppressed an important part of an official despatch, at least, not until long after the event.

The mutilated copy, so delivered, is contained in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, Vol. I, p. 339. The fact of the omission, so far as it means anything, supports my statement that Colonel Sanford, Military Supervisor of Telegrams, took upon himself the grave responsibility of mutilating an official communication from the General Commanding the Army of the Potomac addressed to the Secretary of War. In other countries, under strict military rules (which might well have applied to this case if the facts had been known at the time), officers have been court-martialed and shot for a lesser offense.

In McClellan's official report, dated August 4, 1863, of his military service between July, 1861, and November, 1862, the despatch is given just as it was written by him and telegraphed to Washington, including the paragraph excised by Sanford, and consequently it was by his own act that the expunged lines were first made public.

MAJOR ECKERT'S VARIED ACCOMPLISHMENTS

When the war broke out, Eckert was employed as superintendent of a gold mine in North Carolina, whence he escaped with his wife and three young children in July, 1861, his Northern birth and antislavery views having placed them in peril. On his arrival at Atlanta, the day after news had been received of the battle of Rich Mountain, (West) Virginia, and the death of the Confederate general, Garnett, he found the old railway station filled with an excited crowd of people, and upon inquiring the cause

of the tumult, was told that a Northern man had been hanged just outside the depot an hour before. Pressing his inquiries, he learned the name of the victim, who had been employed in a mine only twenty miles from the one he had been superintending. He was also told that the mob were looking for another Northern man from the North Carolina mines. Meantime he had gone to the office of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, who had been a room-mate in Washington of Eckert's cousin, George Eckert, when they were both members of Congress. While Stephens and Eckert were talking, the door having been locked, a loud knocking was heard. On opening the door, three men entered, one of them saying they wanted that man down-stairs, pointing to Eckert. Stephens interposed his slight frame between Eckert and the delegation and said: "This man is my guest and friend, and I will be responsible for him. He is all right." The men thereupon withdrew, and Eckert, with his family, through Stephens' help, got safely out of Atlanta. But their further journey north was a very anxious one, as they were held up and closely questioned at several points, and when they finally reached Louisville, they were penniless, and Eckert was forced to ask help from his old friends in the railroad and telegraph service. He at last reached his former home in Cleveland, and Amasa Stone (for whom Eckert had rendered a service of some importance before the war), recommended him to Colonel Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, and he was ordered to Washington, arriving there in September, 1861. He was at once assigned to McClellan's staff as captain and aide-de-camp in charge of the military telegraph, and shortly afterward he was appointed superintendent of the corps. Eckert was then a perfect specimen of physical manhood, erect and fine-looking, as, indeed, he still is at the age of eighty-four.

I recall an incident which occurred in 1862, in the room of John Potts, chief clerk of the War Department, where a supply of soft-iron pokers had just been received for use at the open fires by which the building was then heated. Eckert chaffed the chief clerk about his purchase, and to prove his statement that the pokers were of poor quality, he took one of them in his right hand and with a smart blow struck it across the tense muscles of his left forearm, bending the poker quite noticeably. On a later occasion Potts bought a lot of pokers which turned out to be cast-iron of poor quality, four or five of which Major Eckert actually broke over his arm in the presence of President Lincoln, who remarked to the chief clerk: "Mr. Potts, you will have to buy a better quality of iron in future if you expect your pokers to stand the test of this young man's arm."

Eckert always commanded the full confidence of the President and Secretary Stanton, and was intrusted with military and state secrets, and charged with special commissions not at first disclosed to the cipher-operators. It was at Eckert's desk in the cipher-room that Lincoln habitually sat when he came to the telegraph office. It was Eckert who received the Confederate spy (to whom I shall again refer in a later paper), as he passed through Washington on his way to and from Canada; and on January 30, 1865, when it was learned that the Confederate government had sent Peace Commissioners—Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell—from Richmond to Grant's headquarters en route, as they hoped, to Washington, to confer with President Lincoln, it was Eckert who was selected by the President to go to City Point with written instructions to General Grant to procure for Eckert an interview with the three commissioners, at which interview Eckert would decide whether they ought to be allowed to proceed farther North. Meantime, however, Lincoln concluded to send Secretary Seward to meet the commissioners; but the result of Eckert's conference with them was such as to induce the President to go in person, and on February 3, 1865, he and Secretary Seward met the three Confederate commissioners on board the President's steamer off Fort Monroe. As is well known, this interview was barren of results. Eckert's part in the negotiations, however, was highly creditable to him, and the manner in which he carried out his instructions still further increased the confidence and

regard of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton.

CONCEALING TELEGRAPH NEWS FROM LINCOLN

THE story of how Captain Eckert received his promotion to be major touches Mr. Lincoln at several points. The order of Secretary Cameron assigning him to duty on the staff of General McClellan required him to deliver all military telegrams received at Washington to the Commanding General, and, therefore, the Secretary of War and the President were to a large extent ignorant of the daily movements of the army, and the President, who visited McClellan's headquarters almost daily, was unable to learn what was going on excepting as McClellan might, from time to time, communicate the facts to him. For reasons of his own, McClellan appears to have withheld army news from the President as well as from the Secretary of War. On one occasion, in October, 1861, as General Eckert has recently told me, an important despatch had reached headquarters from General Stone's command, about the time of the battle of Ball's Bluff, which Eckert, under the strict interpretation of his order of appointment, withheld from the President until McClellan had first seen it, although the President, expecting news from General Stone, asked Eckert if any messages had come. It must be borne in mind that in the early part of the war, before Lincoln's unique personality and masterly qualities became known to the members of his cabinet, to the heads of departments, and to leading men in Congress, his freedom of intercourse with the public and the readiness with which he gave out military information had been taken advantage of by newspaper correspondents and others.

From McClellan's "Own Story" we learn that from the first he had no confidence in Lincoln's military ability or discretion, and he believed that whatever information was communicated to him would be freely divulged to congressmen and others, and therefore thought it best to give him as little news as possible. The President, when he afterward learned of the receipt of the important despatch from General Stone, called on Eckert for an explanation. Eckert offered as an excuse that when the President made his inquiry he did not really have the despatch in question. Further questioning, however, disclosed the fact that, upon Lincoln's appearance in the office, Eckert, in fulfilment of what he believed to be his duty, had deftly placed the office copy of the despatch under the blotter, so that his reply to Lincoln's question was technically true. Thereafter, when told there was no news, Lincoln would often ask us, "Is there not something under the blotter?"

A SUSPECTED LEAK OF OFFICIAL NEWS

EARLY in 1862 the market-price of securities having gone down, while gold was going up, it seemed evident to the War Department authorities that there was a leak of military news somewhere, and that there was some connection between the two facts. Naturally the telegraph department was suspected. Stanton, before his appointment as Secretary of War in January, 1862, had been the legal adviser of McClellan; but when he entered the cabinet, it seems that almost immediately the relations between him and McClellan began to be strained. Stanton directed the Assistant Secretary, Peter H. Watson, to investigate the supposed telegraph leak, and Watson devoted a part of his time for a week or so to this inquiry. His report to Secretary Stanton, while not locating the leak in the news, was to the effect that Captain Eckert was not giving close attention to his duties, and particularly that he had withheld important military despatches from the knowledge of the President and the Secretary of War. An order was thereupon made out for his dismissal. Secretary Stanton telegraphed for Edwards S. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company, to come from New York and take charge. This was in February, 1862. Sanford had a high opinion of Eckert's abilities, faithfulness, and honesty, and so reported to Secretary Stanton, who, however, preferred to trust Mr. Watson's report. At once, upon learning from Sanford that there was dissatisfaction with his service, Eckert wrote out his resignation, and sent it by mes-

senger[1] to the War Department. This was on a Saturday afternoon. Secretary Stanton was surprised and indignant that an officer under charges, and whose order of dismissal had been prepared, should have received an inkling of the facts, and should have sent in his resignation before the dismissal could be served on him. This placed Sanford in an unpleasant situation, and he went to Secretary Stanton's house early Sunday morning to intercede for Eckert, and finally obtained Stanton's consent to an interview.

LINCOLN'S CONFIDENCE IN ECKERT

CAPTAIN ECKERT, accompanied by Sanford, went to the War Department that afternoon, and was ushered into the Secretary's presence, and, as he has recently told me, he and Sanford stood for at least ten minutes while Stanton continued to write at his desk, without looking up to see who his callers were. Finally Stanton turned, and asked Eckert what he wanted.

The latter replied, "Mr. Sanford tells me that you sent for me, and I am here."

Then Stanton, in a loud voice, said he understood that Captain Eckert had been neglecting his duties, and was absent from his office much of the time, and allowed newspaper men to have access to the telegraph office; also that he was an unfit person for the important position he occupied. Pointing to a large pile of telegrams, all of which were in Eckert's handwriting, he demanded to know why copies had not been regularly delivered to the Secretary of War at the time of receipt.

Eckert replied that his order of assignment from Secretary Cameron expressly required all military telegrams to be delivered to the Commanding General and to no one else.

"Well," Stanton retorted, "why have you neglected your duties by absenting yourself from your office so frequently?"

Eckert replied that he had not neglected his duties; that he had attended to them strictly and faithfully; that any statements to the contrary were false; that for over three months he had been at his post of duty almost constantly, and had hardly taken off his clothes during that time except to change his linen; that he had remained in his office many times all night long, and that he seldom slept in his bed at his hotel; and finally, inasmuch as it appeared that his services were not acceptable, he insisted upon his resignation being accepted.

Just then Eckert felt an arm placed on his shoulder, and supposing it to be that of Sanford, who had all this time remained standing with him, turned round, and was surprised to find that, instead, it was the hand of the President, who had entered the room while the discussion was going on.

Lincoln, still with his hand on the captain's shoulder, said to Stanton: "Mr. Secretary, I think you must be mistaken about this young man neglecting his duties, for I have been a daily caller at General McClellan's headquarters for the last three or four months, and I have always found Eckert at his post. I have been there often before breakfast, and in the evening as well, and frequently late at night, and several times before dawn, to get the latest news from the army. Eckert was always there, and I never observed any reporters or outsiders in the office."

Governor Brough of Ohio, who had known Eckert several years before, in connection with an early telegraph-line on Brough's railroad in Ohio, which Eckert had inspected and rebuilt, happened to come into the Secretary's room while Eckert was uttering his denial of the charges against him, and after Lincoln had finished his statement, Brough went up to Eckert, took his hand, and addressed him in a most cordial manner. Then turning to Stanton, he told him that he would vouch for anything that Eckert would say or do; that he believed him to be the ablest and most loyal man who could be selected for the place.

Stanton was so impressed by the intercession of Lincoln, Sanford, and Brough that he quietly took from his desk a package of papers, and opening one said, "I believe this is your resignation, is it not, sir?"

Captain Eckert said it was; whereupon

[1] This messenger, an enlisted soldier, named John C. Hatter, is still (1907) living in Brooklyn. It was through Hatter that O'Laughlin, one of the conspirators, was identified as the member of the band who, on the night of April 13, 1865, tried to get into Secretary Stanton's house.

Stanton tore it up and dropped the pieces on the floor. He then opened another paper and said, "This is the order dismissing you from the army, which I had already signed, but it will not be executed." He then tore up the order of dismissal, and said: "I owe you an apology, Captain, for not having gone to General McClellan's office and seen for myself the situation of affairs. You are no longer Captain Eckert; I shall appoint you major as soon as the commission can be made out, and I shall make you a further acknowledgment in another manner."

So, from that Sunday afternoon, in February, 1862, until just before the close of the war, Eckert's military title was "Major." The additional acknowledgment referred to by Secretary Stanton, consisted of a horse and carriage, purchased for Eckert's use in the performance of his official duties.

The day after the interview described above, Secretary Stanton detached Eckert from General McClellan's staff, and ordered him to make his office in the War Department, and to connect all wires with that building, leaving only enough instruments at Army headquarters to handle the separate business of the Commanding General. This order naturally offended McClellan, and it was doubtless one of the influences which operated to create or increase the bad feeling between him and Stanton, which was never allayed.

On March 13, 1865, Major Eckert was honored with a commission as Brevet Brigadier-General, "for meritorious and distinguished service." He was also appointed Assistant Secretary of War.

AN ENORMOUS BRIBE OFFERED FOR NEWS WHICH WOULD AFFECT THE STOCK MARKET

In a recent interview, General Eckert described to the writer an incident growing out of the meeting between President Lincoln and the Confederate Peace Commissioners in early February, 1865. I relate it here on account of its bearing on the question of "leaks" in the military telegraph office. The news of the visit of Secretary Seward and President Lincoln to Hampton Roads to meet the Confederate Peace Commissioners had been spread abroad by telegraph, and the newspapers were full of references to the matter, many persons believing, and all hoping, that a practical basis of settlement would be reached and the war soon ended. The financial market, in its nervous expectancy, reflected the wavering opinions and hopes of the public, and if the meeting had resulted favorably, there would have been instant response on the gold and stock exchanges of New York and elsewhere, and those possessing the earliest news would be able to buy securities and gold and make large profits.

To save time, the President's party came up the Chesapeake Bay by boat to Annapolis, instead of by the longer route up the Potomac. Secretary Stanton had provided a special engine and car to meet the party at Annapolis, and when they reached the old railroad station, the platform was crowded with people, each and all eager to catch a glimpse of the President. In the crowd there were many newspaper reporters and others interested in obtaining definite news, or even a hint, from Lincoln, Seward, or Eckert, as to the outcome of the momentous meeting. On the platform Eckert recognized an acquaintance, who managed to draw him aside and in a hurried conversation, which he said must be strictly confidential, asked him for the result of the conference, at the same time placing in his hands an envelop, saying that the contents would recompense him for his trouble.

Eckert, after some parleying, returned to the car where Lincoln sat, and in his presence opened the envelop and showed him a certified check for $100,000, telling him how it came into his hands. Lincoln asked who gave it to him.

Eckert replied: "I am not at liberty to say; but when the train is ready to leave, I will be on the platform, and hand the envelop to the man from whom I received it, so that you can see who he is." This was done, Eckert telling the man that he was obliged to decline the offer, and could give him no news of the conference. Lincoln saw the transaction, and recognized the man as one prominent in political affairs, and who had held a responsible official position in one of the Western States.

Upon returning to the car, Lincoln

remained silent for a long time, but afterward, when he and Eckert could converse together without attracting Secretary Seward's special attention, it was agreed between them that neither should disclose the incident to any one excepting only Secretary Stanton, Eckert contending that the effect on public opinion generally, and especially as it related to the Administration, of an announcement of such an offer having been made, would be very injurious at a time of such extreme tension, and that if the public were to learn of the failure of the Peace Conference without at the same time receiving Lincoln's own clear explanation, they would be inclined to criticize him for having once more defeated possibly well-meant efforts to bring the bloody war to an end.

Upon reaching Washington, Secretary Seward's carriage took him direct to his home, while Eckert rode in the President's carriage. At the White House they met Secretary Stanton, and gave him a full account of the recent abortive Peace Conference, and also of the incident of the $100,000 check above referred to, and all three agreed that, for obvious reasons, they must keep the affair strictly confidential between themselves. It is believed that until now no mention of the incident has ever been made, nor has the name of the person who made the offer ever been disclosed.

In 1866 General Eckert entered the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company as general superintendent of the Eastern Division, afterward becoming general manager, and later president. He is now chairman of the board, and although over fourscore years of age, is still active and vigorous. His staff of cipher-operators in the War Department —Tinker, Chandler, and myself—have been associated with him in business positions of trust and responsibility for many years. The quartet has not yet been disturbed by the grim reaper Death, although we sometimes fancy we can hear him sharpening his scythe, as we journey down the narrowing lane of life.

(To be continued)

"WERE LIFE BUT THOUGHT"

BY TIMOTHY COLE

"LIFE IS BUT THOUGHT."—COLERIDGE

WERE life but thought and were it nothing more,
Then were it drear and of but little worth,
As those bleak summits, lone and whitened o'er,
Are dead to all the valley's warmth and mirth.
Or as the moon, pale mistress of the night,
Forever brooding o'er earth's darkened mold,
Serenely sails, unmindful that her bright,
Refulgent beams no warm pulsations hold.
But what this joy that flutters at the breast
Like the caged lark that would to heaven aspire?
And what of song that cannot be repressed,
But with glad harmony of voice and lyre
Would mount the bright elysium of Jove?
Oh, life is more than thought: 't is joy; 't is love.

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a government sketch

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—RALEIGH SQUARE AND THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

JAMESTOWN

THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION[1]

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

"It is not a work for every one to plant a Colony; but when a house is built, it is no hard matter to dwell in it." *John Smith.*

"In kingdoms, the first foundation, or plantation, is of more noble dignity and merit than all that followeth." *Lord Bacon.*

CLOSE to the northern bank of the winding and placid James, some two-score miles above where it pours its waters through Hampton Roads into the Chesapeake, into which flow more than a score of rivers, several of them among the noblest on the globe, lies a narrow island. Steeped in the sunshine, or soaked by the rains, it has until yesterday, as it were, lain asleep for the last two hundred and more years, just as it had lain, with the exception of some threescore years, since the Powhatan at flood cut it from its neighboring shore. At the upper end, on the river side, in a clump of trees, and what was until lately a tangle of shrubbery, on the edge of which are piled the remains of an old redout, a relic of the Civil War, stands a brick ruin—a single surviving fragment of the first Protestant Church built in America. About it lie the traces of a once extensive graveyard, where of late the pious work of loyal women has uncovered and preserved a few broken tombs, graven with armorial escutcheons and bearing the names of a very few among those whose ashes have lain for nearly three hundred years embosomed in Virginia's soil.

The eye of the born antiquary may detect out on the plateau in the sun the faint traces of ancient streets and houses; but to the ordinary passer-by there has been, until just now, nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary Virginia river-plantation dozing in the sunshine.

Yet here on this very spot, at the head of this little island, was Jamestown, the birthplace of the American people; the first rude cradle in which was swaddled the tiny infant that in time has sprung up to be among the leaders of the nations; the torch-bearer of civilization, and the standard-bearer of popular government. Here was planted, three hundred years ago, the first surviving colony of the

[1] See copies of original records published in "The Genesis of the United States," and "The First Republic in America," by Alexander Brown, D.C.L., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

English-speaking race, which has since occupied this continent and spread over the globe. Here was established the first outpost and earliest settlement of the American nation, since then dedicated to the principle that "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On the morning of the 13th day of May, 1607, James I being then King of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and Philip III being King of Spain, the American continent, when the sun rose, belonged absolutely to Spain. When the sun set, it belonged to England. This was accomplished by a little band of six-score men who, "after long toil and pain," landed that day about the hour of four from three small ships, the *Susan* or *Sarah Constant,* the *Good Speed,* and the *Discovery,* and planted the flag of the Anglo-Saxon on the point, which they promptly proceeded to fortify and call "James Fort," or "James Town," after their king.

Space forbids in this paper to give even a bare outline of the steps which, extending through a hundred years of aspiration, struggle, and heroic endeavor, led up naturally to this achievement of the English race.

Men were beginning to awaken from the lethargy in which they had been steeped by ecclesiasticism. The long struggle was on between the old and the new.

Happily for the world, just at this time the crown of England fell on the brow of the hard-headed daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and, yet more happily, she found herself at the head of an awakened and eager people, alive in every fiber of their being, and, most of all, alive to the peril of allowing Spain to go unchecked in her career of conquest over body and mind.

Even on the Catholic continent there was a great revolt against Spain's rising power. Francis I had sent his great rival Charles V a message, demanding whether he thought God had given him the earth. And as early as 1534, France had established a colony on the St. Lawrence, and Huguenots had attempted to plant colonies in Florida, only to be destroyed by the Spanish governor, Menendez, whose ferocity made such an impression on the minds of Englishmen as to be mentioned as a warning in the instructions given to the first colonists of the Anglo-Saxon race who effected a permanent settlement.

All through this century the struggle was going on between the two countries and the two peoples, and before it was three fourths over, Fame was filling her trump with the names of a score of English captains, many of whom survive in history to-day: Hawkins, Drake, the Gilberts, Grenville, Frobisher, and, finally, Sir Walter Raleigh. All contributed their part; but to him who came to be known as "the Shepherd of the Seas," more possibly than to any other one man, Spain owed the wresting of North America from her grasp.

England had her well-founded claim based on John Cabot's discovery, in 1497, of the coasts north of Florida, of which the only record left is the entry in the privy purse—expenses of Henry VII —"£10. to hym who found the New land." She was now alive to the vast importance of the work. But Sir Walter Raleigh was the one who inspired and equipped and despatched the fleets which opened the way to the settlement of Virginia and of America. He gave Virginia her name, and was her first Governor.

Raleigh, half-brother of the gallant Gilberts, when a student at college, was so aroused by the story of the Spanish attack on Hawkins's fleet in the harbor of San Juan d'Ulloa, that he left the university and went to the Low Countries to fight the Spaniard. From this time he vowed his life to warfare with Spain, and though he finally fell a victim to her hate, it was not until he had planted on the shores of Virginia a colony which was to lead in the work of wresting America from her grasp.

Previous to the final and successful effort, there had been several attempts to plant here colonies fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, which failed. That on Roanoke Island might have succeeded had not the Spanish war and the peril of the Spanish Armada kept supplies from being sent over-seas to their relief.

The destruction of the Spanish Armada left the seas open for England's schemes for colonization to go into effect. When, however, Governor White returned to

Virginia, his little colony had disappeared, and though the one word "Croatan" was carved upon a post, as though to show where they had gone, no trace of them was ever found. The Roanoke Colony, with little Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born on this continent, was lost in the dim limbo that surrounds the name "Croatan."

The blotting out of this colony was a heavy blow even to English enterprise, and, as one of the old writers declared, "all hopes of Virginia thus abandoned, it lay dead and obscured from 1590 to this year, 1602." By this time the end of the long war with Spain was in sight, and the English public, the English church, and the English government, once more turned their eyes to that far-off but "sweet, wholesome, and fruitful country."

Though the efforts made had all failed, the spirit still remained. Even the death of the great queen, in 1603, was not able to quench it. National pride, religious zeal, the spirit of adventure and of cupidity—all combined to make the effort time after time to establish a foothold where all previous efforts had failed.

The tales of Spain's El Dorado untied the purse-strings of the London companies. But there was another and loftier motive. The zeal of the children of those who had suffered at Smithfield and Tower Hill under the Queen of Philip II could not with languor see the church of Torquemada and Alva bringing vast tribes within their fold.

The cities of England were full of soldiers returned from the wars in the Low Countries; the spirit of adventure was abroad, and much more the hatred of Spain. The state reflected it; the poet sang of it; the writers wrote of it.

Thus, in 1606, despite the failure of all earlier attempts, an expedition was ready to set forth to try once more to seize the American continent for England and her king and people.

On April $10/20$, 1606, the warrant for the proposed Virginia Charter prepared by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, was passed under the Great Seal of the Lord Chancellor. It was stated to be "for the furtherance of so noble a work as the planting of Christianity among the Heathens," and claimed for the crown of England the whole of North America between 34 degrees and 45 degrees north latitude, commonly called Virginia. Two companies, one for planting a colony in south Virginia, between 34 degrees and 41 degrees north, with a grant of fifty miles inland and out to sea, and the other for planting a similar colony in north Virginia were incorporated in the same charter. "The inhabitants and their children were to have the privileges of British subjects." The lands were to be holden of the crown.

The colonization of the northern part of Virginia, patronized by Sir John Popham, C. J., met with difficulties—at first, as Sir Ferdinand Gorges wrote, from "so many citizens and tradesmen being appointed Counsellors." "All the gentlemen that before weare willing to be large adventurers withdraw themselves and by no meanes will have to doe therein."

Saturday, December $10/20$, 1606, after prayers and religious services in the churches, the first expedition to establish "the first Colony in Virginia" sailed from London under command of Captain Christopher Newport.

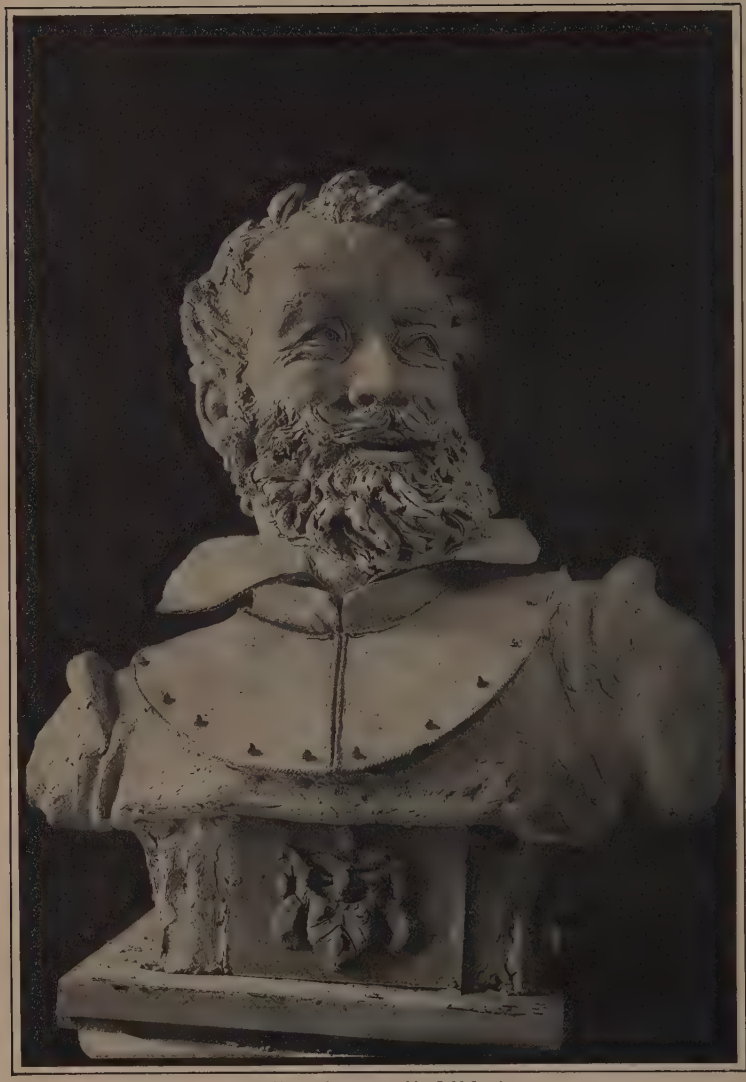
They numbered sixscore men, of whom fifty-four were "gentlemen," besides fifty odd mariners. No women accompanied them; for the memory of Menendez and the lost colony was fresh in all minds.

They did not reach the Downs until three weeks later, and "there the winds continued contrary so long that they were forced to stay some time, where they suffered great storms." Here, pounding up and down for weeks in sight of their homes, their courage was sustained largely by the heroic devotion of "Worthy Master Hunt," the simple parson, the first apostle of the Anglo-Saxon race to the Americas, whose name never appears in the somber records of that time that it does not illuminate it alike with service to his fellowman and the Most High God.

It was not until three months later that, having sailed the old route by the West Indies, they sighted the Virginia shore.

On the 26th of April, about four o'clock in the morning, they reached the mouth of the Chesapeake, and dropped anchor inside the Capes of Virginia. They anchored this continent to the Protestant religion and the English civilization.

Here that night the box containing



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

BUST OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, BY MAJOR-GENERAL
R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL

their sealed orders was opened, and they discovered who were to be thenceforth their rulers.

The first President was to be elected by the Council, who were composed of gentlemen, the most noted of whom in after time was a young captain, John Smith, who just then was a prisoner under charge of having plotted a conspiracy.

The first President elected was Edward Maria Wingfield, a brave and high-minded gentleman, though, unhappily, not a man qualified to deal with the situation that confronted them.

The broad James, under another name, poured its flood, then as now, into the inland sea, and, seeking a secure abiding-place, to establish themselves at "some spot up one of the rivers sufficiently high —at least one hundred miles—to prevent the Spaniard," who is ever on the horizon, from coming on them as Menendez had done on the Huguenots, and pulling them out of their seat, they quickly discovered this noble river.

For many days they worked their way up the broad stream which was to become so historical in after time, likening themselves to the band of Æneas, "in the country called Latium (on the river Tyber)," until, on the 13th day of May, three hundred years ago, on this small island in this Virginia river, the little band of sea-worn adventurers disembarked and planted the flag of the Anglo-Saxon race, which, though often threatened, and sometimes endangered, has never since that day been lowered.

There were bickerings and contentions and quarreling, squalid and disheartening enough. For the majority of the Council had the power to remove the Governor at any time—a power which they exercised whenever they saw fit. There were occasions when it appeared as though almost all spirit had deserted them, and their great enterprise must fail. But it is well for the Anglo-Saxon race to pause and take note of the one great fact that, however their perils may have alarmed them and their vast isolation may have awed them, there always remained spirit enough to preserve them, and they remained in this far and perilous outpost of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and with the devotion of the vestal virgin of old, kept the fire, however dim its spark, ever alight on the sacred shrine. Life in its most perilous and exacting form was the best to which they could look forward. Sickness and wounds, and death in its most terrible shape, ever confronted them, whether by the terror by night, or the arrow that flyeth by day, the pestilence that walked in the darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Before them, as they turned their faces back to the mother-country, months and months away of toilsome, tedious, and perilous travel, they found the Spaniard, with sword and rack and stake, on the horizon. But their direst enemy was one more lurking than the savage Indian and more fell than the cruel Spaniard. They had pitched upon a landing-place simply because of the security which it offered against their enemies, without knowing aught of the climate and its perils; and it proved to be a spot so malarial that before the summer was out sixty men of the one hundred and twenty, among them the brave Gosnold, who had commanded the *Good Speed,* were dead of wounds and disease, the first victims of the six thousand who laid down their lives in Virginia or on the way thither in the first nineteen years of her heroic history. Their sufferings so impressed that scholarly historian, George Percy, fourth President of the colony, that he pictured them in one of his reports, the virility of which is to-day the wonder of English writers.

"Burning fevers destroyed them; some departed suddenly, but for the most part they died of mere famine. There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this new-discovered Virginia." "There was groaning in every corner of the Fort most pitiful to hear." "If there was any conscience in men," says the historian, "it would make their hearts to bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries . . . some departing out of the world, sometimes three and four in a night; in the morning their bodies trailed out of the cabins like dogs to be buried." It came to the point "when ten men could neither go nor stand."

Then came the exploration of the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey, during which occurred the picturesque incident over which historians of late have quarreled so much, when, according to Smith's

account, his life was saved by the young Indian princess, Pocahontas. Time fails to repeat the arguments in this place. They appear to establish the fact beyond reasonable question. However that may be, that winter and the following summer the small remnant of men, under Captain John Smith, explored and charted the waters of the Chesapeake, with its noble tributaries, from the Falls of the James to the Falls of the Potomac, above where the capital of the nation now stands, as within a short period afterward they explored the northern Chesapeake and the Susquehanna, mapping their discoveries with an accuracy which is the wonder of the present time.

Smith himself came near falling a victim to partizan faction. He was tried and sentenced to death for having lost his men during his exploration up the Pamunkey, but his life was saved by the unexpected, for, as he records, "it pleased God to send us Captain Newport that same evening." The brave Christopher had been to England and come back with provisions and reinforcements for the colony. Among these was an element which possibly did more to establish the new plantation than even the provisions, for among the new immigrants were a number of women.

Once more came the starving time; but young Pocahontas appears to have been the guardian angel of her new-found friends.

The time is filled with exploration, with attacks on their Indian enemies, and counter attacks by them, with charges and countercharges; but all the time the little colony was establishing itself. And meanwhile in England a new and broader charter was being secured.

A vast step was made the next spring when Captain Samuel Argall, "an ingenious, active, and forward young gentleman," following the instructions of the adventurers, sailed straight across the sea and proved that there were no currents or constant winds to prevent a direct passage.

Argall brought news of the new charter, and also the announcement that Captain Smith had been superseded in the office of President.

And that September, Smith having been grievously wounded by an explosion of gunpowder while returning from a punitive expedition against the Indians near the Falls of the James, went back to England, leaving George Percy as President, who at the time was so ill that he could scarcely stand. Smith never returned to southern Virginia, but some five or six years later he explored and charted the coast of northern Virginia, to which he gave the name of New England. Thus this doughty captain, though he may not have done all that he claimed, unquestionably did more than any other man of his time to secure the permanency of the colonies both in southern and northern Virginia.

He declared many years afterward that he had "not one foot of ground in Virginia; not the very house he had builded, nor the ground he had digged with his own hands." But he has left a more abiding memorial of his work than if at his death he had owned a province.

After his departure, what with murder, starvation, and fever, the colonists, who now numbered several hundred, were reduced to the lowest ebb. "Some of the common sort" are alleged even to have resorted to cannibalism. Their despair was relieved by the providential arrival of Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers from the "still-vext Bermoothes" in the two little boats, the *Patience* and the *Deliverance,* built in the Summer Isles after the *Sea Venture* had been wrecked in a storm, the account of which gave a London playwright the theme of his immortal "Tempest." But so low had they gotten, and so slender was the provision left, that it was decided to embark for England by way of the Newfoundland fisheries, which were even then well-known. Happily, however, just as they embarked and started, appeared the pinnace *Virginia,* sent by Lord Delaware, who had just entered the James with a year's provision.

The Governor's first act, when he landed at the south gate of the fort, where Gates, with his fever-stricken men stood ready to receive him, like that of an earlier and greater admiral, was to kneel and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving.

The new Governor quickly began to right matters. He set up as a real viceroy, and held a real court. His style was criticized by the old soldiers, some of whom said that "in Virginia a plain soldier who

could use a pickax and spade is better than five Knights that could break a lance." But there was one Knight in Virginia worth many plain soldiers, and that was Sir Thomas West himself. He straightened out matters at Jamestown, and, in place of the little church which had first been built, he erected the first church in America worthy to be called a church—an edifice sixty feet by twenty-four, with pews and chancel of cedar, and a communion-table of black walnut, with a baptismal font and a high pulpit, and two bells at the west end. He attended service in full dress, attended by the Lieutenant-General, the Admiral, the Vice-Admiral, the Master of the Horse, and Council, and a guard of fifty halberdiers in red cloaks. He sat in the choir in a green velvet chair, and had a velvet cushion to kneel on; while the Council were ranged in state on the right hand and on the left. It looks as though it were a good deal of style for the wilderness; but he put his style to good use. He punished the Indians for their hostilities, got corn from the tribes of the Potomac, built forts in various places, and set Virginia on a sound basis of government. Moreover, he set the stamp on the Virginia life which it has never since lost.

When his health gave way and he sailed for England, naming, on the way, Delaware Bay, in which he took refuge from a storm, men fell once more into lax ways. But the arrival in the following May of Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal of Virginia, a soldier who had seen service in Flanders, "a man of great knowledge in Divinity, and of a good conscience in all things," served to carry on the good work. He found men playing at bowls in the streets, but he quickly put a stop to this. His government became unpopular enough for the old soldiers to plot a conspiracy; but, discovering it, he arrested the ringleaders and inflicted the death penalty in what was charged to be a "cruel, unusual and barbarous method at one time customary in France." Twelve years later certain burgesses signed a paper, stating what they had seen: he had chained a man to a tree with a bodkin thrust through his tongue, and left him to perish. Sir Thomas Dale was, however, an able administrator, and the arrival of some three hundred new settlers enabled him to found a new town, called Henricus, on the plateau in a loop of the James at what is now Dutch Gap. Here he built his own "fair mansion," where "excellent Mr. Whittaker," the apostle of Virginia, "exercized every Saturday night." And here was opened the first university founded on this continent, and the first hospital.

By this time Virginia was established on a permanent basis. It had been found in England that the form of government under the King's charter bred many inconveniences, and a new charter had been granted on June 2, 1609, which contained the provision that the settlers and "all their children and posterity which shall happen to be born in any of the limits, shall have and enjoy all liberties, franchises and immunities of free denisons and natural subjects within any of our other Dominions to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within this our realm of England." This was the Magna Charta of America. Moreover, the charter contained a grant running from sea to sea.

The enthusiasm in Virginia caused by the change in the charter was such, says Strachey, "that not a year of Roman Jubilee, no, nor the ethnic Queen of Ephesus can be said to have been followed with more heat and zeal."

This charter itself was remodeled and enlarged by a new one secured in March, 1612, which transferred the power and government of the colony from the London Council to the Virginia Company. It was this latter company, with its power to sit once a week, or as often as they chose, and to hold four general courts in a year, that led to the affairs of the colony being conducted according to the will of the people and not according to the will of the king.

"The Great Parliament of Virginia Adventurers" became known throughout England, and was the talk of London. It proved the far sight of the Spanish ambassador, who told James I that "the Virginia Courts are but a Seminary to a seditious Parliament."

It bore rich fruit. Within a generation a "seditious Parliament," in which were many men who had been interested in this

Virginia experiment, brought the head of King James's son to the block.

By this time the coast of Virginia from the Carolinas to the French border was known and charted, and Virginia began to protect her coasts.

It having become known that the French had planted a colony at Mt. Desert Island, within the limits of Virginia, Captain Argall was sent by Sir Thomas Dale to root the colony up, and did it most effectively. Then sailing back to Virginia, he went up the Hudson as far as Albany, where the Dutch had established a trading-station, and ordered these intruders off as well. They promised to obey, but obeyed rather in the letter than in the spirit, as the following year they settled on Manhattan Island, where Peter Minuit having a little later cleared his title by paying the Indians $24.00 for the entire island, they remained until dispossessed by the English in 1664.

Thus the Jamestown Colony protected the entire Virginia coast to Nova Scotia. The following year this part of the coast of northern Virginia received its baptismal name of New England at the hands of Captain John Smith, who, in order to chart the coast for himself, had, while on a whaling expedition, rowed, as he claims, along its whole extent, in order to draw and "Map from Point to Point, Isle to Isle, and Harbor to Harbor, with the soundings, sands, rocks and landmarks."

When, in 1616, Sir Thomas Dale returned to England, he took with him John Rolfe and "the Lady Pocahontas." His strong hand had done much to establish the colony in Virginia. He left behind him order and peace. The settlements extended a hundred miles up into the interior.

The new town, Henrico, was built partly of brick, and not only did it contain, in 1619, a university, endowed with ten thousand acres of land, besides £1500 raised by the bishops in England, but, as early as 1613, it contained also a hospital with eighty lodgings, the beds for which had been sent over for the care of the sick and the wounded. A part of this had been accomplished by the liberal-minded Yardley, who succeeded Dale, and possibly more by the ingenious, active, and forward young gentleman, Samuel Argall, who came over again, in 1617, as Deputy-Governor and Admiral of Virginia. He set up an iron rule, affixing the penalty of three years' slavery to the colony for violation of his edicts. Failure to attend church services was punished with a night's imprisonment and a week's enforced labor for the first offense; for the second offense, with a month's enforced labor; and for the third, a year and a day.

Governor Yardley, however, was at work in England with other friends of liberty, who had won a great victory, the greatest yet achieved. They had secured for the Virginians the right to have thenceforth a representative government of their own. Armed with the power to summon a representative assembly, Governor Yardley returned to Virginia, arriving on April 19, 1619, and immediately issued writs therefor.

Thus, on the 30th of July, 1619, assembled at Jamestown the first legislative body of America, prototype of every general assembly and congress that has sat since. Eleven boroughs sent their burgesses, two from each; and the body held their session in the choir of the old church at Jamestown. The burgesses sat with their hats on, claiming the privilege of the English Commons. The charter brought by the Governor was read and referred to a committee, who were to consider and report whether it contained anything "not perfectly squaring with the state of the colony, or any law binding or pressing too hard," "Because this Great Charter is to bind us and our heirs forever." The spirit of the assembly may be judged from the petition to the company in London to grant them authority "to allow or disallow of their orders of Court as His Majesty has given them power to allow or disallow our laws."

In fact, the "patriot party" had won a signal victory over the "Court Party."

Thus, in 1619, the plantation of Virginia had spread until it had become a commonwealth, with an elective representative assembly.

When the year 1622 opened, Virginia appeared to be in so prosperous a condition as to justify the wildest hopes of the Virginia Company. With her many settlements, her numerous forts, her long chain of plantations up and down the

wide rivers, her excellent hospital, her college well endowed and beginning to take on the form of a real institution of learning, everything appeared auspicious, when suddenly out of the blue a bolt fell. A plot had been secretly hatched with consummate art, under the old Indian chief, Opechancannough, and on the morning of the 1st of April, 1622, from one end of the colony to the other, from the Falls of the James to South Hampton Hundred on the Chesapeake, the Indians by concert fell upon the unsuspecting settlers, butchering over four hundred men, women, and children out of a total population of about thirteen hundred. A friendly Indian had on the eve of the massacre betrayed the plot to friends at Jamestown, and thus, although six members of the Council had been slain, the capital of the colony was enabled to protect itself, and escaped.

But although Jamestown was saved, the new city of Henricus, with its endowed college and hospital, had been absolutely destroyed; the new light of learning had been quenched in blood. For a time Virginia was forced to apply all her energies to the work of making her citizens secure against the Indians.

That the great massacre of 1622 did not destroy the colony of Virginia, as it had been planned and was expected to do, is proof of the strength to which the colony had attained. Indeed, by this time Virginia was really what she was called, a commonwealth, and after a little her progress was rapid. She was established by the gentry class of England, and in her structure this class was always dominant. The form of her social system was distinctly aristocratic. The companies that promoted and organized her government and controlled her destinies were composed of men of rank. Of the one hundred and four men of the first colony who landed on Virginia soil, fifty-four were gentlemen; that is, men of the arms-bearing class. Of the first charter members, a very large majority were men of title; nearly all were members of Parliament. Of the three hundred and twenty-five charter members of 1612, twenty-five were peers of the realm; one hundred and eleven were knights; sixty-six were esquires, and thirty were "gentlemen." In fact, not less than six-score of the incorporators were members of Parliament, or had been such. Indeed, the colonization of Virginia was a great national object, which appealed distinctly to the upper class, and was accomplished by the upper class. The perils and the hazards of the undertaking were just the things which appealed to this class; and though many of them grew weary and fainted by the way, Virginia was settled by the gentry of Great Britain, who sent their younger sons, their retainers and tenants to clear the way, and then sent over whomever they might get to help establish the country: even "idle persons who followed the Court," and waifs of the London streets, though the shipment of these elements continued for a very short time. Thus, Virginia was settled under the leadership of the gentry; but all classes came to make up the body of the people, and thus, possibly, more than any other colony it represented all phases of English life, and therefrom took on itself a countenance not unlike that of England. From the first there were distinctions drawn between the gentry and the lower classes.

The Kendall conspiracy was divulged by a man named Read when on the gallows for the crime of having struck President Ratcliffe when Ratcliffe was beating him; and in 1673 a tailor of York County was fined one hundred pounds of tobacco for putting up his mare in a race with the horse belonging to a gentleman, the stake being two hundred pounds of tobacco.

Slavery, introduced in the year 1619 by Samuel Argall, and the system of indentured service emphasized the class distinctions by building up a company of great landowners whose fine, old colonial mansions are to-day among the most interesting relics of our past history. But although devoted to the crown, they were much more devoted to their own welfare and their own rights.

From the earliest period of her history the colony stood for those principles on which she was originally founded: the service of God, according to the Protestant faith; the establishment of English civilization; the rights of English-born citizens. Through the long contest with the crown she stood valiantly for her rights. When, contrary to the orders of

her assembly, her records were given up to the crown, she stood up in the pillory the clerk who gave them, and clipped his ear.

When the Revolution broke forth in England, she stood on her rights as a commonwealth, and Cromwell deemed it expedient to make a treaty with her as with an independent power.

Before many years had gone by, other colonies had been planted along the coast. Maryland, hard by, had been granted to Lord Baltimore; Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, had been started on the same bay where Bartholomew Gosnold had landed in 1602; Georgiana, further to the northward, had been founded almost on the same lines on which Virginia herself had become established. The Dutch had long settled at the mouth of the great river named for the great discoverer, Henry Hudson. And soon the Carolinas had followed. By the time that the first of these made good their footing, however, Virginia possessed a civilization substantially as much like that of England as was a generation ago that portion of Canada which lay along her western frontier. She had her vice-regal court; she had her established church and ritual; she had her manorial system and her monthly courts; she had her House of Burgesses and Council patterned on the British Parliament, and, if possible, they were more jealous of their rights than the Parliament in the old country.

Within half a century or a little more she was a state powerful enough to assert her rights, and, on their denial, to rise in revolution. This revolution ended at the time in the defeat and death of the gallant leader, Nathaniel Bacon, and the execution of many of his followers. But, however it ended, this point is clear: that twelve years before the English people themselves rose in revolution to establish their charter of liberties, the Virginia people had risen to make good theirs. It took them just one hundred years more to achieve their purpose. But Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Mason, Henry, Nelson, the Lees, the Blands, the Randolphs, and their fellow-patriots were the products of the civilization established first on this continent at Jamestown.

If credit is to be given in measure as intrepid daring and first accomplishments are rated, those three little unknown vessels, the *Susan Constant,* the *Good Speed,* and the *Discovery,* with their company of sixscore men who established the first English settlement on this continent, are entitled to far more credit than any vessel or company whatever which succeeded them. They seized and held the country; they explored and charted the coast—they and their successors. They and their successors drove the French back to Canada on the north, and formed a bulwark against the Spanish on the south; they built forts and towns; established law and order and finally English civilization on the continent, with churches, schools, a university, and a legislative government. So all who came after found the way cleared and a land ready for complete settlement. And when it was settled at last, the colony of Virginia stamped her impress upon it indelibly for all generations.

Truly, as says Sir Francis Bacon, "In kingdoms, the first foundation, or plantation, is of more noble dignity and merit than all that followeth."

THE RENEGATION OF HOGG

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

THE air was pleasantly warm, and, tricked out in leafage of crimson and gold, the Ontario woods slumbered under the drowsy spell of Indian summer. In his chair under the eaves of the log tollhouse on the Twelfth Concession of Zorra,—Scotch townships of western Ontario,—Jeames Ross, the toll-man, also slumbered, albeit neither so peacefully nor so gracefully as the somber maples. His performance was marred by grunts, groans, gasps, and chokings, with occasional dives after the pipe which slid at regular intervals through his relaxed fingers. Yet if his sleep lacked the esthetic, it was as sincere as it could be under the conditions. Called to wait on a public whose highest ambition was "to bilk the gate," he always kept one ear turned to the rattle of approaching travel, and so started up wide-awake when, far down the line, a red threshing-mill emerged from a whorl of yellow dust.

"Yon 'll be the Englishman," he muttered.

Leaning folded arms on the gate, he screwed his eyes into points, and pursed his wide mouth till the corners formed square with his chin—indications of intense cerebration that continued until the thresher reined in opposite, and opposed to the concentrated wisdom of his expression that obstinacy of countenance which a certain type of Englishman shares with a famous breed of bulldog.

The toll-keeper spoke first. "Noo, the man Dickens? Ye 'll no' ha' the audaceety to claim as he can hold a candle to Walter Scott?"

His expression, which implied that, accustomed as he, Jeames Ross, was to his, the thresher's, imbecilities, this particular claim transcended even the limits of his known follies, told that this was the renewal of an old argument. Its beginnings, indeed, went back to the day when, four years before, Hogg invaded the Zorras with his power threshing-mill, said invasion having been regarded as a public insult, the greatest, perhaps, suffered by the community since the first red-haired wave slopped over the Highlands of Scotland and flooded the Ontario backwoods. The idea! Him, an Englisher whose forebears had been whipped by Bruce at Bannockburn, introducing innovations among good Scots! The cheek of him! Not that they had refused his services. But if they recognized the superiority of power-threshing over the old method of flailing out grain by hand, and so employed Hogg, it was also because, being cautious and skeptical in the matter of machinery, they believed that his presumption carried the seeds of its own punishment in that the new-fangled invention would probably land him in bankruptcy. Trust them to miss a chance to kill two birds with one stone.

Deprived, however, by the nature of his occupation from deriving profit from Hogg while awaiting Nemesis, Jeames Ross had striven to bring the Englishman to a proper sense of national inferiority in his own peculiar way.

"There 's Jeames, First an' Second; twa Charlies. What would ye English ha' done wi'out Scottish kings?"

In this startling manner, without preface, preamble, or preparatory hint, the toll-keeper had loosed his batteries when the thresher presented himself for the first time at the gate. The question was afterward conceded a sticker by such of the Custom as heard it from Jeames.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"HOGG STARED AT JENNY"

Evolving it from deeps of thought, his mental machinery had creaked like a new rope on a wooden windlass; wherefore was it inconsiderate, to say the least, of Hogg to answer offhand.

Yet he did, and with a deadly historical accuracy that simply paralyzed Jeames.

"We tried to blow up one; cut the 'ead off the second; third drank his'sel' to death; we chased the fourth away. Since then we 've lived pretty 'appy."

He left Jeames gasping, but Jeames came back at the man the following year.

"Aye, that 's s—oa, yes. Ye committed yon outrages; but, mon, England 'll no' be forgettin' Robert Bruce awhiles?"

In view of the fact that his countrymen have used the Bruce as a projectile for the smashing of English pride through six centuries of wordy war, Hogg might very well have answered that it would be hard for England to forget. He retorted in more primitive fashion:

"Bruce? Bruce? Let me see."—Here he aided memory with a forefinger. "Bruce? There was one o' the name at Culloden when Butcher Cumberland cut the Scotties up into 'ams an' bacon."

On that dark blot on Scotia's scutcheon Jeames ruminated for another year, turning it over and over as a cow her cud, but without resultant sweetness. Culloden would not down; so, last year, he had laid for the thresher on a new tack.

"Ye 'll dootless ha' heard as classical scholars are sayin' that Will'am Shakspere 's no' a pimple on the nose o' Rabbie Burns?"

It is doubtful whether Hogg had heard of either poet, but, if not, the fact cut no figure in his scathing answer: "I did 'ear as you could n't see the nose for the pimple."

And so the war had gone, a year between shots, a leisurely method which affords facilities for the polishing of retort, but which fails in that eternity is required to make an end. It might have gone that limit (provided Providence had cast Jeames and the thresher for the same sphere in after-life), if, casting about for a suitable answer for the Dickens-Scott comparison, the thresher's eye had not chanced on Jenny McCloud, the orphan niece who kept Jeames's house. She was—

But the scene merits description. Whether it be Cæsar Augustus under the moonlit Sphinx, or Napoleon glooming over wide seas from rocky St. Helena, the mind of man loves to pause at the spectacle of greatness in touch with fate. And here were come together the threads of three lives that were to be woven into

the most curious tangle in the chronicles of Zorra. So we may picture Jeames, his pipe between thumb and forefinger, awaiting a deliverance from Hogg, who, however, gazes raptly at Jenny.

According to the flimsy ideals of city folk, she was not much to look at. Turned three and thirty, her breadth-line well-nigh equaled her height; her scanty red hair was tousled; her nose tipped ambitiously upward. But Hogg saw none of this. He was attracted by the ease and celerity with which she soused in the scalding-tub the pig she had just killed. In, out, turn about, t' other end in, fetch him out, her rhythm was perfect, though the pig would presently turn the scale at a hundred and fifty, dressed. So nicely had she tempered the scald with ash-lye that the barrel edge cleaned the body of bristles. In twenty minutes, during which Hogg never even winked, the pig was cleaned, hung, quartered. With its final passage into pork, love's arrow had transfixed the thresher's vitals.

Forgetting Scott, Dickens, and all such sublunary matters, he dug ten cents toll from his jeans, and drove on, oblivious of the fact that Jeames had just repeated his question: "Ye 'll no' ha' the audaceety to maintain as Dickens can hold a candle to Walter Scott?"

It is to be feared that Jeames misconstrued the enemy's silence, for he contemplated his departing back with that pleased expression which a cow bestows on a salt pail. Also he detailed his triumph to Sib Sanderson, the cattle-buyer, and John "Death" McKay, who were making one leg home from market in the same wagon, for the easement of tolls.

"An' he admeeted it?" Sib eagerly inquired, scenting victory.

"Well," Jeames answered with Scotch caution, "ye 'll be seeing yersel' as he did na' deny it."

"Juist gave ye his back an' drove on?" John "Death" commented. "Then he was surely stickit. Silence gi'es consent; the p'int 's to ye, Jeames, mon."

Being of the same opinion, the tollman gaped when, the following evening, Hogg came striding down from his first setting, two miles up the line. To avoid the appearance of incivility in not answering Mr. Ross in the case of Dickens and Scott, he had come back to offer apologies for his abstraction, and to file an exception to Jeames's opinion.

"Ye 'd need a search-light," he said, "to fin' Scott when Dickens was around."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'AY, MON, AN' WHAT 'LL THIS BE?'"

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'AN' WHAT SAID YE TILL THE FULE, JEAMES?'"

With that the war was on. Locking horns, they traversed the fields of war, science, invention, letters, and the arts, both that and succeeding evenings. At least Jeames did. For while he was describing the able manner in which Scottish generals had won England's wars, Hogg stared at Jenny, contenting himself with the amount of opposition required to keep Jeames in the business.

By many Jeames was afterward blamed for his blindness in such evident premises; and, expressing majority opinion at the gate, after the climax, Elder Peter Murray, a cadaverous Hie'lan'man, said: "She 'll pe a great fule—Jeames. What 'll she pe thinkin' aff? Reelin' her tales aff Bannockburn while the Englisher stuffs Jenny wis love-looks and motto-lozenges?"

Judging, however, that Elder Peter had not sufficiently allowed for the preternatural acuteness to love-signs which is bred in a widower with a marriageable daughter, like himself, a minority pointed out that there was much to be said for Jeames. It argued that, to say nothing of the heat and dust of battle, the very fury of Hogg's love-making had proved its best ambush. In Zorra, marrying had always been held a very serious business. Studying a possible partner afar in her relation to baking, brewing, and spinning; noting her lightness of hand with the butter, its heaviness with small brothers and sisters; a prospective wooer, once satisfied on these necessary bases of love, considered a month a fair interval between visits. The courtship might consume, after that, seventeen months or seventy, but was more likely to approximate to the latter. How, then, should Jeames be expected to suspect a man who came every night, and who, in the second month of acquaintance, he caught with his arm about the girl?

"Sal! ye would na' ha' kenned what to mak' o' it yersel'," exclaimed the minority.

To inexperience the minority also laid

Jeames's slowness when confronted with the aforesaid phenomenon of love in his back garden. Both his interested stare and the following question, "Ay, mon, an' what 'll this be?" evidenced a belief that the embrace inhered in some foolish English custom not comprehensible to serious Scottish minds. But when Hogg explained, no man could complain of Jeames or assert that he fell below Highland tradition in the matter of Lowland *mésalliances*.

He fronted the hardy lover with the sneer of his life. "I 'm no' dooting that ye want her, no; but who 'll be hoeing my corn an' 'taties?"

To a fair mind—that of Jeames, for instance—the question cast Hogg as inconceivably ridiculous. Looking at the matter through the toll-keeper's spectacles, it would be seen that he had taken Jenny on her mother's death, assuming all of the anxieties and responsibilities entailed by guardianship of a giddy girl of twenty-eight. In return he had gotten, as yet, a meager five-years' work out of her; so was it likely, with girls so scarce for the hiring, that he would let her go short of forty-five or fifty? That would be early enough for her marrying. Dods, yes!

Then there was the loss of prestige which had accrued to him for his philanthropic act. Rolling home from market, the Custom was wont to comment on the fine appearance Jeames made, smoking on the stoop, one eye on the tolls, the other on Jenny's hoeing. Should he, therefore, of his own act, abolish a spectacle so well calculated to stir altruistic emotion in its bottom deeps? Little enough of that in the worl', Gude kens!

More ridiculous, even, was Hogg's fatuity in appealing to Jenny herself against the decision. "As if," Jeames contemptuously confided to the Custom—"as if the lassie did na' ken o' the gulfs as Providence fixed betwixt the Scotch an' the English!"

"Ay," the Custom, as represented in the person of Sib Sanderson, answered: "she 'll just ha' drawn him on a bit, Jeames—just for his foolin', of course—that, an' the silk kerchief, motto-lozenges, an' ither compliments he made her."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'I 'VE SEEN HIM MAK' A PRETTY EYE AT A WOMAN'"

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'SHE GLOWERED AT HOGG ALL THROUGH THE SERMON,' SIB SANDERSON'S WIFE REPORTED"

"I would na' say no till that," Jeames replied, with due caution. "But naething beyond it, ye 'll mind."

"Naething, naething," Sib agreed. "An' what said ye till the fule, Jeames?"

"That he micht as weel ask Elder Peter for his Libby."

To Sib, as to Jeames, the ultimatum, as thus couched, expressed absolute impossibility, as Elder Peter's dislike for the English was surpassed only by that of his daughter. " 'T was a neat way to put it, Jeames," he said admiringly. "He 'd wriggle when ye said that. An' how 's Jenny taking it?"

"Shumps!" This ejaculation —one of Jeames's own invention—approximated to a groan, a sneeze, and a sneer, and, when delivered with gusto, as now, it blew the stoutest opposition into thin air. "She 'll ha' had her whimperings, oh, yes. A woman body frets always if ye come betwixt her an' a chance of catchin' a man. But there 's naething like field labor for sweatin' the love-sickness oot o' a woman. To-morrow she goes to Elder Peter for hayin', harvest an' threshin'."

"Ay, he 's a hard one, too," Sib felicitated. "He 'll tak' it oot o' her. But are ye no' feared that he 'll be makin' up till her himsel'? A wife come a sight cheaper than a hired girl, an' if the Elder is lang, thin, an' dry, the old Adam 's no' dead i' him yet. I 've seen him mak' a pretty eye at a woman."

Jeames snorted. "Pish, man! Let me see the woman that 'll march him oot from under Libby's nose." Wherefore, feeling secure in his monopoly against both Highland friend and English foe, Jeames spent the fall months pleasantly meditating in the shade of his porch upon the dollars that would accrue to his pouch through Jenny's labors, in doing which he tempted the Fates, whose particular

business concerns itself with seasoning mortal happiness with the salt of sadness.

The foreshadowing came as, one day, he was awakened by the rattle of Sib Sanderson's wagon from a doze in which Jenny's dollars were increasing at the wonderful interest peculiar to dreams. A slower man than Jeames could have read the tidings that were writ large on Sib's extensive countenance. His mouth, indeed, was bulged like that of a breathing frog in his efforts to suppress the news till the amenities of conversation had been achieved. But when the wind, weather, and crops had received their due, he burst out:

"What 's the maist unbelievable thing ye can think of, Jeames?"

"Presbytery 's called a Methody minister?" Here Jeames bordered on the sacrilegious, and Sib frowned down the untimely levity.

"I did na' ask ye the maist fulish thing ye could think of, though it 's nigh as bad as that. Yon English thresher toted Libby Murray to evenin' kirk last Sawbath."

"Peter's Libby?" Jeames gasped his unbelief.

"Peter's Libby," Sib confirmed.

"Ye dinna' say so?" Surprise, wonder, contempt, played hide-and-seek among Jeames's leather wrinkles for full five minutes, then were caught up by the humor of the situation. He vented a hoarse chuckle. "Mon, but I 'd give three cents to see Peter's face if Lib married on the thresher."

Sib's answering grin endangered the stability of his ears, yet it achieved even a wider breadth after he had driven on beyond Jeames's hearing. "It 's maist funny!" he exclaimed, laughing explosively. "Him laughin' at Peter, that had his own Jenny out to morning service!"

Sib was so full of the joke that it slopped out and overflowed the market, whence, in one day, it ran out in widening ripples over the length and breadth of the Zorras. Every one heard it but Jeames. Going through the gate in the following weeks the Custom kept him informed of Lib Murray's goings on with the thresher, but never dropped a whisper of Jenny and Elder Peter. For your Zorra Scot hoards his jokes as his silver, making one do the work of three, and so saving the mental energy required to find new matter of amusement. So if Jeames heard of Lib and the thresher's loiterings in the gloaming, no one told how the Elder would wait till Libby was out of sight Sabbath mornings before he coupled up with Jenny for the homeward walk. He got exactly one half of the gossip that buzzed like the hum of swarming bees through the townships.

Never had there been such excitement. The famous "War of the Precentors," the battle over the kirk organ, the vote on fusion with episcopacy, paled by comparison. Five hundred pairs of eyes were seeking for a sign, as many ears were cocked for a word, that should indicate the outcome of this triangular contest. Did a neighbor spy Elder Peter on the road to or from market, he quickened or slackened his speed, to be on hand when the Elder paid his toll. Thus it was that John "Death" McKay came to witness the first tilt between toll-keeper and Elder.

"Ay, Peter?" Jeames said, winking at "Death" behind the Elder's back, "I 'm hearin' yon crazy thresher 's hangin' aboot your premises. Ye 'll please keep an eye till my girl."

"She will that, Jeames." Position prevented the Elder from looking at John, but the latter rightfully interpreted a wiggle of the elderly shoulders. "Ay, Jeames, she wull so. Thresher 'll no' be gettin' Jenny aff me."

"Did ye ever hear the like?" Jeames grinned after the Elder had driven on. "Mon, but I 'm near forgivin' Hogg."

Sib Sanderson was witness to the occasion when the thresher gave Libby a lift in to town with her butter and eggs. "Jeames," Sib passed the story round, "was that upliftit to the length of bringin' out a dram. 'Here 's till ye,' he toasts them; 'an' ye 'll surely be namin' the first after me.' An' Libby skirled oot laughin' so that Hector Ross heard her at the plowin' a half-mile away."

From such straws public opinion augured that Lib and the Elder were to make it a stand-off, each permitting the other to marry. This forecast, however, was somewhat clouded by the report of a slap administered to the Elder by Jenny under the eyes of Ronald, the Elder's hired man. Still, allowances were made even in this. "The Elder 's no' as young

as he micht be," said the wise ones. "Not exactly tender meat for young teeth, ye 'll ken. She 's a bit kittlish; but, mind ye, four hundred acres of maple land 's no' to be turned down for a white beard. Jenny 'll come to the trough, ye 'll see."

It was the women, keen-eyed always in affairs of the heart, who picked further doubt from Jenny's eyes. "She glowered at Hogg all through the sermon," Sib Sanderson's wife reported after service one Sabbath. "Juist like she wishit she had him under her churn-dasher."

To the stock of public information, Ronald, the Elder's hired man, as aforesaid, added the news that Jenny and Libby Murray had not spoken for a week, though living in the same house. Then came Sandy Sutherland with a tale that was stricken from the record as incompetent and irrelevant because heard while said Sandy was lying drunk in the ditch by the Elder's gate.

"Ye can ha' him for me," Libby was saying when they passed in on their way home from prayer meeting. "I 'm no' caring a whustle for him. Would n't ha' touched him wi' the other end of a pole if father had no' begun to daunder round you. What 's more, he 's no carin' for me. So, if you 'll—" Sandy heard no more, but it throws a glint of light on the situation, and leads up to that frosty dawn when a shout and the jangle of sleigh-bells brought Jeames running to the tollhouse door.

Hogg's bob-sleigh and smoking team were standing there. "Open! Quick!" he demanded. "I 'm in a hurry!"

A furious jangle of distant sleigh-bells explained his need clearly enough to Jeames; but instead of unlocking the gate, he turned a deliberate eye on the woman who sat beside Hogg. A muffler veiled her face from the frost, but Libby Murray possessed the only genuine Paisley shawl in Zorra. As Jeames gloated upon it, there blossomed within him the inspiration of his life.

"Yon 'll be Elder Peter's bells," he casually remarked. "There 's no' anither string o' that tone i' the twa Zorras."

The thresher swore.

"Hoot, mon!" Jeames gravely reproved the naughtiness. "Siccan a language, an' wha' 's the need? Ye have the heels o' Peter, and 'll beat him easy till the kirk. The minister 'll fix ye up in a jiffy after I 'm through with ye. It 's quick wark that they make o' such a hard knot—beats a' but hangin'." And while the thresher fretted and fumed, listening to the approaching bells, Jeames shook a grave head over the despatch and irrevocability of ministerial practice.

"Ain't you goin' to let us through?" the thresher yelled.

Jeames leaned calmly on the gate. "Easy wi' it! Easy, mon! Presently, after I 'm through. Noo, mon,"—he assumed the air of a father catechising a child—"noo, ye 'll please tell me what ye consider the world's greatest battle?" This was the inspiration. Having delivered himself of it, he looked off and away over the snow-fields, while Hogg eased his feelings by language that caused the woman to slip a hand over his mouth. Also she whispered in his ear while he sat fighting between love and patriotism. Love won.

"Bannockburn."

Turning, Jeames beamed upon him. "Fine! Mon, but we lickit ye there! An' which 'll be the world's greatest poet?"

"Burns."

The plunge once taken, the thresher followed by the nose while Jeames led across realms of science, through poetical groves, to mountain peaks whence he could properly survey old Scotia's greatness. "Ye 're improvin', ye 're surely improvin'," Jeames exclaimed at every admission. "Noo, to sum up, which is the finest country?"

"Scotland." Hogg's renegation was complete.

"Gran'! gran'!" Jeames chuckled and chortled in his triumph. "For that ye go through." As he swung the gate, he added: "An' it 'll no' be Libby's fault if ye dinna' find it so. Aff wi' ye! The Elder 's no' goin' to get by here this half hour."

In view of what follows, it is well to state that Jeames was perfectly within his rights in relocking the gate before he went inside. Every man knows that "early an' late" are the chosen seasons for young dashing sprigs to "rin the gate." There may be more rhyme in Elder Peter's contention that he saw Jeames peek out of the window as his

sleigh pulled up at the door. Be all of which as it may, a heavy snoring answered his knock, and continued during the half hour in which his shouts and bangings disturbed the quiet woods.

In the meantime travel drifted in from both directions, so that when Jeames did finally emerge, a large audience witnessed the realistic manner in which he knuckled the sleep from his eyes.

"It 's yerself, Peter?" he greeted. "An' have I kept ye? I dreamed as a woodpecker was tappin' on the wall. Ye 'll see I was roused twice i' the night, an' again by yon crazy thresher an hour ago."

"She treamed?" The Elder's white beard quivered with emotion. "She treamed—whiles—"

"I 'm sorry for ye, Elder, real sorry." Jeames took secret note of his audience, which was nodding, snickering, exchanging whispers. He was making history. Children's children would tell how he, Jeames Ross, acted in this juncture; of his masterly handling of the situation. From posterity his eye came back to the Elder. "It 's sair for ye; sair to look forward to a troop of English grandsons. We can on'y hope as Libby lets ye aff easy."

"Libby? Libby?" Elder Peter turned to Ronald, beside him. "Wha' 's the fule talkin' aboot? Is she crazy? Libby will pe at home."

Ronald shook his head. "Crazy or fulish, ye canna' prove it be me. I 've seen sa many doddered old fules of late I 'm gettin' mixed."

"Meanin' me?" The Elder wrathfully interpreted Ronald's unflattering glance.

"Yersel' an' ithers."

Dumfounded by a horrible suspicion that was based on a whisper behind him, Jeames had been stricken with silence. Now he weakly inquired, "Ye 're no' tellin' me as 't was—"

"Jenny?" Ronald nodded.

"But yon shawl?" Jeames clung to that as to the skirts of hope.

"Libby's." Not unmindful of the part he himself was now playing in this, Zorra's only elopement, Ronald glanced around the circle of gaping settlers. "Ye see, Libby kenned that Peter, the old fule, had his eye on Jenny; an' considerin' it was burying he ought to be thinkin' of instead of marryin', she juist played the thresher till Jenny was jaloused to the point of rinnin' awa'."

There ensued a frosty silence. Even the audience paused in its snickering the better to observe events. In great moments it is not always given to the mind of man to grasp their full significance, but one corollary gradually percolated through the Elder's disappointment.

He turned on Jeames. "She 'll be hafin' my sympathy, oh, yes. English nephews will pe a sair trial, Jeames. She will pray that Jenny lets her aff easy."

RIP VAN WINKLE

BY CLARA MARSHALL

WHERE amid mountains towering steep
A darksome river rolled,
Distraught, a young man fell asleep,
To waken old.

Where sun-kissed breakers rose to leap,
And palms their banners hung,
Calmly an old man fell asleep,
To waken young.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE LIVE WIRE

AN old story-reader was lately discussing human affection as the subject of that which the journalistic idiom of our day denominates the "fiction story." He expressed it somewhat in this way: "Is it not curious that non-experts are permitted and even expected to deal critically, as in love-stories, with a theme which, though not generally supposed to be scientific, surely has a scientific basis, and should be approached in the scientific spirit? Any youth is let to describe, judge, analyze, and comment upon the manifestations of passion,—in a dramatic form,—no matter how little he or she may know about the subject; no matter how short a time he or she has had in this world to note the workings of the attractions or repulsions of sex in his or her own experience and the experience of others.

"Why," said the old hand, "no man or woman should be permitted to write love-stories until arrived at the age of sixty years! Seventy would be a still better limit, because this would allow some ten years for comparatively calm, unprejudiced, and scientific observation." (It is evident that this "old hand" had in mind the saying not only about that time of life "when the girls are not afraid of the man," but the still farther advanced condition "when the man is not afraid of the girls.") "At the age of sixty," the wiseacre insisted, "a writer of love-stories is able to look upon the sentiment between the sexes as something in the nature of electricity. Between certain individuals of opposite sexes there are attractions that are as inevitable as those called electrical. The disasters in the world of the affections are much like those connected with electrical phenomena. In love affairs, as in electrical affairs, contact with the 'live wire,' is likely to prove fatal.

"Almost every day," continued the philosopher, "I read in the papers of accidents in these two domains—that of electricity and that of the affections. Some poor fellow becomes involved with a live wire, and is shocked to death; some unfortunate mortal becomes entangled in an affair of the passions, and goes to pieces. In both cases there is a ghastly tragedy.

"Now, in the electrical trouble the experts have their say—the men who know all about the currents carried by the wire, all about the proper methods of isolation, all about the proper safeguards. No one is permitted to discuss electrical disturbances and electrical catastrophes except the acknowledged experts; but utterly inexperienced persons or else persons distinctly prejudiced, perhaps warped, by their own private experiences, are permitted to set up what may be called hypothetical cases,—that is, fictions,—in which all the elements of the passion of love are present, and proceed to discuss the phenomena with an assumption of authority which would never pass muster under skilful cross-examination.

"No wonder that this gratuitous and quite uninformed combined portrayal and criticism of the chief feature of our mortal lives should constantly prove misleading. A note of sentimentality is constantly struck, when what is needed, in order to understand the situation in all its bearings, is the note of common sense. The youthful love-story-writer perhaps attributes praiseworthy traits to his hero or heroine in cases where the one or the other is merely giving way to a strong impulsion which it would be wiser, even nobler, to resist; just as it would be vastly more sensible and right-minded for one to let go than to hang on to a death-dealing 'live wire.'

"The youthful concocter of love-stories,—and most stories seem to be love-

stories,"—continued the talking reader, "not only is apt to write in abundant ignorance, but with extraordinary self-conceit. He seems at times to think that the more fully his characters surrender to mutual attraction, the more admirable they are, and the more of a genius is he, their creator. In fact, these absurd young persons, while assuming that they are glorifying strength of character, are really exalting the lamentable opposite—helpless weakness."

The reader, and talker, referred to, when asked what he thought was the proper corrective for errors in the construction of the love-stories that he depicted, said that, besides the remedy he had proposed,—that only the aged should be allowed to write love-stories,—was the farther remedy of the cultivation of the sense of humor both in story-writers and in story-readers. He said he did not mean that all love-stories should be humorous (he found many, he said, unintentionally very funny indeed), but that the writers of love-stories should cultivate in their minds the saving faculty of humor, so that they might be saved from taking seriously all the phenomena of the affections whatever; and he further held that a fine sense of humor would prevent readers from being taken in by the immaturities and falsities of the amatory fictionists.

As to the remedy to be secured by prohibiting the publication of all love-stories not written by sexagenarians or still older romancers, the suggester might have been reminded that there is no fool like an old fool. The most aged story-writers are sometimes guilty of the most melodramatic love-scenes. Or when a writer speaks of his hero in recorded conversations as "the young man" and of his heroine as "the young woman," attention is apt to flag.

On the other hand, there are old fellows who write love-scenes in just the right mood. No matter how impulsive their lovers, the writers, as such, keep themselves well in hand. The authors' hearts may be warm, but their heads are cool. So there may be something in the idea that boy fiction-writers should be kept to stories of adventure, and girl fiction-writers to the delineation of the delightful eccentricities of the child world, leaving the depiction of the passions to the purely scientific observer. The great difficulty in carrying out this plan rests in the fact that stories treating of love solely from the point of view of science and age might lack readers.

However, as story-writing and story-reading seem to be, between them, absorbing a good part of the time and energies of the people of the twentieth century, these reflections of an old story-reader are worthy of thoughtful, and not altogether humorsome, consideration.

OPEN LETTERS

Country Life in America

MR. WARDON ALLAN CURTIS in his article entitled "The Light Fantastic in the Central West" in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February has given us an interesting and, no doubt, truthful picture of the racial characteristics of some of our foreign-born population as observed in Wisconsin, but in one regard he is likely to give an erroneous impression of country life in America. He says:

"Let me pause to answer a query that rises in the reader's mind. He has gained the impression that our country dances . . . are as much occasions of combat as social diversion. There is a good deal of truth in this inference from what I have said. The social entertainment where men do not fight is the last flower of the best of modern civilization. In bucolic communities primitive instincts still rule. . . . The country dance that does not count two or three fights is the exception. The sight of woman arouses the immemorial instinct to fight, and emulation, and the desire for renown in her eyes. The excitement of the crowd, the music, and the strong drink add circumstance to instinct."

I was born and reared on a farm in northern Illinois, a few miles from the Wisconsin line, amid American, English, Irish, and German inhabitants, and have attended scores of country dances. I never witnessed an altercation of any sort at one of these dances, let alone a fight. I do not, of course, seek to deny that fights may and do occur at country dances, as elsewhere, but I do deny that they are characteristic of country living. Undoubtedly strong drink is a powerful circumstance in promoting brawls, but strong drink is not a characteristic of the country. I have just finished a two months' sojourn in a rural community, and I am told that for twelve miles in one direction and thirty miles in the other not a saloon exists in village or country. I further deny that farmers are less civilized than their brothers and sisters who dwell in the cities or that brutality is induced by country life. *Thomas F. Hunt.*

Lorna Doone

In the CENTURY'S series of Heroines of Fiction, Mr. de Ivanowski has attempted the difficult task of realizing Lorna Doone (see the frontispiece), whose beauty and charm have survived the forty years since Blackmore's novel was published. She is truly of the stuff of which are made the heroines of all time, for in her hands are the mighty deeds of heroes, and in her eyes the power which makes of Jan Ridd one of the immortal lovers. She has the air of stately courts commingled with the fragrance of winds blowing over Exmoor primroses in the spring, and all her days, whether in the stronghold of Doone-glade or among the fat fields of her lover's homestead, step to the music of a high romance. *B.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mother Goose, Ph.D.

"THE WORLD AND THE INDIVIDUAL"

THIS is the House that Descartes built.

Two distinct substances, mind and matter, lay in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Locke, who by his experience guarded the substances, mind and matter, that lay in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Berkeley, who tried the Locke, and said that no matter could be in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Hume, who knew only ideas, who doubted all matter and doubted all mind, and thought to demolish entirely the House that Descartes built.

This is the Kant, transcendentally wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who denied mind to Berkeley, who tried the Locke, who by his experience guarded the House that Descartes built.

Hegel this is, who abstraction denies, who succeeded to Kant, transcendentally wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who said "no matter," who attacked the Locke, who guarded the substances, mind and matter, distinct in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Royce, with his high surmise, who interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who looked beyond Kant, transcendentally wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who said "no matter," while trying the Locke, whose daily experience guarded the House that Descartes built.

This is the James, who the "many" descries, who with purpose pragmatic does pluralize, who opposes the Royce, with his high surmise, who can diverse, devious thoughts devise, which in ultimate oneness he unifies, who interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who in three-fold thought-forms did theorize, who succeeded to Kant, transcendentally wise, who by categories did characterize, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew not his own mind, who cared not for Berkeley, who tried the Locke, whose daily experience guarded the substances, mind and matter, that lay in the House that Descartes built.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DIFFICULTY

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Studying Hume for exam;
And she said, "I can't see,
If ideas are me,
Just exactly where all of me am!"

DISCUSSION

JOHN BOYCE would not read Royce;
His friend would not read James;
So they monized and they pragmatized,
And called each other names.

TWO SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHY

HICKORY, dickory, dock!
The pluralist looked at the clock;
The clock struck one,
And away he run;
Hickory, dickory, dock!

Hickory, dickory, do!
The monist looked also;
The clock struck ten,
And he looked again,
And said, "It is three hours slow!"

Mary Jessie Gidley.

Man and Superman

As a rule, man 's a fool.
When it 's hot, he wants it cool;
When it 's cool, he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not,
Never wanting what he 's got.
As a rule, man 's a fool.

(*Old Saw*)

As a rule, woman 's wise.
When she can't get what she wants,
Then she cries.
Man cannot withstand her tears,
So he "gives up" to the dears.
As a rule, woman 's wise,
When she can't get what she wants,
Then she cries.

(*New Saw*)

Frederick Willis Davis

True Spring

WHAT, spring, because a day is fair,
Because a brook is flowing,
Because a maple here and there
A flash of red is showing,

Because the frost has lost a tooth,
And ice-packs jar and splinter?
You call it spring because, forsooth,
It simply is n't winter!

No, spring has gladder signs than these;
I 'll know that spring is coming
When lilacs blow, when velvet bees
In apple-boughs are humming,

When softer shadows fall aslant
The fragrant meadow mazes:
I'll call it spring when I can plant
My foot on seven daisies.

Arthur Guiterman.

"'I HATES TO THINK OF DYIN'"

The Sorrows of a Skipper

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH

"I HATES to think of dyin'," says the Skipper to the Mate;
"Starvation, shipwrecks, heart-disease I loathes to contemplate.
I hates to think of vanities and all the crimes they lead to"—
Then says the Mate,
With looks sedate,
"Ye does n't reely need to."

"It fills me breast with sorrer," says the Skipper with a sigh,

"'WHY CONTEMPLATE'"

"To conjer up the happy days what careless
has slipped by.
I hates to contemplate the day I ups and
left me Mary"—
Then says the Mate,
"Why contemplate,
If it ain't necessary?"

"Suppose that this here vessel," says the
Skipper with a groan,
"Should lose 'er bearin's, run away, and
bump upon a stone;
Suppose she 'd shiver and go down when
save ourselves we could n't"—

"'WE MIGHT AS WELL DIE CHEERFUL'"

The Mate replies,
"Oh blow me eyes!
Suppose, ag'in, she should n't?"

"The chances is ag'in' us," says the Skipper
in dismay,
"If Fate don't kill us out and out, it gits us
all some day.
So many perish of old age, the death-rate
must be fearful"—
"Well," says the Mate,
"At any rate
We might as well die cheerful."

"I read in them statistic books," the nervous
Skipper cries,
"That every minute by the clock some feller
ups and dies.
I wonder what disease they gits that kills
in such a hurry"—

"'THEY MOSTLY DIES O' WORRY'"

The Mate he winks
And says, "I thinks
They mostly dies o' worry."

"Of certain things," the Skipper sighs, "me
conscience won't be rid,
And all the wicked things I done I sure
should not have did.
The wrinkles on me inmost soul compel me
oft to shiver"—
"Yer soul 's fust rate,"
Observes the Mate;
"The trouble 's with yer liver."

"'THE TROUBLE 'S WITH YER LIVER'"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

COMTESSE REGNAULT DE SAINT-JEAN-D'ANGÉLY

BY

FRANÇOIS-PASCAL GÉRARD

From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

COMTESSE REGNAULT DE SAINT-JEAN-D'ANGÉLY. BY FRANÇOIS-PASCAL GÉRARD

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—I)